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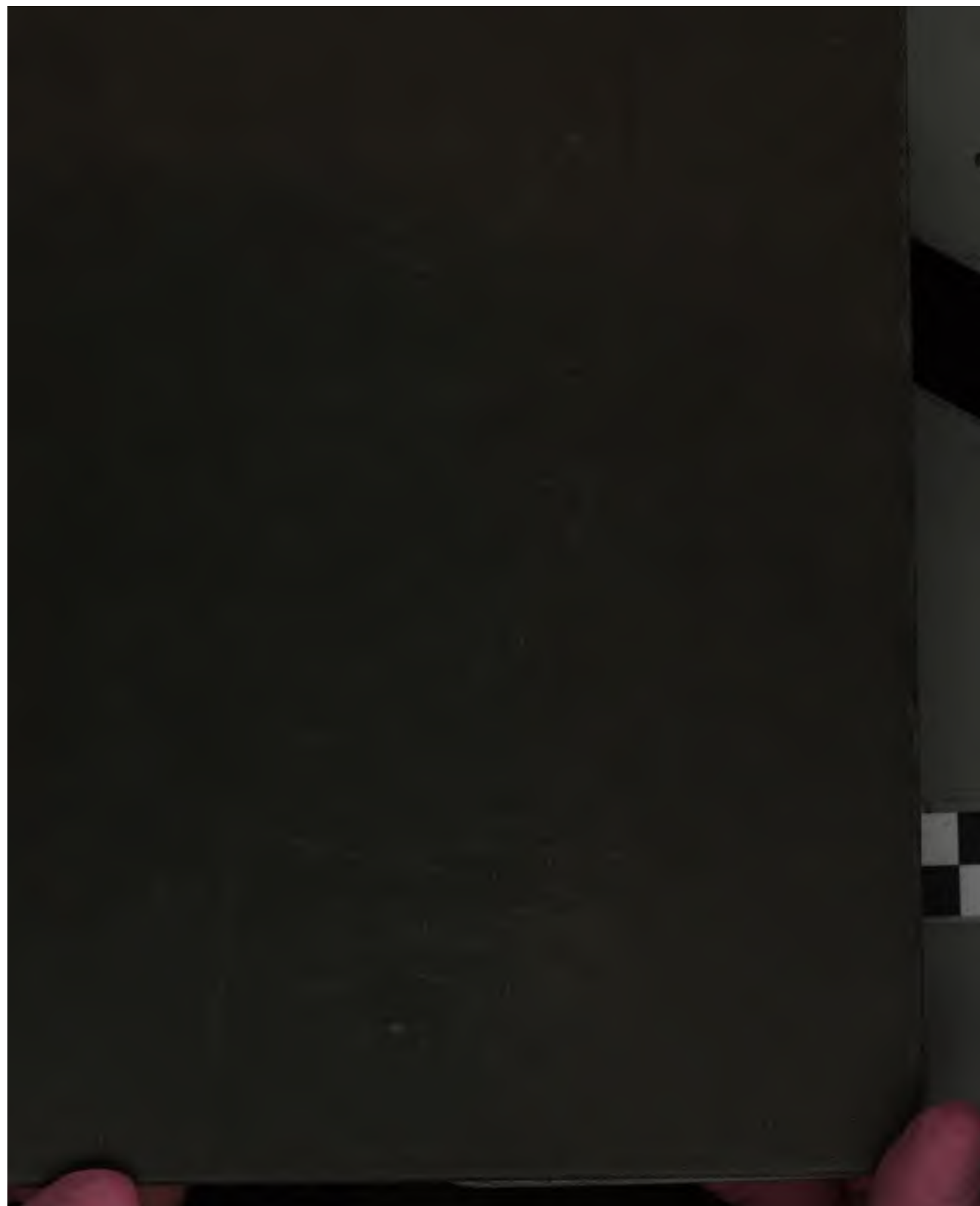
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REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
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I. FROM
THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S
ARCADIA.

VOL. II.

B

NOTE.

For reasons stated in the Preface (vol. i.), the text followed in the Poems from 'Arcadia' is that of 1613; but throughout I have had before me those of 1590, 1593, 1598, 1605, 1621, 1623, 1627, 1655, and later. In Notes and Illustrations at close of the poems in this division such few various readings as seemed noticeable are recorded. No. xxix., which appeared in the 1590 edition of Arcadia, was suppressed in all after-editions. No. lxviii., which Mr. Collier, in his 'Poetical Decameron' (s. n.), quotes from Harington's Orlando Furioso as 'omitted in the folio Arcadias,' occurs in the edition of 1598 and subsequently. No. xl. is placed among the 'Certaine Sonets,' &c., as well as in the Arcadia itself, in 1605 and other editions. As explained in the places, the two closing pieces of the series are derived from other sources—the last never before printed. We give these Poems in the order of their occurrence in the Arcadia, and as in Astrophel and Stella, and throughout, have furnished headings to those that have none in the original, fetched from the prose context. The Arcadia Poems lose almost nothing by being separated from the prose, albeit the student-reader will occasionally perhaps wish to consult it.

The following is the title-page, &c. of our text (1613), as explained *supra*:
 'The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia. Written by Sir Philip Sidney Knight. Now the fourth time published, with some new additions. London Imprinted by H. L. for *Mathew Iownes*, 1613,' within a wood-cut border, introducing the Sidney 'Boar' (*bis*), with the motto, 'Spero non tibi.' Title-page and Epistle of H. S. (unpaged), two leaves; Arcadia, pp. 1-471; Certaine Sonets, pp. 472-490; The Defence of Poesie, pp. 491-518; Astrophel and Stella, pp. 519-569; Maske, pp. 570-575.

In connection with the 'Arcadia,' the 'Shakesperian Parallelisms, chiefly illustrative of the Tempest and A Midsummer Night's Dream, collected from Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. By Eliza W. West, 1865' (10 copies only preserved), is worthy of record. In the British Museum are German translations of the Arcadia (poems included), 1630 and 1648, by Merian. Southey writes, 'In reading Amadis de Green I have found Spenser's Maske of Cupid and Sir Philip Sidney's Zelmae and Sh. Florigel' (Brydges' Restituta, II, p. 271).
 G.



THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S
'ARCADIA.'

I. MOPSA.

WHAT length of verse can serue braue Mopsa's good to
show,
When vertues strange, and beauties' such as no man
them may know?
Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my Muse escape?
The gods must helpe, and precious things must serue to
shew her shape.

Like great god Saturne faire, and like faire Venus
chaste; 5
As smooth as Pan, as Iuno mild, like goddesse Iris fac't;
With Cupid she foresees, and goes god Vulcan's pace,
And for a taste of all these gifts, she steales god Mo-
mus' grace:

Her forehead iacinth like, her cheeks of opall hue,
Her twinkling eyes bedect with pearle, her lips as sa-
phir blew; 10

4 THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA.

Her haire like crapal stone, her mouth O heauenly
wide;
Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like siluer vre
untride;
As for her parts vnknowne, which hidden sure are
best,
Happy be they which well beloeue, and neuer seeke
the rest. (p. 11.)

II. PYROCLES.

Transform'd in shew, but more transform'd in mind,
I cease to strue, with double conquest foilde;
For (wo is me) my powers all I find
With outward force and inward treason spoilde.
For from without came to mine eyes the blow, 5
Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeeld;
Both these conspir'd poore Reason's ouerthrow:
False in my selfe, thus haue I lost the field.
Thus are my eyes still captiue to one sight,
Thus all my thoughts are slaues to one thought still, 10
Thus Reason to his seruants yeelds his right,
Thus is my power transformèd to your will:
What maruell then I take a woman's hue,
Since what I see, thinke, know, is all but you?
(p. 43.)

III. MUSIDORUS.

Come shepheard's weeds, become your Master's minde,
Yeeld outward shew, what inward change be tryes;

Nor be abasht, since such a guest you finde,
 Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lyes.
 Come shepheard's weeds, attend my wofull cryes. 5
 Disuse your selues from sweet Menalcas' voyce;
 For other be those tunes which sorrow tyes,
 From those cleere notes which freely may reioyce.

Then poure out plaint, and in one word say this:—
 Helplese his plaint, who spoiles himselfe of blisse.

10 (p. 65.)

IV. DAMETAS.

Now thankèd be the great god Pan,
 Which thus preserues my louèd life:
 Thankèd be I that keepe a man,
 Who ended hath this bloudie strife:
 For if my man must praises haue, 5
 What then must I that keepe the knaue? =servant
 For as the Moone the eye doth please,
 With gentle beames not hurting sight;
 Yet hath Sir Sunne the greatest praise,
 Because from him doth come her light: 10
 So if my man must praises haue,
 What then must I that keepe the knaue? (p. 70.)

V. SONG AND DANCE.

We loue, and have our loues rewarded.

The others would answer:

We loue, and are no whit regarded.

The first againe:

We find most sweet affection's snare. 5

*With like tune it should be as in a quire
sent backe againe:*

That sweet but sowre despaireful care.

A third time likewise thus:

Who can despaire, whom hope doth beare?

The answer: 10

And who can hope that feelles despaire?

*Then all ioyning their voyces, and daun-
cing a faster measure, they would con-
clude with some such words:*

As without breath no pipe doth moue,

No musicke kindly without loue. (p. 73.) 15

VI. THIRSIS AND DORUS.

THYRSIS.

Come, Dorus, come; let songs thy sorrowes signifie,

And if for want of vse thy mind ashamèd is,

That verie shame with Loue's high title dignifie.

No stile is held for base where loue well namèd is:

Each eare sucks vp the words a true-loue scattereth, 5

And plaine speech oft, than quaint phrase better framèd
is.

DORUS.

Nightingales seldome sing, the pie still chattereth,

The wood cries most before it thoroughly kindled be,

Deadly wounds inward bleed, each slight sore matter-
eth ; 9
Hardlie they heard which by good hunters singlèd be : herd
Shallow brookes murmur most, deepe silent slide away ;
Nor true-loue loues his loues with others mingled be.

THYRSIS.

If thou wilt not be seene, thy face go hide away,
Be none of vs, or els maintaine our fashion ;
Who frownes at others' feasts doth better bide away. 15
But if thou hast a loue, in that loue's passion,
I challenge thee by shew of her perfection,
Which of vs two deserueth most compassion.

DORUS.

Thy challenge great, but greater my protection :
Sing then, and see (for now thou hast inflamèd me) 20
Thy health too meane a match for my infection.
No, though the heau'ns for high attempts haue blamèd
me,
Yet high is my attempt. O Muse, historifie
Her praise, whose praise, to learn your skill hath framèd
me.

THYRSIS.

Muse, hold your peace : but thou my god Pan glorifie 25
My Kala's gifts, who with all good gifts fillèd is ;
Thy pipe, O Pan, shall helpe, though I sing sorily.
A heape of sweets she is, where nothing spillèd is ;
Who, though she be no bee, yet full of honey is ;
A lilly field, with plough of rose which tillèd is ; 30

Milde as a lambe, more daintie then a conie is;
 Her eyes my eye-sight is; her conuersation
 More glad to me then to a miser money is. than
 What coy account she makes of estimation!
 How nice to touch! how all her speeches peised be! poised
 A nymph thus turn'd, but mended in translation. 36

DORUS.

Such Kala is: but ah my fancies raised be
 In one, whose name to name were high presumption,
 Since vertues all, to make her title, pleasèd be:
 O happie Gods, which by inward assumption 40
 Enioy her soule, in bodie's faire possession;
 And keepe it ioyn'd, fearing your seate's consumption.
 How oft with raine of teares skies make confession,
 Their dwellers rapt with sight of her perfection,
 From heau'nly throne to her heau'n vse digression! 45
 Of best things then what world shall yeeld confection
 To liken her? decke yours with your comparison:
 She is her selfe of best things the collection.

THYRSIS.

How oft my dolefull Sire cride to me, Tarie, sonne,
 When first he spied my loue! how oft he said to me, 50
 Thou art no souldier fit for Cupid's garrison!
 My sonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath layd to
 me:—
 Loue well thine owne; me think, wool's whitnesse pass- 6
 eth all:

I neuer found long loue such wealth hath payd to
me.—

This wind he spent: but when my Kala glasseth all 55
My sight in her faire limmes, I then assure my selfe,
Not rotten sheepe, but high crownes she surpasseth all.
Can I be poore, that her gold haire procure my selfe?
Want I white wool, whose eyes her white skiu garn-
ishèd?

Till I get her, shall I to keepe inure my selfe? 60

DORUS.

How oft, when Reason saw loue of her harnisèd
With armour of my heart, he cryed, O vanitie
To set a pearle in steele so meanelie varnishèd !
Looke to thy selfe, reach not beyond humanitie ;
Her minde, beames, state, farre from thy weake wings
banishèd: 65

And loue which loue hurts is inhumanitie.

Thus Reason said: but she came, Reason vanishèd ;
Her eyes so maistering me, that such obiection
Seem'd but to spoile the foode of thoughts long fam-
ishèd ;

Her peerelesse height my minde to high erection 70
Drawes up ; and if hope failing end life's pleasure,
Of fairer death how can I make election ?

THYRSIS.

Once my well-waiting eyes espied my treasure,
With sleeues turn'd vp, loose haire, and breast en-
largèd,

Her father's corne, mouing her faire limmes, measure.
 O, cried I, of so meane worke be dischargèd: 76
 Measure my case how by thy beauties filling
 With seed of woes my heart brimfull is chargèd.
 Thy father bids thee saue, and chids for spilling;
 Saue then my soule, spill not my thoughts well heapèd,
 No louely praise was euer got by killing. 81
 These bold words she did beare; this fruit I reapèd,
 That she, whose looke alone might make me blessèd,
 Did smile on me, and then away she leapèd.

DORUS.

Once, O sweet once, I saw with dread oppressèd 85
 Her whom I dread; so that with prostrate lying,
 Her length the earth Loue's chiefe clothing dressèd.
 I saw that riches fall, and fell a crying:—
 Let not dead earth enioy so deare a couer,
 But decke therewith my soule for your sake dying; 90
 Lay all your feare upon your fearfull louer:
 Shine, eyes, on me, that both our liues be guardèd:
 So I your sight, you shall your selues recouer.
 I cried, and was with open rayes rewardèd:
 But straight they fled, summond by cruell honour,—
 Honour, the cause desert is not regardèd. 96

THYRSIS.

This maide, thus made for ioyes, O Pan, bemone
 her,
 That without loue she spends her yeares of loue:

So faire a field would well become an owner ;
 And if enchantment can a hard heart moue, 100
 Teach me what circle may acquaint her sprite,
 Affection's charmes in my behalfe to proue.
 The circle is my round-about-her sight,
 The power I will inuoke dwels in her eyes:
 My charmes should be,—she haunt me day and night.

DORUS.

Farre other case, O Muse, my sorrow tries, 106
 Bent to such one in whom my selfe must say,
 Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.
 What circle then in so rare force beares sway,
 Whose sprite all sprites can foile, raise, damne or saue?
 No charme holds her, but well possesse she may, 111
 Possesse she doth, and makes my soule her slaue,
 My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatall knot:
 No thrall like them that inward bondage haue.

THYRSIS.

Kala, at length conclude my lingring lot; =end 115
 Disdaine me not, although I be not faire:
 Who is an heire of manie hundreth sheepe,
 Doth beauties keepe which neuer sunne can burne,
 Nor stormes doe turne: fairenesse serues oft to wealth.
 Yet all my health I place in your good will, 120
 Which if you will—O do—bestow on me:
 Such as you see, such still you shall me find,
 Constant and kind; my sheepe your food shall breed,

Their wooll your weed, I will you musicke yeeld
 In flowrie field; and as the day begins, 125
 With twentie ginnes we will the small birds take,
 And pastimes make, as Nature things hath made;
 But when in shade we meet of myrtle bowes,
 Then Loue allowes our pleasures to enrich,
 The thought of which doth passe all worldly pelfe. 130

DORUS.

Ladie, your selfe, whom neither name I dare,
 And titles are but spots to such a worth,
 Heare plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind;
 The noblest kind reiects not others' woes.
 I haue no shewes of wealth: my wealth is you, 135
 My beautie's hew your beames, my health your deeds;
 My minde for weeds your vertues' liuerie weares.
 My foode is teares, my tunes waymenting yeeld,
 Despaire my field, the flowers spirits' warres;
 My day new cares; my ginnes my daily sight, 140
 In which do light small birds of thoughts orethrowne:
 My pastimes none, time passeth on my fall.
 Nature made all, but me of dolours made:
 I finde no shade, but where my sunne doth burne,
 No place to turne; without, within, it fries: 145
 Nor helpe by life or death, who liuing dies.

THYRSIS.

But if my Kala thus my sute denies,
 Which so much reason beares:
 Let crowes picke out mine eyes, which too much saw.

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA. 13

If she still hate Loue's law, 150
My earthly mould doth melt in watrie teares.

DORUS.

My earthly mould doth melt in watrie teares,
And they againe resolute
To aire of sighes, sighes to the hart's fire turne, heart's
Which doth to ashes burne. 155
Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolue.

THYRSIS.

Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolue,
That I grow like the beast,
Which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,
Yet patient must abide: 160
Such weight it hath which once is full possest.

DORUS.

Such weight it hath which once is full possest,
That I become a vision,
Which hath in others' head his onely being,
And liues in fancie seeing.
O wretched state of man in selfe-diuisiō!

THYRSIS.

O wretched state of man in selfe-diuisiō!
O well thou sayest! a feeling declaration
Thy tongue hath made, of Cupid's deepe incision.
But now hoarse voice doth faile this occupation, 170
And others long to tell their loues' condition:
Of singing thou hast got the reputation.

DORUS.

Of singing thou hast got the reputation,
 Good Thyrsis mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie;
 My heart doth seeke another estimation. 175
 But ah my Muse, I would thou hadst facilitie
 To worke my goddesse so by thy inuention,
 On me to cast those eyes where shine nobilitie,
 Seene and vnknowne; heard, but without attention.
 (pp. 74-8.)

VII. DORUS PLAYING ON THE LUTE (Elegiacke).

Fortune, Nature, Loue, long haue contended about me,
 Which should most miseries cast on a worrne that
 I am.
 Fortune thus 'gau say: miserye and misfortune is all one,
 And of misfortune Fortune hath onely the gift. 4
 With strong foes on land, on sea with contrarie tempests,
 Still doe I crosse this wretch, what so he taketh in
 hand.
 Tush, tush, said Nature, this is all but a trifle; a man's
 selfe
 Giues haps or mishaps, eu'n as he ordereth his heart.
 But so his humor I frame, in a mould of choler adusted,
 That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous. 10
 Loue smiled, and thus said: Want ioyn'd to desire is
 vnhappie;
 But if he nought doe desire, what can Heraclitus
 aile?

None but I workes by desire: by desire haue I kindled
in his soule

Infernall agonies into a beautie diuine:
Where thou, poore Nature, left'st all thy due glorie, to
Fortune 15

Her vertue is soueraigne, Fortune a vassall of hers.
Nature abasht went backe: Fortune blusht: yet she
replide thus:

And eu'n in that loue shall I reserue him a spite.
Thus, thus, alas, wofull by Nature, vnhappy by Fortune,
But most wretched I am, now Loue awakes my de-
sire. (p. 78.) 20

VIII. ZELMANE (Saphikes).

If mine eyes can speake to doe heartie errand,
Or mine eyes' language she doe hap to iudge of,
So that eyes' message be of her receiuèd,
Hope, we doe liue yet.

But if eyes faile then when I most doe need them, 5
Or if eyes' language be not vnto her knowne,
So that eyes' message doe returne reiectèd,

Hope, we do both die.
Yet dying and dead, doe we sing her honour;
So become our tombes monuments of her praise, 10
So becomes our losse the triumph of her gaine;

Hers be the glorie.
If the spheares senselesse doe yet hold a musique,
If the swan's sweete voice be not heard but at death,

If the mute timber when it hath the life lost
Yeeldeth a lute's tune ;
Are then humane mindes priuiledg'd so meanly,
As that hatefull Death can abridge them of powre
With the vowe of truth to record to all worlds
That we be her spoiles ?
Thus, not ending, ends the due praise of her praise :
Fleshly vaile consumes ; but a soule hath his life,
Which is held in loue ; loue it is that hath ioyn'd
Life to this our soule.
But if eyes can speake to do hearty errand,
Or mine eyes' language she doth hap to iudge of,
So that eyes' message be of her receiuèd,
Hope, we doe liue yet. (pp. 78-9.)

IX. DORUS AND ZELMANE.

DORUS.

Lady, reserued by the heau'ns to doe pastors' companie
honor, shepherds
Ioyning your sweete voyce to the rurall Muse of a desert,
Here you fully doe finde this strange operation of loue,
How to the woods Loue runnes, as well as rides to the
pallace,
Neither he beares reuerence to a prince nor pittie to
begger, 5
But (like a point in midst of a circle) is still of a
neerenesse,

All to a lesson he draws, neither hills nor caues can
anoide him.

ZELMANE.
Worthy sheeheard, by my song, to my selfe all fauour
is hapned,

That to the sacred Muse my annoyes somewhat be re-
uealed,—

Sacred Muse, who in one contains what nine doe in all
them. 10

But, O happy be you, which safe from firy reflection
Of Phœbus' violence, in shade of sweet Cyparissus,
Or pleasant myrtell, may teach th' vnfortunate Eccho
In these woods to resound the renownèd name of a
goddesse.

Happy be you that may to the saint, your onely Idea, 15
Although simply attyrde, your manly affection vtter.
Happy be those mishapps which iustly proportion hold-
ing,

Giue right sound to the eares, and enter aright to the
iudgement;

But wretched be the soules, which vaild in a contrarie
subiect:

How much more we doe loue, so the lesse our loues be
beleeuèd. 20

What skill salueth a sore of a wrong infirmitie iudgèd?

What can iustice auaille to a man that tells not his owne
case? [be:

You though feares do abash, in you still possible hopes

Nature against we doe seeme to rehell, seeme fooles in
a vaine sute.

But so, vnheard, condemn'd, kept thence we doe seeke
to abide in, 25

Selfe-lost in wandring, banished that place we doe come
from,

What meane is there, alas, we can hope our losse to re-
couer?

What place is there left, we may hope our woes to re-
comfort?

Vnto the heau'ns? our wings be too short: earth thinkes
vs a burden:

Aire we doe still with sighes encrease: to the fire? we
doe want none. 30

And yet his outward heat our teares would quench, but
an inward

Fire no liquor can coole: Neptune's realme would not
availe vs.

Happy shepheard, with thanks to the Gods, still thinke
to be thankfull,

That to thy aduancement their wisdomes haue thee
abasèd.

DORUS.

Vnto the Gods with a thankfull heart all thanks I
doe render, 35

That to my aduancement their wisdomes haue me
abasèd. [haps,

But yet, alas! O but yet alas! our haps be but hard

Which must frame contempt to the fittest purchase of
honor.

Well may a pastor plaine; but, alas, his plaints be not
esteem'd:

Silly shepheard's poore pipe, when his harsh sound
testifies anguish, 40

Into the faire looker-on, pastime, not passion, enters.
And to the woods or brookes, who doe make such
dreerie recital?

What be the panges they beare, and whence those
pangs be deriuèd,

Pleased to receiue that name by rebounding answer of
Eccho, 44

May hope thereby to ease their inward horrible anguish,
When trees dance to the pipe, and swift streames stay
by the musicke, tarry

Or when an Eccho begins vn mou'd to sing them a loue-
song;

Say then, what vantage do we get by the trade of a
pastor?—

Since no estates be so base, but Loue vouchsafeth his
arrow,

Since no refuge doth serue from wounds we do carrie
about with vs, 50

Since outward pleasures be but halting helps to decayed
soules;—

Saue that dayly we may discerne what fire we do burne
in.

Farre more happy be you, whose gratesse gets a free
 accesse ;

Whose faire bodily gifts are fram'd most louelie to each
 eye ;

Vertue you haue, of vertue you haue left prooffe to the
 whole world, 55

And vertue is gratefull, with beautie and richesse
 adorned :

Neither doubt you a whit, time will your passion vtter.
 Hardly remaines fire hid, where skill is bent to the
 hiding,

But in a minde that would his flames should not be
 repress'd,

Nature worketh enough with a small helpe for the re-
 uealing: 60

Giue therefore to the Muse great praise, in whose verie
 likenesse

You doe approach to the fruit your only desires be to
 gather.

ZELMANE.

First shall fertill grounds not yeeld increase of a good
 seed :

First the riuers shall cease to repay their fludds to the
 Ocean :

First may a trustie greyhound transforme himselfe to a
 tigre: 65

First shall vertue be vice, and beautie be counted a
 blemish,

Ere that I leaue with song of praise her praise to so-
lemnize,—

Her praise, whence to the world all praise hath his only
beginning:

But yet well I do finde each man most wise in his owne
case.

None can speake of a wound with skill, if he haue not
a wound felt.

Great to thee my state seemes, thy state is blest by my
iudgement:

And yet neither of vs great or blest deemeth his owne
selfe.

For yet (weigh this, alas!) great is not great to the
greater.

What, iudge you, doth a hillocke shew by the lofty
Olympus?

Such my minute greatnes doth seeme compar'd to the
greatest.

When cedars to the ground fall downe by the waight
of an emmot,

Or when a rich rubie's iust price be the worth of a
walnut,

Or to the sunne for wonders seeme small sparkes of a
candle:

Then by my high cedar, rich rubie, and only-shining
sunne,

Vertue, riches, beauties of mine shall great be re-
puted.

70

75

80

Oh, no, no, worthie shepheard, worth can neuer enter
a title,

Where proofes iustlie do teach, thus matcht, such worth
to be nought worth,

Let not a puppet abuse thy sprite, kings' crownes doe
not helpe them

From the cruell head-ache, nor shooes of gold doe the
gowte heale: 84

And precious couches full oft are shak't with a feauer.
If then a bodily euill in a bodily gloze be not hidden,
Shall such morning deawes be an ease to the heat of a
loue's fire? =lover's

DORUS.

O glittering miseries of man, if this be the fortune
Of these fortune's lulls, so small rests rests in a king-
dome!

What maruaile tho' a prince transforme himselfe to a
pastor, 90

Come from marble bowres, manie times the gay harbor
of anguish,

Vnto a silly caban, thought weake, yet stronger against
woes.

Now by thy words I begin, most famous ladie, to gather
Comfort into my soule; I do find, I do find what a
blessing

Is chaunced to my life, that from such muddie abund-
ance 95

Of carking agonies (to states which still be adherent)

Destinie keeps me aloofe ; for if all this state, to thy
 vertue
 Ioynd, by thy beautie adorn'd, be no meanes these
 griefes to abolish :
 If neyther by that helpe thou canst clime vp to thy
 fancie,
 Nor yet fancie so drest do receiue more plausible hear-
 ing: 100
 Then doe I thinke, indeed, that better it is to be pri-
 uate
 In sorrowe's torments, then, tied to the pompes of a
 pallace, than
 Nurse inward maladies, which haue not scope to be
 breath'd out,
 But perforce digest all bitter ioyces of horror iuices
 In silence, from a man's owne selfe with companie
 robbed. =by 105
 Better yet doe I liue, that though by my thoughts I be
 plunged
 Into my liue's bondage, yet may I disburden a passion,
 Opprest with ruinous conceits, by the helpe of an out-
 crye.
 Not limited to a whispering note, the lament of a cour-
 tier,
 But sometimes to the woods, sometimes to the heau'n
 do decyphire 110
 With bold clamor vnheard, vnmarkt, what I seeke, what
 I suffer ;

And when I meete these trees, in the earth's faire liuery
clothèd,

Ease I do feele (such ease as falls to one wholly diseasèd)
For that I finde in them part of my state represented.

Lawrell shews what I seeke, by the mirre is show'd
how I seeke it ; myrrh 115

Oliue paints me the peace that I must aspire to by the
conquest ;

Mirtel makes my request,—my request is crown'd with
a willowe ;

Cyprus promiseth helpe, but a helpe where comes no
recomfort ;

Swet iuniper saith this, though I burne, yet I burne
in a sweet fire ;

Ewe doth make me thinke what kinde of bowe the boy
holdeth Vew 120

Which shootes strongly without any noyse, and deadly
without smart ;

Firre trees great and greene, fixt on a hye hill but a
barrein,

Like to my noble thoughts, still new, well plac'd, to
me frutelesse ;

Figge that yeeldes most pleasant fruite, his shadow is
hurtfull ;

Thus be her giftes most sweete, thus more danger to be
neere her. 125

Now in a palme when I marke how he doth rise vnder
a burden,

And may I not, say I then, get up, though grieve be so
weightie ?

Pine is a mast to a shippe, to my shippe shall hope for
a mast serue ;

Pine is hye, hope is as hye ; sharp-leau'd, sharp yet be
my hope's buddes. 129

Elme embraste by a vine, embracing fancy reuiueth :
Popler changeth his hew from a rising sunne to a setting ;
Thus to my sunne do I yeeld, such lookes her beames
do aforde me.

Olde agèd oke cut downe, of new worke serues to the
building ;

So my desires, by my feare cutt downe, be the frames
of her honour.

Ashe makes speares which shields do resist ; her force
no repulse takes. 135

Palmes doe reioyce to be ioynd by the match of a male
to a female ;

And shall sensiuè things be so sencelesse as to resist
sence ?

Thus be my thoughts disperst, thus thinking nurseth
a thinking,

Thus both trees and each thing else be the bookes of
a fancy.

But to the cedar, Queene of woods, when I lift my be-
teard eyes, 140

Then do I shape to my selfe that forme which raigns
so within me,

And think, there she doth dwell, and heare what
 plaints I do vtter:

When that noble toppe doth nodde, I beleeue she sa-
 lutes me;

When by the winde it maketh a noyse, I do thinke she
 doth answer;

Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus do I speake to
 that image,— 145

Onely iuell, O only iuell, which only deseruest
 That men's harts be thy seate, and endlesse fame be thy
 seruant,

O descend for a while from this great height to behould
 me.

But nought els do behold (else is nought worth the be-
 holding)

Saue what a worke by thy selfe is wrought: and since
 I am altred 150

Thus by thy worke, disdaine not that which is by thy
 selfe done.

In meane caues oft treasure abides, to an hostrie a king
 comes;

And so behind foule clouds full oft faire starres do lie
 hidden.

ZELMANE.

Hardy shepheard, such as thy merits, such may be her
 insight

Iustly to graunt thee reward, such enuie I beare to thy
 fortune. 155

But to my selfe what wish can I make for a salue to
 my sorrowes,
 Whom both Nature seemes to debarre from meanes to
 be helpèd,
 And if a meane were found, Fortune th' whole course of
 it hinders:
 Thus plagu'd, how can I frame to my sore anie hope of
 amendment?
 Whence may I shew to my minde any light of possible
 escape? 160
 Bound, and bound by so noble bands as loth to be vn-
 bound,
 Iaylor I am to my selfe, prison and prisoner to mine
 owne selfe.
 Yet be my hopes thus plact, here fixt liues all my re-
 comfort,
 That that deare Dyamond, where wisdom holdeth a
 sure seate,
 Whose force had such force so to transforme, nay to
 reforme me, 165
 Will at length perceiue these flames by her beames to
 be kindlèd,
 And will pittie the wound festred so strangely within
 me.
 O be it so, graunt such an euent, O Gods, that euent
 giue,
 And for a sure sacrifice I do daily oblation offer

Of mine owne hart, where thoughts be the temple, sight
is an aultar. 170

But cease, worthie shepheard, now cease we to wearie
the hearers

With monerfull melodies ; for enough our griefes be re-
ueald,

If the parties meant our meanings rightly be-marked ;
And sorrowes do require some respite vnto the sences.

(pp. 79-83.)

X. LAMON SINGS OF STREPHON AND KLAIUS.

A shepheard's tale no height of stile desires,
To raise in words what in effect is lowe:
A plaining song plaine-singing voice requires,
For warbling notes from inward chearing flowe.
I then, whose burd'ned breast but thus aspires 5
Of shepheards two the seely care to show,
Need not the stately Muses' helpe inuoke
For creeping rimes, which often-sighings choke.
But you, O you, that thinke not teares too deare
To spend for harms, although they touch you not ; 10
And deigne to deeme your neighbours' mischief neare,
Although they be of meaner parents got:
You I inuite with easie eares to heare
The poore-clad truth of Loue's wrong-ordred lot.
Who may be glad, be glad you be not such ; 15
Who share in woe, weygh others haue as much.
There was (O seldome blessed word of was !)

A paire of friends, or rather one cald two,
 Train'd in the life which no short-bitten grasse
 In shine or storme must set the clowted shoe: 20
 He that the other in some yeares did passe,
 And in those gifts that yeares distribute doe,
 Was Klaius cald (ah, Klaius, wofull wight!);
 The later borne—yet too soone—Strephon hight.
 Epeirus high was honest Klaius' nest, 25
 To Strephon Fole's land first breathing lent,
 But East and West were ioin'd by friendship's hest.
 As Strephon's care and heart to Klaius bent,
 So Klaius' soule did in his Strephon rest:
 Still both their flockes flocking together went, 30
 As if they would of owners' humour be;
 As eke their pipes did well as friends agree:
 Klaius, for skill of herbs and shepheard's art,
 Among the wisest was accounted wise;
 Yet not so wise as of vnstained hart: 35
 Strephon was yong, yet markt with humble eies
 How elder rul'd their flockes and cur'd their smart,
 So that the graue did not his words despise.
 Both free of mind, both did cleare-dealing loue,
 And both had skill in verse their voice to moue. 40
 Their chearfull minds, till pois'ned was their cheare,
 The honest sports of earthy lodging proue;
 Now for a clod-like hare in form they peere, scat, bed
 Now bolt and cudgill squirrel's leape doe moue.
 Now the ambitious larke with mirror cleare 45

They catch, while he, foole ! to himselfe makes loue :
 And now at keeles they try a harmeless chaunce,
 And now their curre they teach to fetch and daunce.
 When merrie May first earlie calls the morne,
 With merrie maids a-Maying they do goe; 50
 Then doe they pull from sharp and niggard thorne
 The plentious sweets (can sweets so sharply grow !);
 Then some greene gownes are by the lasses worne
 In chastest plaies, till home they walke a-rowe,
 While daunce about the May-pole is begun; 55
 When, if neede were, they could at quintain run,
 While thus they ran a low but leaueld race.
 While thus they liu'd (this was indeede a life),
 With Nature pleas'd, content with present case,
 Free of proud feares, braue begg'ry, smiling strife, 60
 Of clime-fall Court, the enuy-hatching place :
 While those restlesse desires in great men rife
 To visite of folkes so low did much disdaine,
 This while, though poore, they in themselues did
 raigne,
 One day (O day, that shin'd to make them darke !) 65
 While they did ward sunne-beames with shadie bay,
 And Klaius taking for his yongling carke
 (Lest greedie eyes to them might challenge lay),
 Busy with oker did their shoulders marke
 (His marke a piller was, deuoid of stay, 70
 As bragging that free of all passions' mone,
 Well might he others' beare, but leane to none :)

Strephon with leaue twigs of laurell-tree
 A garlant made on temples for to weare, garland
 For he then chosen was the dignitie 75
 Of village-lord that Witsontide to beare,
 And full, poore fcole, of boyish brauerie,
 With triumphs' shewes would shew he nought did feare.
 But fore-accounting oft makes builders misse ;
 They found, they felt, they had no lease of blisse. 80
 For ere that either had his purpose done,
 Behold (beholding well it doth deserue),
 They saw a maid who thitherward did runne,
 To catch a sparrow, which from her did swerue,
 As shee a black-silke cappe on him begunne 85
 To sett, for foile of his milke-white to serue.
 Shee chirping ran, he peeping flew away, =sparrow's cry
 Till hard by them both he and shee did stay.
 Well for to see, they kept themselues vnseene,
 And saw this fairest maid of fairer minde, 90
 By fortune meane, in Nature borne a Queene,
 How well apaid shee was her bird to finde ;
 How tenderly her tender hands betweene
 In iuorye cage she did the micher binde ; =truant
 How rosie moist'ned lipes about his beake 95
 Mouing, she seem'd at once to kisse and speake.
 Chastned but thus, and thus his lesson taught =taught
 The happie wretch she put into her breast,
 Which to their eies the bowls of Venus brought,
 For they seem'd made euen of skie mettall best, 100

And that the bias, of her bloud was wrought :
 Betwixt them two the peeper tooke his nest,
 Where snuging well he well appear'd content,
 So to haue done anisse, so to be shent. rebuked
 This done, but done with captiue-killing grace, 105
 Each motion seeming shot from Beautie's bow,
 With length laid downe she deckt the louely place :
 Proud grew the grasse that vnder her did growe,
 The trees spread out their armes to shade her face ;
 But she, on elbow lean'd, with sighs did show 110
 No grasse, no trees, nor yet her sparrow might
 To long-perplexèd mind breed long delight.
 She troubled was (alas that it mought be!)
 With tedious brawlings of her parents deare,
 Who would haue her in will and word agree 115
 To wed Antaxius, their neighbour neare :
 A heardman rich of much account was he,
 In whom no ill did raigne, nor good appeare :
 In some such one she lik'd not his desire,
 Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents' ire. 120
 Kindly, sweet soule, she did vnkindnesse take =naturally
 That baggèd baggage of a miser's mudd,
 Should price of her, as in a market, make :—
 But golde can gild a rotten piece of wood.
 To yeeld she found her noble heart did ake ; 125
 To striue she fear'd how it with vertue stood :
 Thus doubting clouds ore-casting heau'nly braine,
 At length in rowes of kisse-cheeks teares they raine.

Cupid, the wagg, that lately conquer'd had
 Wise counsellours, stout captaines, puissant kings, 130
 And ti'd them fast to leade his triumph bad,
 Glutted with them now plaies with meanest things.
 So oft in feasts with costly changes clad
 To crammèd mawes a sprat new stomake brings: 134
 So lords, with sport of stagge and hearon full, heron
 Sometimes we see small birds from nests do pull.
 So now for pray these shepheards two he tooke,
 Whose metall stiff he knew he could not bend
 With hear-say pictures or a window-looke,
 With one good dawnce, or letter finely pen'd; 140
 That, were in Court a well-proportion'd hooke,
 Where piercing witts do quickly apprehend:
 Their sences rude plaine obiects only moue,
 And so must see great cause before they loue.
 Therefore Loue arm'd in her now takes the field, 145
 Making her beames his brauerie and might;
 Her hands which pierc'd the soule's seau'n-double shield,
 Were now his darts, leauing his wonted fight;
 Braue crest to him her scorne-gold haire did yeeld,
 His compleat harneis was her purest white, 150
 But fearing lest all white might seeme too good,
 In cheekes and lipps the tyrant threatens bloud.
 Besides this force, within her eyes he kept
 A fire, to burne the prisoners he gaines,
 Whose boiling heate encreasèd as she wept: 155
 For eu'n in forge cold water fire maintaines,

Thus proud and fierce vnto the hearts he stept
Of them, poore soules, and cutting Reason's raines, reins

Made them his owne before they had it wist:

But if they had, could sheephookees this resist? 160
Klaius straight felt and gronèd at the blowe,
And call'd, now wounded, purpose to his aide:
Strephon, fond boy, delighted did not knowe
That it was Loue that shin'd in shining maid,
But, lickrous-poison'd, faine to her would goe, 165
If him new-learnèd manners had not staid.

For then Vrania homeward did arise,

Leauing in paine their wel-fed hungry eies.

She went, they staid, or, rightly for to say,
She staid in them, they went in thought with hyr: 170
Klaius indeede would faine haue puld away
This mote from out his eye, this inward burre,
And now, proud rebell, 'gan for to gainsay

The lesson which but late he learn'd too furre; far

Meaning with absence to refresh the thought 175

To which her presence such a feauer brought.

Strephon did leap with ioy and iolitie,
Thinking it iust more therein to delight
Then in good dog, faire field, or shading tree.
So haue I seene trim-bookes in veluet dight, 180
With golden leaues, and painted baberie,
Of seely boies please vnacquainted sight:

But when the rod began to play his part,

Faine would, but could not flye from golden smart.

He quickly learn'd Vrania was her name, 185
 And straight for failing, grau'd it in his heart:
 He knew her haunt, and haunted in the same,
 And taught his sheepe her sheepe in food to thwart,
 Which soone as it did batefull question frame, =debateful
 He might on knees confesse his faultie part, 190
 And yeeld himselfe vnto her punishment,
 While nought but game the selfe-hurt wanton ment.
 Nay euen vnto her home he oft would go,
 Where bold and hurtlesse many play he tries,
 Her parents liking well it should be so, 195
 For simple goodnesse shined in his eyes.
 There did he make her laugh in spite of woe,
 So as good thoughts of him in all arise,
 While into none doubt of his loue did sinke, =suspicion
 For not himselfe to be in loue did thinke. 200
 But glad Desire, his late-embosom'd guest,
 Yet but a babe, with milke of Sight he nurst :
 Desire the more he sucks, more sought the brest,
 Like dropsie-folke still drinke to be a-thirst.
 Till one faire eau'n, an houre ere sunne did rest, 205
 Who then in lion's caue did enter first,
 By neighbours prai'd she went abroad thereby,
 At barly-brake her sweete swift foot to trio.
 Neuer the Farth on his round shoulders bare
 A maid train'd vp from high or low degree, 210
 That in her doings better could compare =equal
 Mirth with respect, few words with curtesie,

A carelesse comlinesse with comely care,
 Selfe-gard with mildnesse, sport with maiestie: 214
 Which made heryeeld to deck this shepheard's band;
 And still, beleue me, Strephon was at hand.
 A-field they go, where manie lookers be,
 And thou seek-sorrow Klaius them among:
 Indeed thou said'st it was thy friend to see,
 Strephon, whose absence seem'd vnto thee long; 220
 While most with her he lesse did keepe with thee.
 No, no, it was in spite of wisdomes song,
 Which absence wisht, Loue plai'd a victor's part;
 The heau'n-loue lodstone drew thy iron hart.
 Then couples three be streight allotted there; 225
 They of both ends, the middle two doe flie,
 The two that in mid place, Hell callèd were,
 Must striue with waiting foot and watching eye
 To catch of them, and them to Hell to beare,
 That they, as well as they, Hell may supplie: 230
 Like some which seeke to salue their blotted name
 With others' blott, till all do tast of shame.
 There may you see, soone as the middle two
 Doe couplèd towards either couple make,
 They false and fearefull do their hands vndoe, 235
 Brother his brother, friend doth friend forsake,
 Heeding himselfe, cares not how fellow do,
 But of a stranger mutuall help doth take,
 As periur'd cowards in aduersitie 239
 With sight of feare from friends to fremb'd do flie.

These sports shepheards deuizd such faults to show :
 Geron, though old yet gamesome, kept one end
 With Cosma, for whose loue Pas past in wo. =exceeded
 Faire Nous with Pas the lott to Hell did send,
 Pas thought it Hell, while he was Cosma fro. 245
 At other end Vran did Strephon lend
 Her happye-making hand, of whom one looke
 From Nous and Cosma all their beautie tooke.
 The play began: Pas durst not Cosma chace,
 But did intend next bout with her to meete; 250
 So he with Nous to Geron turn'd their race,
 With whom to ioyne, fast ran Vrania sweet,
 But light-legg'd Pas had got the middle space.
 Geron straue hard, but ag'd were his feet,
 And therefore finding force now faint to be, 255
 He thought gray haires affoorded subiltie,
 And so when Pas' hand reach'd him to take,
 The fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;
 Pas could not stay, but ouer him did rake, 259
 And crown'd the earth with his first-touching crowne:
 His heeles grow'n proud did seeme at heau'n to shako,
 But Nous, that slipt from Pas, did catch the clowne.
 So laughing all, yet Pas to ease some-dell
 Geron with Vran were condemn'd to Hell.
 Cosma this while to Strephon safely came, 265
 And all to second barly-breake are bent:
 The two in Hell did toward Cosma frame,
 Who should to Pas, but they would her preuent.

Pas mad with fall, and madder with the shame, 269
 Most mad with beames which he thought Cosma sent,
 With such mad hast he did to Cosma goe,
 That to her breast he gaue a noysome blowe :
 She, quick and proud, and who did Pas dispise,
 Vp with her fist, and tooke him on the face :
 Another time, quoth she, become more wise. 275
 Thus Pas did kisse her hand with little grace,
 And each way lucklesse, yet in humble guise
 Did hold her fast for feare of more disgrace,
 While Strephon might with prettie Nous haue met,
 But all this while another course he fet ; =fetch'd
 For as Vrania after Cosma ran, 281
 He, rauishèd with sight how gracefully
 She mou'd her lims, and drew the agèd man,
 Left Nous, to coast the louèd beautie nie :
 Nous cri'd and chaf'd, but he no other can, 285
 Till Vran seeing Pas to Cosma flie,
 And Strephon single, turnèd after him.
 Strephon so chas'd did seeme in milke to swimme ;
 He ran, but ran with eye ore shoulder cast, 289
 More marking her then how himselfe did goe ; than
 Like Numid lyons by the hunters chas'd,
 Though they doe flie, yet backwardly doe glowe
 With proud aspèct, disdainig greater hast :
 What rage in them, that loue in him did show.
 But God giues them instinct the man to shun, 295
 And he by law of barly-brake must run ;

But as his heate with running did augment,
 Much more his sight encreast his hote desire.
 So is in her the best of Nature spent,
 The aire her sweet race mou'd doth blow the fire: 300
 Her feet be purseuants from Cupid sent,
 With whose fine steps all loues and ioyes conspire :
 The hidden beauties seem'd in wait to lie,
 To drowne proud hearts that would not willing die.
 Thus fast he fled from her he follow'd sore, 305
 Still shunning Nous to lengthen pleasing race,
 Till that he spied old Geron could no more ;
 Then did he slacke his loue-enstructed pace,
 So that Vran, whose arme old Geron bore,
 Laid hold on him with most lay-holding grace. 310
 So caught, him seem'd he caught of ioyes the bell,
 And thought it heau'n so to be drawne to Hell.
 To Hell he goes, and Nous with him must dwell :
 Nous sware it was not right, for his default 314
 Who would be caught, that she should goe to Hell :
 But so she must. And now the third assault
 Of barly-brake among the sixe befell,
 Pas Cosma matcht, yet angry with his fault,
 The other end Geron with Vran gard ; 319
 I thinke you thinke Strephon bent thitherward.
 Nous counseld Strephon Geron to pursue,
 For he was old, and easie would be cought :
 But he drew her as loue his fancie drew,
 And so to take the gemme, Vrania, sought.

While Geron old came safe to Cosma true, 325
 Though him to meet at all she sturrèd nought ;
 For Pas, whether it were for feare or loue,
 Mou'd not himselfe, nor suffered her to moue.
 So they three did together idly stay,
 While deare Vran, whose course was Pas to meet, 330
 (He staying thus) was faine abroad to stray
 With larger round, to shun the following feet.
 Strephon, whose eyes on her back-parts did play,
 With loue drawne on, so fast with pace vnmeet
 Drew daintie Nous, that she not able so 335
 To runne, brake from his hands, and let him goe.
 He single thus hop'd soone with her to be,
 Who nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,
 Though with soft leggs, did runne as fast as he.
 He thrise reacht, thrise deceiu'd, when her to beare 340
 He hopes, with daintie turns she doth him flee.
 So on the downs we see, neere Wilton faire,
 A hastn'd hare from greedie grayhound goe,
 And past all hope his chaps to frustrate so. 344
 But this strange race more strange conceits did yeeld ;
 Who victor seem'd was to his ruine brought,
 Who seem'd orethrowne was mistresse of the field :
 She fled, and tooke ; he followed, and was caught.
 So haue I heard, to pierce pursuing shield
 By parents train'd the Tartars wilde are taught, 350
 With shafts shot out from their back-turned bow :
 But, ah, her darts did farre more deeply go.

As Venus' bird, the white, swift, lovely dove,
 (O happy dove, that art compar'd to her!)
 Doth on her wings her utmost swiftnesse prove, 355
 Finding the gripe of falcon fierce not furre;
 So did Vran the narre, the swifter moue,—
 Yet beauteie still as fast as she did sturre,—
 Till with long race deare she was breathlesse brought,
 And then the phoenix feared to be cougth. 360
 Among the rest that there did take delight
 To see the sports of double-shining day,
 And did the tribute of their wondring sight
 To Nature's heire, the faire Vrania, pay,
 I told you Klaius was the haplesse wight, 365
 Who earnest found what they accounted play.
 He did not there doe homage of his eyes,
 But on his eyes his heart did sacrifice.
 With gazing looks, short sighes, vnsetled feet,
 He stood, but turn'd, as Girosol, to sunne; 370
 His fancies still did her in halfe-way meet,
 His soule did flie as she was seene to run.
 In summe, proud Boreas neuer rul'd fleet,
 (Who Neptune's web on Daunger's distaffe spun,)
 With greater power, then she did make them wend
 Each way, as she that ages praise did bend. 375
 Till spying well she wellnigh weary was,
 And surely taught by his loue-open eye,—
 His eye, that eu'n did marke her troden grasse,—
 That she would faine the catch of Strephon flie; 380

Giuing his reason pasport for to passe
 Whither it would, so it would let him die,
 He that before shund her (to shunne such harmes),
 Now runnes and takes her in his clipping armes.
 For with pretence from Strephon her to guard, 385
 He met her full, but full of warefulnessse,
 With inbow'd bosome well for her prepar'd,
 When Strephon cursing his owne backwardnesse,
 Came to her backe, and so with double ward
 Imprisond her, who both them did possesse 390
 As heart-bound slaues: and happie then embrace
 Vertue's prooffe, Fortune's victor, Beautie's place.
 Her race did not her beautie's beames augment,
 For they were euer in the best degree,
 But yet a setting-forth it some way lent, 395
 As rubies' lustre when they rubb'd be.
 The daintie deaw on face and bodie went, dew
 As on sweet flowers when Morning's drops we see;
 Her breath, then short, seem'd loth from home to
 passe;
 Which more it mou'd, the more it sweeter was. 400
 Happy, O happy, if they so might bide,
 To see her eyes, with how true humblenesse
 They lookèd downe to triumph ouer pride;
 With how sweet sawce she blam'd their sawcinesse,
 To feele the panting heart, which through her side 405
 Did beat their hands, which durst so neere to
 presse,

To see, to feele, to heare, to taste, to know
 More then, besides her, all the earth could show. *than*
 But neuer did Medea's golden weed
 On Creon's child his poyson sooner throw 410
 Then those delights through all their sinewes breed
 A creeping, serpent-like, of mortall woe :
 Till she brake from their arnes,—although indeed
 Going from them, from them she could not go,—
 And farewelling the flock, did homeward wend: 415
 And so that euen the barly-brake did end.
 It ended, but the other woe began,—
 Began at least to be conceiu'd as woe.
 For then wise Klaius found no absence can
 Helpe him, who can no more her sight fore go. 420
 He found man's vertue is but part of man,
 And part must follow where whole man doth go.
 He found that Reason's selfe now reasons found
 To fasten knots, which Fancie first had bound: 425
 So doth he yeeld; so takes he on his yoke,
 Not knowing who did draw with him therein.
 Strephon, poore youth, because he saw no smoke,
 Did not conceiue what fire he had within ;
 But after this to greater rage it broke, 430
 Till of his life it did full conquest win.
 First killing mirth, then banishing all rest,
 Filling his eyes with teares, with sighes his breast;
 Then sports grew paines, all talking tedious ;
 On thoughts he feeds, his lookes their figure change, 435

The day seems long, but night is odious ;
 No sleeps but dreames, no dreames but visions strange :
 Till finding still his euill encreasing thus,
 One day he with his flocke abroad did raunge,
 And comming where he hop'd to be alone, 440
 Thus on a hillocke set, he made his mone :
 Alas, what weights are these that load my heart !
 I am as dull as Winter-steruèd sheep,
 Tir'd as a iade in ouer-loden cart;
 Yet thoughts doe flie, though I can scarcely creepe. 445
 All visions seeme ; at euerie bush I start ;
 Drowsie am I, and yet can rarelie sleepe.
 Sure I bewitchèd am ;—it is euen that,
 Late neare a crosse I met an vgly cat ;—
 For, but by charmes, how fall these things on me, 450
 That from those eyes, where heau'nly apples bene,—
 Those eyes (which nothing like themselues can see)
 Of faire Vrania, fairer then a greene
 Proudly bedect in April's liuery,
 A shot vnheard gaue me a wound vnseene ? 455
 He was inuisible that hurt me so,
 And none inuisible but spirits can goe.
 When I see her, my sinewes shake for feare,
 And yet, deare soule, I know she hurteth none ; 460
 Amid my flocke with woe my voice I teare, =make tearful
 And, but bewitch'd, who to his flocke would mone ?
 Her chery lips, milke hands, and golden haire
 I still doe see, though I be still alone ;

Now, make me thinke that there is not a fiend,
 Who, hid in angel's shape, my life would end. 465
 The sports wherein I wonted to do well,
 Come she and sweet the aire with open breast, =sweeten
 Then so I faile, when most I would excell,
 That at me, so amaz'd, my fellowes iest :
 Sometimes to her newes of my selfe to tell 470
 I goe about, but then is all my best,
 Wry words and stam'ring, or else doltish dombe :
 Say then, can this but of enchantement come ?
 Nay each thing is bewitcht to know my case :
 The nightingales for woe their songs refraine ; 475
 In riuier as I look'd my pining face,
 As pin'd a face as mine I saw againe ;
 The curteous mountaines, grieu'd at my disgrace,
 Their snowie haire teare off in melting paine ;
 And now the dropping trees doe weepe for me, 480
 And now faire euenings blush my shame to see.
 But you my pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,
 Till straunge delight delight to nothing ware ;
 And you my flocke, care of my carefull sight
 While I was I, and so had cause to care ; 485
 And thou my dogge, whose truth and valiant might
 Made wolues (not inward wolues) my ewes to spare ;
 Goe you not from your maister in his woe ;
 Let it suffice that he himselfe forgoe.
 For though like waxe this magicke makes me waste, 490
 Or like a lambe, whose damme away is fet, fetched
 Stolne from her young by theeues' vnchoosing haste,

He trebble beas for help, but none can get; =baas
 Though thus, and worse, though now I am at last,
 Of all the games that here ere now I met, 495
 Doe you remember still you once were mine,
 Till mine eyes had their curse from blessèd eyne;
 Be you with me while I vnheard doe crie,
 While I doe score my losses on the wind,
 While I in heart my will write ere I die; 500
 In which by will my will and wits I bind
 Still to be hers, about her ay to flie,
 As this same sprite about my fancies blind
 Doth daily haunt; but so that mine become
 As much more louing as lesse cumbersome. 505
 Alas, a cloud hath ouercast mine eyes,
 And yet I see her shine amid the cloud.
 Alas, of ghosts I heare the gastlie cries,
 Yet there, me seemes, I heare her singing loud:
 This song she sings in most commanding wise,— 510
 ‘Come, shepheard’s boy, let now thy heart be bow’d,
 To make it selfe to my least looke a slaue:
 Leaue sleepe, leaue all, I will no piecing haue.’—
 I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:
 Wilt thou haue more? more haue, if more I be. 515
 Away ragg’d rammes, care I what murraine kill?
 Out, shreaking pipe, made of some witchèd tree:
 Goe, bawling curre, thy hungrie maw goe fill
 On yon foule flocke, belonging not to mee.
 With that his dog he henc’d, his flocke he curst, 520
 With that (yet kissèd first) his pipe he burst.

This said, this done, he rose, euen tir'd with rest,
 With heart as carefull as with carelesse grace,
 With shrinking legges, but with a swelling breast, 525
 With eyes which threatned they would drowne his face ;
 Fearing the worst, not knowing what were best,
 And giuing to his sight a wandring race,

He saw behind a bush, where Klaius sate,

His well-knowne friend, but yet his vnknowne mate.

Klaius the wretch, who latelie yeelden was 530

To beare the bonds which time nor wit could breake,

(With blushing soule at sight of iudgement's glasse,

While guiltie thoughts accus'd his reason weake),

This morne alone to lonely walke did passe,

Within himselfe of her deare selfe to speake ; 535

Till Strephon's plaining voice him nearer drew,

Where by his words his selfe-like case he knew.

For hearing him so oft with words of wo

Vrania name, whose force he knew so well,

He quickly knew what witchcraft gaue the blow, 540

Which made his Strephon thinke himselfe in hell :

Which when he did in perfect image show

To his owne wit, thought vpon thought did swell,

Breeding huge stormes within his inward part,

Which thus breath'd out with earthquake of his

heart. (pp. 83-95.) 545

XI. ZELMANE'S LOVE-GRIEF.

In vaine, mine eyes, you labour to amend

With flowing teares your fault of hastie sight,

Since to my hart her shape you so did send,
 That her I see, though you did lose your light.
 In vaine, my heart, now you with sight are burn'd, 5
 With sighes you seeke to coole your hot desire,
 Since sighes (into mine inward furnace turn'd)
 For bellowes serue to kindle more the fire.
 Reason, in vaine, now you haue lost my heart,
 My head you seeke, as to your strongest fort, 10
 Since there mine eyes haue plaid so false a part,
 That to your strength your foes haue sure resort.
 Then since in vaine I find were all my strife,
 To this straunge death I vainly yeeld my life.

(p. 97.)

XII. BASILIUS' COMPLAINT.

Let not old age disgrace my high desire,
 O heauenly soule, in humaine shape conteind:
 Old wood inflam'd doth yeeld the brauest fire,
 When yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend.
 Ne let white haire, which on my face do grow, 5
 Seeme to your eyes of a disgracefull hue,
 Since whitenesse doth present the sweetest show,
 Which makes all eyes doe homage vnto you.
 Old age is wise, and full of constant truth;
 Old age well stayd from ranging humor liues; 10
 Old age hath knowne what euer was in youth;
 Old age orecome, the greater honour giues:
 And to old age since you your selfe aspire,
 Let not old age disgrace my high desire.

(pp. 98-9.)

XIII. DORUS TO MOPSA.

Since so mine eyes are subiect to your sight,
 That in your sight they fixèd haue my braine;
 Since so my heart is fillèd with that light,
 That only light doth all my life maintaine;
 Since in sweet you all goods so richly raigne, 5
 That where you are, no wishèd good can want;
 Since so your liuing image liues in me,
 That in my selfe your selfe true loue doth plant:
 How can you him vnworthie then decree,
 In whose chiefe part your worths implanted be?
 (pp. 102-3.) 10

XIV. DORUS TO PAMELA.

My sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and serue;
 Their pasture is faire hilles of fruitlesse loue,
 On barren sweets they feed, and feeding sterue.
 I waile their lott, but will not other proue;
 My sheepehookke is wanne hope, which all vpholds; 5
 My weedes Desire, cut out in endlesse folds;
 What wooll my sheepe shall beare, whiles thus
 they liue,
 In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.
 (pp. 107-8.)

XV. GYNECIA.

You liuing powers, enclos'd in stately shrine
 Of growing trees; you rurall Gods that wield
 VOL. II. H

My words, in hope to blaze a stedfast mind,
This marble chose, as of like temper knowne:
But loe, my words defaste, my fancies blinde,
Blots to the stone, shames to my selfe I finde,
And witnesse am how ill agree in one
A woman's hand with constant marble stone.
My words full weake, the marble full of might;
My words in store, the marble all alone;
My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white;

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA. 51

My words vnseene, the marble still in sight, 10
 May witenesse beare how ill agree in one
 A woman's hand with constant marble stone.
 (pp. 113-4.)

XVII. ZELMANE OF PHILOCLEA.

What tounge can her perfection tell,
 In whose each part all pens may dwell?
 Her haire fine threeds of finest gold,
 In curlèd knots man's thought to hold,
 But that her fore-head sayes, In me 5
 A whiter beautie you may see;
 Whiter!—in deede more white then snow
 Which on cold Winter's face doth grow;—
 That doth present those euen browes
 Whose equall line their angles bowes; 10
 Like to the Moone, when, after chaunge,
 Her hornèd head abroad doth raunge,
 And arches be to heauenly lids;
 Whose winke each bold attempt forbids.
 For the blacke starres those spheares containe, =As for
 The matchlesse paire euen praise doth staine; 16
 No lampe whose light by Art is got,
 No sunne which shines and seeth not,
 Can liken them, without all peere
 Saue one as much as other cleere; 20
 Which onely thus vnhappy bee
 Because themselues they cannot see.

Her cheekes with kindly claret spread,
 Aurora-like new out of bed ;
 Or like the fresh queene-apple's side, 25
 Blushing at sight of Phœbus' pride.

Her nose, her chinne, pure iuory weares,
 No purer then the pretie eares,
 So that therein appeares some blood,
 Like wine and milke that mingled stood ; 30
 In whose incirclets if ye gaze,
 Your eyes may tread a louers maze,
 But with such turnes the voice to stray,
 No talke vntaught can finde the way.
 The tippe no iewell needs to weare, 35
 The tippe is iewell of the eare.

But who those ruddie lips can misse,
 Which blessed still themselues doe kisse :
 Rubies, cherries, and roses new,
 In worth, in taste, in perfect hew ; 40
 Which neuer part but that they shoue
 Of precious pearle the double row ;
 The second sweetly-fencèd ward,
 Her heauenly-dewèd tongue to gard,
 Whence neuer word in vaine did flowe. 45

Faire vnder these doth stately grow
 The handle of this precious worke,
 The neck, in which strange graces lurke.
 Such be I thinke the sumptuous towers
 Which skill doth make in princes' bowers. 50

So good asay inuites the eye
 A little downward to espie
 The liuelie clusters of her brests,
 Of Venus' babe the wanton nests: Cupid
 Like pomels round of marble cleere, 55
 Where azurde veines well-mixt appeere,
 With dearest tops of porphyrie.

 Betwixt these two a way doth lie,—
 A way more worthie Beautie's fame
 Than that which beares the milkie name: 60
 This leades into the ioyous field
 Which onely still doth lillies yeeld;
 But lillies such, whose native smell
 The Indian odours doth excell:
 Waste it is call'd, for it doth waste 65
 Men's liues vntill it be imbraste.

 There may one see, and yet not see,
 Her ribbes in white all armed bee;
 More white then Neptune's fomie face
 When struggling rockes he would imbrace. 70

 In those delights the wandring thought
 Might of each side astray be brought,
 But that her nauel doth vnite
 In curious circle busie sight:
 A daintie seale of virgin-waxe, 75
 Where nothing but impression lackes.

 Her bellie then glad sight doth fill,
 Iustly intituled Cupid's hill,—

A hill most fitte for such a master,
 A spotlesse mine of alablaster: 80
 Like alablaster faire and sleeke,
 But soft and supple satten-like.
 In that sweete seate the boy doth sport;
 Loath I must leaue his chiefe resort,
 For such a vse the world hath gotten, 85
 The best things still must be forgotten.
 Yet neuer shall my song omitte
 Her thighes, for Ouid's song more fit,
 Which flankèd with two sugrèd flankes,
 Lift vp her stately-swelling bankes,— 90
 That Albion cliues in whitenesse passe,—
 With hanches smooth as looking-glasse.
 But bow all knees, now of her knees
 My tongue doth tell what fancie sees,
 The knots of ioy, the gemmes of loue, 95
 Whose motion makes all graces moue,
 Whose bought incau'd, doth yeeld such sight,
 Like cunning painter shadowing white.
 The gartring-place, with child-like signe,
 Shewes easie print in metall fine; 100
 But then againe the flesh doth rise
 In her braue calues, like chrystall skies,
 Whose Atlas is a smallest small,
 More white then whitest bone of all.
 Thereout steales out that round cleane foote, 105
 This noble cedar's precious roote,

To all her limmes a speciall grace, 135
 Becomming euery time and place,
 Which doth euen beautie beautifie,
 And most bewitch the wretched eye ;—
 How all this is but a faire inne
 Of fairer guests, which dwell therein ;— 140
 Of whose high praise and praisefull blisse
 Goodnesse the penne, heauen paper is ;
 The inke immortall fame doth lend :—
 As I began, so must I end :
 No tongue can her perfections tell, 145
 In whose each part all tongues may dwell.
 (pp. 141-4.)

XVIII. PLANGUS AND BASILIUS.

PLANGUS.

Alas, how long this pilgrimage doth last !
 What greater ills haue now the heauens in store,
 To couple comming harmes with sorowes past !
 Long since my voice is hoarse and throte is sore
 With cries to skies and curses to the ground ; 5
 But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.
 Ah, where was first that cruell cunning found,
 To frame of earth a vessell of the minde,
 Where it should be to selfe-destruction bound ? 9
 What needed so high sprites such mansions blind ?
 Or, wrapt in flesh, what doe they here obtaine
 But glorious name of wretched humaine-kinde ?

Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortune's raign,
 Turnd from themselues, infected with their cage, =by
 Where death is feard, and life is held with paine. 15
 Like Players, pla'st to fill a filthy stage, =placed
 Where change of thoughts one foole to other shewes,
 And all but iests, saue onely Sorrowe's rage.
 The child feeles that, the man that feeling knowes,
 Which cries first borne,—the presage of his life, 20
 Where wit but serues to haue true taste of woes,
 A shop of shame, a booke where blots be rife,
 This bodie is ; this bodie so compos'd,
 As in it selfe to nourish mortall strife :
 So diuers be the elements dispos'd 25
 In this weake worke, that it can neuer bee
 Made vniforme to any state repos'd.
 Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see
 (Euen like a toppe, which nought but whipping moues)
 This man, this talking beast, this walking tree. 30
 Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement proues ;
 For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,
 Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.

BASILIVS.

How long wilt thou with mournefull musicke staine
 The cheerefull notes these pleasant places yeeld, 35
 Where all good haps a perfect state maintaine ?

PLANGVS.

Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build
 Their hopes on haps, and do not make despaire

For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.

Shall I, that saw Eronae's shining haire 40
 Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow
 With losse of purest bloud themselues to teare?
 Shall I, that saw those brests where beauties flow,
 Swelling with sighes, made pale with minde's disease,
 And saw those eyes (those sunnes) such showers to show?
 Shall I, whose cares her mournfull words did seaze,—
 Her words in syrup laid of sweetest breath,— 47
 Relent those thoughts which then did so displease?
 No, no; Despaire my daily lesson saith,
 And saith, although I seeke my life to flie, 50
 Plangus must liue to see Eronae's death.

Plangus must liue some helpe for her to trie
 (Though in despaire), for loue so forceth me.
 Plangus doth liue,—and shall Erona die?
 Erona dy! O heauen (if heauen there be), 55
 Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?
 Serue all thy starrie eyes this shame to see?
 Let dolts, in haste, some altars faire erect
 To those high powers which idly sit aboue,
 And vertue doe in greatest need neglect. 60

BASILIVS.

O man, take heed how thou the Gods doe moue
 To cause-full wrath, which thou canst not resist:
 Blasphemous words the speaker vaine do proue.
 Alas, while we are wrapt in foggie mist
 Of our selfe-loue (so passions do deceiue), 65

We thinke they hurt, when most they doe assist.
 To harme vs wormes, should that high Iustice leaue
 His nature, nay, Himselfe? for so it is :
 What glory from our losse can He receaue?
 But still our dazeled eyes their way do misse, 70
 While that we do at His sweete scourge repine,—
 The kindly way to beate vs on to blisse.
 If she must dye, then hath she past the line
 Of lothsome dayes, whose losse how canst thou mone,
 That dost so well their miseries define? 75
 But such we are, with inward tempest blowne
 Of windes quite contrarie, in waues of will ;
 We mone that lost, which had, we did bemone.

PLANGUS.

And shall she dye? shall cruell fier spill =spoile
 Those beames that set so many harts on fire? 80
 Hath she not force euen Death with loue to kill?
 Nay, euen cold Death, enflam'd with hot desire
 Her to enioy where ioy it selfe is thrall,
 Will spoyle the earth of his most rich attire.
 Thus Death becomes a riual to vs all, 85
 And hopes with foule embracements her to get,
 In whose decay Vertue's faire shrine must fall.
 O Vertue weake, shall Death his triumph set
 Vpon thy spoiles, which neuer should lye waste?
 Let Death first dy ; be thou his worthy let. hindrance
 By what eclipse shall that sunne be defaste?
 What mine hath erst thrown down so faire a tower?

What sacriledge hath such a saint disgraste ?

The world the garden is, she is the flower
That sweetens all the place ; she is the guest 95
Of rarest price, both heauen and earth her bower.
And shall (O me!) all this in ashes rest ?

Alas, if you a phoenix new will haue
Burnt by the sunne, she first must build her nest :

But well you know the gentle sunne would saue 100
Such beames so like his owne, which might haue might
In him the thoughts of Phaeton's damme to graue.

Therefore, alas, you vse vile Vulcan's spight, Clymene
Which nothing spares, to melt that virgin-waxe,
Which while it is, it is all Asia's light. 105

O Mars, for what doth serue thy armed axe,
To let that witold beast consume in flames

Thy Venus' childe, whose beautie Venus lacks ?
O Venus (if her praise no enuy frames 110
In thy high minde), get her thy husband's grace ;
Sweet speaking oft a currish heart reclaimes.

O eyes of mine, where once she saw her face,—
Her face which was more liuely in my hart ; 114

O braine, where thought of her hath onely place ;
O hand, which toucht her hand when we did part ;

O lips, that kist that hand with my teares sprent ;
O toung, then dumbe, not daring tell my smart ; sprinkled

O soule, whose loue in her is onely spent,
What ere you see, think, touch, kisse, speake, or loue,
Let all for her and vnto her be bent. 120

BASILIVS.

Thy wailing words do much my spirits moue ;
 They vttered are in such a feeling fashion,
 That Sorrowe's worke against my will I proue.
 Me-thinkes I am partaker of thy passion,
 And in thy case do glasse mine owne debilitie; 125
 Selfe-guiltie folke most prone to feelee compassion.
 Yet reason saith, Reason should haue abilitie [are]
 To hold these worldly things in such proportion
 As let them come or go with euen facilitie :
 But our desires' tyrannicall extortion 130
 Doth force vs there to set our chiefe delightfulnessse
 Where but a baiting-place is all our portion.
 But still, although we faile of perfect rightfulness,
 Seeke we to tame these childish superfluities :
 Let vs not winke though voide of purest sightfulnessse.
 For what can breed more peeuish incongruities, 136
 Then man to yeeld to female lamentations ?
 Let us some grammar learne of more congruities.

PLANGVS.

If through mine eares pierce any consolation[s] 139
 By wise discourse, sweet tunes, or poets' fiction;
 If ought I cease these hideous exclamations,
 While that my soule, she, she liues in affliction;
 Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,
 To wretched me the last worse malediction.
 Can I, that knew her sacred parts, restrained be 145

From any ioy? know Fortune's vile displacing
her?—

In morall rules let raging woes containèd be!

Can I forget, when they in prison placing her,
With swelling heart in spite and due disdainfulnesse
She lay for dead, till I helpt with vnlacing her: 150

Can I forget from how much mourning plainfulnesse
With diamond in window-glasse she graued,—
'Erona dye! and end this ougly painefulnesse'?

Can I forget in how strange phrase she craued 154
That quickly they would her burne, drowne, or smother,
As if by death she onely might be sauèd?

Then let me eke forget one hand from other;

Let me forget that Plangus I am callèd;

Let me forget I am sonne to my mother:

But if my memory must thus be thrallèd 160
To that strange stroke which conquer'd all my senses,
Can thoughts still thinking, so rest vnappesad?

BASILIVS.

Who still doth seeke against himselfe offences,

What pardon can auaille? or who imployes him 164
To hurt himselfe, what shields can be defences? =himself

Woe to poore man: each outward thing annoyes him
In diuers kinds, yet as he were not fillèd,

He heapes in outward grieffe, that most destroyes him.
Thus is our thought with paine for thistles tillèd;

Thus be our noblest parts dryed vp with sorrow;
Thus is our minde with too much minding spillèd. 171

One day layes vp stuffe of griefe for the morrow,
 And whose good haps do leaue him vnprovidid,
 Condoling cause of friendship he will borrow :
 Betwixt the good and shade of good diuided, 175
 We pittie deeme that which but weakenes is;
 So are we from our high creation slided.
 But, Plangus, lest I may your sicknesse misse,
 Or rubbing hurt the sore, I here doe end : 179
 The asse did hurt when he did thinke to kisse.
 (pp. 146-150.)

XIX. THE STORIE OF CUPID.

Poore painters oft with sillie poets ioyne
 To fill the world with straunge but vaine conceits :
 One brings the stuffe, the other stamps the coine,
 Which breeds nought else but glosses of deceits.
 Thus painters Cupid paint; thus poets do 5
 A naked God, blind, young, with arrowes two.
 Is he a God, that euer flies the light?
 Or naked he, disguis'd in all vntruth?
 If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?
 How is he young, that tam'd ould Phœbus' youth? 10
 But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?
 Some, hurt, accuse a third with hornie head.
 No, nothing so : an old, false knaue he is,
 By Argus got on Io, then a cow ;
 What time for her Iuno her Ioue did misse, 15
 And charge of her to Argus did allow.
 Mercurie kill'd his false sire for this act;

His damme, a beast, was pardon'd beastlie fact. [the]
 With father's death and mother's guiltie shame,
 With Ioue's disdaine at such a rival's seed, 20
 The wretch, compeld, a runnagate became,
 And learn'd what ill a miser-state doth breed. =wretched
 To lie, to steale, to prie, and to accuse,
 Naught in himselfe, each other to abuse.
 Yet beares he still his parents' stately gifts,— 25
 A hornèd head, clouen feet, and thousand eyes,
 Some gazing still, some winking wilie shifts;
 With long large eares, where neuer rumor dies.
 His hornèd head doth seeme the heauen to spight,
 His clouen foot doth neuer tread aright. 30
 Thus halfe a man, with men he dayly haunts,
 Cloth'd in the shape which soonest may deceiue:
 Thus halfe a beast, each beastly vice he plants
 In those weake hearts that his aduice receiue;
 He proules each place, still in new colours deckt, 35
 Sucking one's ill, another to infect.
 To narrow breasts he comes all wrapt in gaine;
 To swelling hearts he shines in Honour's fire;
 To open eyes all beauties he doth raine,
 Creeping to each with flattering of desire. 40
 But for that loue is worst which rules the eyes,
 Thereon his name, there his chiefe triumph lyes.
 Millions of yeares this old driuell Cupid liues,
 While still more wretch, more wicked he doth proue;
 Till now at length that Ioue him office giues,

At Iuno's suite, who much did Argus loue,
 In this our world a hang-man for to be
 Of all those fooles that will haue all they see. (pp. 155-6.)

XX. ZELMANE IN SORROW.

Louèd I am, and yet complaine of Loue ;
 As louing not, accus'd in loue I dye.
 When pittie most I craue, I cruell proue ;
 Still seeking loue, loue found, as much I flie.
 Burnt in my selfe, I muse at others' fire ; 5
 What I call wrong, I do the same, and more ;
 Bar'd of my will, I haue beyond desire ;
 I waile for want, and yet am chokt with store.
 This is thy worke, thou God for euer blind,
 Though thousands old, a Boy entit'led still: 10
 Thus children do the silly birds they find,
 With stroking hurt, and too much cramming kill.
 Yet thus much loue, O Loue, I craue of thee :
 Let me be lou'd, or els not louèd be. (p. 164.)

XXI. VERSES WRITTEN ON A 'SANDIE BANK.'

Over these brookes, trusting to ease mine eyes
 (Mine eyes euen great in labour with their teares),
 I laide my face,—my face, wherein there lies
 Clusters of cloudes which no sunne euer cleares,—
 In watry glasse my watry eyes I see : 5
 Sorrowe's ill-easde where sorrowes painted bee. =is ill

My thoughts imprison'd in my secret woes,
 With flammie breath do issue oft in sound ;
 The sound of this strange aier no sooner goes,
 But that it doth with Echoe's force rebound, 10
 And makes me heare the plaints I would refraine:
 Thus outward helps my inward grieve maintaine.

Now in this sand I would discharge my mind,
 And cast from me part of my burdenous cares ;
 But in the sand my tales foretold I find, 15
 And see therein how well the writer fares.

Since streame, ayre, sand, mine eyes and eares con-
 spire,
 What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the
 fire? (p. 166.)

XXII. SHEPHERDS OF PHILISIDES.

Me thought some staues he mist: if so, not much amisse,
 For where he most would hit, he euer yet did misse.
 One said he brake a crosse ; full well it so might be,
 For neuer was there man more crossely crost then he. than
 But most cryed, O well broke ; O foole full gaily blest,
 Where failing is a shame, and breaking is his best. 6
 (p. 183.)

XXIII. LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

With two strange fires of equall heat possest,
 The one of Loue, the' other of Iealousie,
 Both still do worke, in neither I find rest;

XXV. ORACLES.

Thy elder care shall from thy carefull face
 By princely meane be stolne, and yet not lost.
 Thy younger shall with Nature's blisse embrace
 An uncouth love, which Nature hateth most.
 Both they themselues unto such two shall wed, 5
 Who at thy beer as at a barre, shall plead bier
 Why thee, a liuing man, they had made dead. [power
 In thine owne seat a forraine State shall sit, =prince and
 And ere that all these blowes thy head do hit,
 Thou, with thy wife, adultry shalt commit. (pp. 207-8.)

XXVI. HYMN TO APOLLO.

Apollo great, whose beames the greater world do light,
 And in our little world doe cleare our inward sight, =man
 Which euer shine, though hid from earth by earthly
 shade, =do shine
 Whose lights doe euer liue, but in our darknesse fade;
 Thou god whose youth was deckt with spoile of Py-
 thon's skin 5
 (So humble knowledge can throw downe the snakish
 sinne);
 Latona's son, whose birth in paine and trauaile long
 Doth teach, to learne the good what trauailes do be-
 long;
 In trauaile of our life (a short but tedious space),
 While brickle houre-glasse runs, guide thou our pant-
 ing pace: =brittle 10

Giue vs foresightfull mindes; giue vs mindes to obey
What foresight tels; our thoughts vpon thy knowledge
stay.

Let so our fruits grow vp that Nature be maintaine'd,
But so our hearts keepe downe, with vice they be not
stainde.

Let this assur'd hold our iudgements ouertake, 15
That nothing winnes the heauen but what doth earthe
forsake. (pp. 208-9.)

XXVII. SKIRMISH BETWIXT REASON AND PASSION.

Reason. Thou rebell vile, come, to thy master yeeld.

And the other that met with him answered:

Passion. No, tyrant, no; mine, mine shall be the field.

R. Can Reason, then, a tyrant counted be?

P. If Reason will that Passions be not free. 5

R. But Reason will that Reason gouerne most.

P. And Passion will that Passion rule the rost.

R. Your will is will, but Reason reason is.

P. Will hath his will when Reason's will doth misse.

R. Whom Passion leades, vnto his death is bent. 10

P. And let him die, so that he die content.

R. By nature you to Reason faith haue sworne.

P. Not so, but fellow-like together borne.

R. Who Passion doth ensue, liues in annoy. =pursue

P. Who Passion doth forsake, liues voide of ioy. 15

R. Passion is blinde, and treades an vnknowne trace.

P. Reason hath eyes to see his owne ill case. (=track, path

*Then as they approached nearer, the two of Reason's side,
as if they shot at the other, thus sang:*

- R.* Dare Passions, then, abide in Reason's light?
P. And is not Reason dim with Passion's might?
R. O foolish thing, which glory doth destroy!
P. O glorious title of a foolish toy!
R. Weaknesse you are, dare you with our strength fight?
P. Because our weaknesse weakneth all your might. 6
R. O sacred Reason, helpe our vertuous toyles.
P. O Passion, passe on feeble Reason's spoyles.
R. We with ourselues abide a daylie strife.
P. We gladly vse the sweetnesse of our life. 10
R. But yet our strife sure peace in end doth breed.
P. We now haue peace; your peace we do not need.

*Then did the two square battailes meete, and in stead of
fighting embrace one another, singing thus:*

- R.* We are too strong; but Reason seeks no blood.
P. Who to be weake doe faine they be too good.
R. Though we cannot orecome, our cause is iust.
P. Let vs orecome, and let vs be vniust.
R. Yet Passions yeeld at length to Reason's stroke. 5
P. What shall we win by taking Reason's yoke?
R. The ioyes you haue shall be made permanent.
P. But so we shall with grieffe learne to repent.
R. Repent indeed, but that shall be your blisse. 9
P. How know we that, since present ioyes we misse?
R. You know it not; of Reason therefore know it.

P. No Reason yet had euer skill to shew it.
R. Then let vs both to heauenly rules giue place.
P. Which Passions kill, and Reason do deface.

(pp. 215-6.)

XXVIII. DICUS AND DORUS.

DICUS.

Dorus, tell me where is thy wonted motion,
 To make these woods resound thy lamentation?
 Thy saint is dead, or dead is thy deuotion;
 For who doth hold his loue in estimation,
 To witnesse that he thinkes his thoughts delicious, 5
 Thinkes to make each thing badge of his sweet passion.

DORUS.

But what doth make thee, Dicus, so suspicious
 Of my due faith, which needs must be immutable?
 Who others' vertue doubt, themselues are vicious.
 No so; although my metall were most mutable, 10
 Her beames haue wrought therein most faire impres-
 sion :

To such a force soone change were nothing sutable.

DICUS.

The hart well set doth neuer shunne confession;
 If noble be thy bandes, make them notorious;
 Silence doth sceme the marke of base oppression. 15
 Who glories in his loue doth make Loue glorious,
 But who doth feare, or bideth mute wilfully,
 Shewes guilty heart doth deeme his state opprobrious.

Thou, then, that fram'st both words and voyce most
skilfully,

Yeelde to our eares a sweet and sound relation, 20
If Loue tooke thee by force, or caught thee guilefully.

DORUS.

If sunnie beames shame heau'nly habitation,
If three-leau'd grasse seeme to the sheepe vnsauorie,
Then base and sowre is Loue's most high vocation.
Or if sheepe's cries can helpe the sunne's owne brauerie,
Then may I hope my pipe may haue abilitie 26
To helpe her praise who decks me in her slauerie.
No, no ; no words ennoble selfe-nobilitie :—
As for your doubts, her voyce was it deceiuèd me,
Her eye the force beyond all possibilitie. 30

DICUS.

Thy words well voyc'd, well grac'de, had almost heauèd
me

Quite from my selfe to loue Loue's contemplation,
Till of these thoughts thy sodaine end bereauèd me.
Goe on therefore, and tell vs by what fashion
In thy owne prooffe he gets so strange possession, 35
And how possest he strengthens his inuasion.

DORUS.

Sight is his roote, in thought is his progression,
His childhood wonder, prentizeship attention,
His youth delight, his age the soule's oppression,
Doubt is his sleepe, he waketh in inuention, 40
Fancie his foode, his clothing is of carefulnesse,

Beauty his booke, his play louers' dissention,
 His eyes are curious search, but vaild with wareful-
 nesse,
 His wings desire oft clipt with desperation;
 Largesse his hands, could neuer skill of sparefulnesse.
 But how he doth, by might or by perswasion, 45
 To conquere, and his conquest how to ratifie,
 Experience doubts, and schooles hold disputation.

DICUS.

But so thy sheepe may thy good wishes satisfie
 With large encrease and wool of fine perfection; 50
 So she thy loue, her eyes thy eyes may gratifie;
 As thou wilt giue our soules a deare refection,
 By telling how shee was, how now she framèd is
 To helpe or hurt in thee her owne infection.

DORUS.

Blest be the name wherewith my mistres namèd is; 55
 Whose wounds are salues, whose yokes please more then
 pleasure doth :
 Her staines are beames, vertue the fault she blamèd is;
 The hart, eye, eare, here onely finde his treasure dothe,
 All numbring artes her endlesse graces number not;
 Time, place, life, wit, scarcely her rare gifts measure
 doth. 60
 Is she in rage? so is the sunne in sommer hot,
 Yet haruest brings. Doth she, alas, absent her selfe?
 The sunne is hid, his kindly shadowes cumber not.

But when to giue some grace she doth content her selfe,
 O then it shines, then are the heau'ns distributed, 65
 And Venus seemes, to make vp her, she spent her selfe.
 Thus, then, I say, me mischiefes haue contributed
 A greater good by her diuine reflection;
 My harmes to me, my blisse to her attributed.
 Thus she is fram'd : her eyes are my direction, 70
 Her loue my life, her anger my destruction ;
 Lastly, what so she is, that's my protection.

DICUS.

Thy safetie sure is wrappèd in destruction,
 For that construction thine owne words do beare.
 A man to feare a woman's moodie eye 75
 Makes reason lye a slaue to seruile sense;
 A weake defence where weaknesse is thy force :
 So is remorse in follie dearly bought.

DORUS.

If I had thought to heare blasphemous words,
 My breast to swords, my soule to hell haue sold 80
 I rather would then thus mine eares defile
 With words so vile, which viler breath doth breed.
 O heards, take heed, for I a wolfe haue found, herds
 Who hunting round the strongest for to kill,
 His breast doth fill with earth of others' woe: 85
 And loden so, pulls downe, pull'd downe destroyes.
 O shepherds' boyes, eschue these tongues of venome,
 Which doe envenome both the soule and senses.
 Our best defenses are to flie these adders.

O tongues, like ladders made to clime dishonour, 90
Who iudge that honour which hath scope to slaunder !

DICUS.

Dorus, you wander farre in great reproches,
So Loue encroches on your charmèd reason ;
But it is season for to end our singing,
Such anger bringing: as for me, my fancie 95
In sicke man's frenzie rather takes compassion
Then rage for rage: rather my wish I send to thee, than
Thou soone may haue some he'pe, or chaunge of passion:
She oft her lookes, the stars her fauour bend to thee,
Fortune store, Nature health, Loue graunt perswasion.
A quiet minde none but thy selfe can lend to thee ; 101
Thus I commend to thee all our former loue.

DORUS.

Well do I proue error lyes oft in zeale,
Yet it is zeale, though error of true heart. 104
Nought could impart such heates to friendly minde ;
But for to find thy words did her disgrace
Whose onely face the little heauen is ;

Which who doth misse, his eyes are but delusions,
Barr'd from their chiefest obiect of delightfulnessse,
Throwne on this earth, the chaos of confusions. 110

As for thy wish, to my enragèd spitefulnessse
The louely blow, with rare reward my prayer is,
Thou maist loue her, that I may see thy sightfulnessse.

The quiet mind (whereof my selfe empairer is,

=impairer

As thou dost thinke) should most of all disquiet me
Without her loue, then my mind who fairer is. 116

Her only cure, from surfet woes can diet me ;
She holds the ballance of my contentation ;
Her cleared eyes, nought else in stormes can quiet me.

Nay rather then my ease discontentation 120
Should breed to her, let me for aye deieted be
From any ioy which might her grieve occasion.

With so sweet plagues my happy harmes infected be :
Paine wils me die, yet will of death I mortifie ; 124
For though life irkes, in life my loues protected be ;
Thus for each change my changelesse heart I fortifie.
(pp. 216-19.)

XXIX. NICO AND DORUS.

NICO.

And are you there, old Pas ! in troth, I euer thought,
Among us all we should find out some thing of nought.

PAS.

And I am here the same, so mote I thriue and thee,
Despairde in all this flocke to find a knaue but thee.

NICO.

Ah, now I see why thou art in thy selfe so blind : 5
Thy gray-hood hides the thing that thou despairst to
find.

PAS.

My gray-hood is mine owne, all be it be but gray ;

Not like the scrippe thou stol'st while Dorcas sleeping
lay.

NICO.

Mine was the scrippe ; but thou, that seeming raid with
loue,
Didst snatch from Cosma's hand her greeny wroughten
gloue. 10

PAS.

Ah, foole ; so courtiers do. But who did liuely skippe,
When for a treene-dish stolne thy father did thee
whippe?

NICO.

Indeed, the witch thy dam her crouch from shoulder
spred,
For pilfring Lalus' lambe, with crouch to blesse thy
head. 15

PAS.

My voice the lambe did winne, Menalcas was our iudge:
Of singing match was made, whence he with shame did
trudge.

NICO.

Couldst thou make Lalus flie ? so nightingales auoide
When with the kawing crowes their musicke is annoide.

PAS.

Nay, like to nightingales the other birds giue eare;
My pipe and song made him both pipe and song for-
swear. 20

NICO.

I thinke it will: such voice would make one musicke
hate ;
But if I had bene there, th'adst met another mate.

PAS.

Another sure as is a gander from a goose ;
But still, when thou dost sing, me thinkes a colt is loose.

NICO.

Well aimed, by my hat ; for as thou sangst last day, 25
The neighbors all did crie, Alas, what asse doth bray ?

PAS.

But here is Dicus old: let him, then, speake the woord,
To whether with best cause the Nymphes faire flowers
affoord. =which of the two

NICO.

Content; but I will lay a wager hereunto,
That profit may ensue to him that best can do. 30
I have, and long shall have, a white great nimble cat,
A king vpon a mouse, a strong foe to the rat ;
Fine eares, long taile he hath, with lion's curbed clawe,
Which oft he lifteth vp, and stayes his lifted pawe,
Deepe musing to himselfe, which after-mewing shewes,
Till, with lickt beard, his eye of fire espie his foes. 35
If thou (alas poore if !) do winne, then winne thou this;
And if I better sing, let me thy Cosma kisse.

PAS.

Kisse her? Now mayst thou kisse—I haue a better
match ;

A prettie curre it is, his name iwis is Catch ; 40
 No eare nor taile he hath, least they should him disgrace,
 A ruddie haire his cote, with fine long spectled face:
 He neuer musing standes, but with himselfe will play,
 Leaping at euery flie, and angrie with a flea: 44
 He eft would kill a mouse, but he disdaines to fight,
 And makes our home good sport with dauncing bolt
 vpriht. (price

This is my pawne, the price let Dicus iudgement show:
 Such oddes I willing lay, for him and you I know.

DICUS.

Sing, then, my lads ; but sing with better vaine then
 yet,

Or else who singeth worst my skill will hardly hit. 50

NICO.

Who doubts but Pas' fine pipe againe will bringe
 The auncient prayse to Arcad shepheards' skill?
 Pan is not dead, since Pas beginnes to sing.

PAS.

Who euermore will loue Apollo's quill,
 Since Nico doth to sing so widely gape? 55
 Nico his place farre better furnish will.

NICO.

Was not this he who did for Syrinx scape,
 Raging in woes, teach pastors first to plaine?
 Do you not heare his voice and see his shape?

PAS.

This is not he that failèd her to gaine, 60

Which, made a bay, made bay a holy tree ;
But this is one that doth his musicke staine.

NICO.

O Faunes, O Fairies all, and do you see
And suffer such a wrong? a wrong, I trowe, 65
That Nico must with Pas comparèd be.

PAS.

O Nymphes, I tell you newes, for Pas you knowe:
While I was warbling out your woonted praise,
Nico would needes with Pas his bag-pipe blowe.

NICO.

If neuer I did faile your holy-dayes 70
With daunces, carols, or with barlybreake,
Let Pas now know how Nico makes the layes.

PAS.

If each day hath bene holy for your sake,
Vnto my pipe,—O Nymphes, helpe now my pipe,
For Pas well knowes what layes can Nico make. 75

NICO.

Alas, how oft I looke on cherries ripe,
Me thinkes I see the lippes my Leuca hath,
And wanting her, my weeping eyes I wipe.

PAS.

Alas, when I in springe meete roses rathe,
And thinke from Cosma's sweet red lips I liue, 80
I leaue mine eyes vnwipte, my cheekes to bathe.

NICO.

As I of late neer bushes vsde my siue,

I spied a thrush where she did make her nest ;
That will I take, and to my Leuca giue.

PAS.

But long haue I a sparrow gailie drest, 85
As white as milke, and comming to the call,
To put it with my hand in Cosma's brest.

NICO.

I oft doo sue, and Leuca saith I shall ;
But when I did come neere with heate and hope,
She ranne away, and threw at me a ball. 90

PAS.

Cosma once said she left the wicket ope,
For me to come ; and so she did : I came,
But in the place found nothing but a rope.

NICO.

When Leuca dooth appeare, the sunne for shâme
Dooth hide himselfe ; for to himselfe he sayes, 95
If Leuca liue, she darken will my fame.

PAS.

When Cosma doth come forth, the sun displaies
His vtmost light ; for well his witte doth know
Cosma's faire beames emblemish much his raies.

NICO.

Leuca to me did yester-morning showe, 100
In perfect light, which could not me deceaue,
Her naked legge, more white then whitest snowe.

PAS.

But yester-night, by light I did receaue

From Cosma's eyes, which full in darkenes shine,
I sawe her arme, where purest lillies cleaua. 105

NICO.

She once starke nak'd did bathe a little tine ;
But still, me thought, with beauties from her fell, =skin
She did the waters wash, and make more fine.

PAS.

She once, to coole her selfe, stood in a well ;
But euer since that well is well besought, 110
And for rose-water sould of rarest smell.

NICO.

To riuer's banke being on walking brought,
She bad me spie her babie in the brooke.
Alas, said I, this babe dooth nurce my thought.

PAS.

As in a glasse I held she once did looke, 115
I said, my hands well paide her for mine eyes,
Since in my hands' selfe goodly sight she tooke.

NICO.

O, if I had a ladder for the skies,
I would climbe vp, and bring a prettie starre,
To weare vpon her necke, that open lies. 120

PAS.

O, if I had Apollo's golden carre,
I would come downe, and yeeld to her my place,
That, shining now, she then might shine more farre.

NICO.

Nothing, O Leuca, shall thy name deface, 124

While shepheards' tunes be heard, or rimes be read,
Or while that shepheards loue a louely face.

PAS.

Thy name, O Cosma, shall with praise be spread
As farre as any shepheards piping be,
As farre as Loue possesseth any head.

NICO.

Thy monument is layd in many a tree, 130
With name engrau'd ; so, though thy bodie die,
The after-folkes shall wonder still at thee.

PAS.

So oft these woods haue heard me Cosma crie,
That after death, to heau'n in woods' resound, noun
With Echoe's help, shall Cosma Cosma flie. 135

NICO.

Peace, peace, good Pas ; thou weeriect euen the ground
With sluttish song : I pray thee learne to blea,
For good thou mayst yet prooue in sheepish sound.

PAS.

My father hath at home a prettie iay ; 139
Goe winne of him, for chattering, praise or shame ;
For so yet of a conquest speake thou may.

NICO.

Tell me (and be my Pan) the monster's name
That hath foure legs, and with two onely goes ;
That hath foure eyes, and onely two can frame.

PAS.

Tell me (and Phcebus be) what monster growes 145

With so strong liues, that bodie cannot rest
In ease, vntill that bodie life forgoes.

DICUS.

Enough, enough ; so ill hath done the best,
That since the hauing them to neither's due,
Let cat and dog fight which shall haue both you. 150

XXX. STREPHON AND KLAIUS.

STREPHON.

Ye gote-heard Gods, that loue the grassie mountaines ;
Ye Nymphs, that haunt the springs in pleasant vallies ;
Ye Satyrs, ioy'd with free and quiet forrests,—
Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musicke,
Which to my woes giue still an early morning, 5
And drawes the dolor on till weary euening.

KLAIUS.

O Mercurie, foregoer to the euening ;
O heauenly huntresse of the sauage mountaines ;
O louely star, entitled of the morning,—
While that my voyce doth fill these wofull vallies, 10
Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musicke,
Which oft hath Echo tyr'd in secret forrests.

STREPHON.

I, that was once free burgesse of the forrests,
Where shade from sunne, and sports I sought at euen-
ing ;
I, that was once esteem'd for pleasant musicke, 15

Am banisht now among the monstrous mountaines
Of huge despaire and foule affliction's vallies,
Am growne a shrich-owle to my selfe each morning.

[screech-owl]

KLAIUS.

I, that was once delighted euery morning,
Hunting the wilde inhabitors of the forrests; 20
I, that was once the musicke of these vallies,
So darkened am, that all my day is euening,
Hart-broken so, that molehilles seeme high mountaines,
And fill the vales with cries in stead of musicke.

STREPHON.

Long since, alas, my deadly swannish musicke 25
Hath made itselfe a crier of the morning,
And hath with wailing strength clim'd highest mountaines;
Long since my thoughts more desert be than forrests;
Long since I see my ioyes come to their euening,
And state throwne downe to ouertroden vallies. 30

KLAIUS.

Long since the happie dwellers of these vallies
Haue pray'd me leaue my straunge exclaiming musicke
Which troubles their daye's worke and ioyes of euening;
Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning;
Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in for-
rests, 35
And make me with my selfe laide ynder mountaines.

STREPHON.

Meseemes I see the high and stately mountaines
 Transforme themselues to low delected vallies ;
 Meseemes I heare in these ill-changed forrests
 The nightingales doe learne of owles their musike : 40
 Meseemes I feele the comfort of the morning
 Turn'd to the mortall serene of an euening.

KLAIUS.

Meseemes I see a filthy-cloudie euening,
 As soone as sunne begins to climbe the mountaines ;
 Meseemes I feele a noysome sent, the morning scent 45
 When I doo smell the flowers of these vallies ;
 Meseemes I heare, when I doo heare sweet musicke,
 The dreadfull cries of murdered men in forrests.

STREPHON.

I wish to fire the trees of all those forrests ;
 I giue the sunne a last farewell each euening ; 50
 I curse the fidling finders out of musicke ;
 With enuie I doo hate the loftie mountaines,
 And with despite despise the humble vallies ;
 I doo detest night, euening, day, and morning.

KLAIUS.

Curse, to my selfe my praier is, the morning ; 55
 My fire is more then can be made with forrests ;
 My state more base then are the basest vallies ;
 I wish no euenings more to see, each euening ;
 Shamèd I hate my selfe in sight of mountaines,
 And stop mine eares, lest I grow mad with musicke. 60

STREPHON.

For she whose parts maintaine a perfect musicke,
 Whose beautie shin'd more then the blushing morning,
 Who much did 'passe in state the stately mountaines,
 In straightnesse past the cedars of the forrests,
 Hath cast me, wretch, into eternall euening, 65
 By taking her two sunnes from these darke vallies.

KLAIUS.

For she to whome compar'd the Alps are vallies,
 She whose least word brings from the spheares their
 musick,

At whose approach the sunne rose in the euening,
 Who where she went bare in her forehead morning, 70
 Is gone, is gone from these our spoyl'd forrests,
 Turning to desarts our best-pastur'd mountaines.

STREPHON.

These mountaines witnesse shall, so shal these vallies,
 These forrests eke, made wretched by our musicke,

KLAIUS.

Our morning hymne is this, and song at euening. 75
 (pp. 219-221.)

XXXI. A CROWN OF DIZAINES AND PENDENT: STREPHON
 AND KLAIUS.

STREPHON.

I ioy in grieffe, and doe detest all ioyes;
 Despise delight, am tyr'd with thought of ease;
 I turne my minde to all formes of annoyes,
 And with the change of them my fancie please,

I studie that which may me most displease ; 5
 And in despite of that displeasure's might,
 Embrace that most that most my soule destroyes.
 Blinded with beames, fell darknesse is my sight ;
 Dwell in my ruines, feed with sucking smart,
 I thinke from me, not from my woes to part. 10

KLAIUS.

I thinke from me, not from my woes to part,
 And loath this time, call'd life, nay thinke that life
 Nature to me for torment did impart ;
 Think my hard haps haue blunted Death's sharpe knife,
 Not sparing me, in whom his workes be rife ; 15
 And thinking this, thinke Nature, Life, and Death,
 Place Sorowe's triumph on my conquered heart :
 Where to I yeeld, and seeke none other breath
 But from the sent of some infectious graue ; scent
 Nor of my fortune ought but mischief craue. 20

STREPHON.

Nor of my fortune ought but mischief craue,
 And seeke to nourish that which now containes
 All what I am : if I my selfe will saue,
 Then must I saue what in me chiefly raines, reigns
 Which is the hatefull web of sorrowe's paines. 25
 Sorrow, then, cherish me, for I am sorow ;
 No being now but sorrow I can haue ;
 Then decke me as thine owne ; thy helpe I borrow,

Since thou my riches art, and that thou haste
Enough to make a fertil mind lye waste. 30

KLAIUS.

Enough to make a fertill minde lye wast,
Is that huge storme which powres it selfe on me :
Hailestones of teares, of sighs, a monstrous blast,
Thunders of cries, lightnings my wilde lookes be,
The darkened heav'n my soule, which nought can see, 35
The flying sprits which trees by roots vp teare, ^{sprits}
Be those despaires which haue my hopes quite wast.
The difference is, all folkes those stormes forbear,
But I cannot ; who then my selfe should flie,
So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doo lie. 40

STREPHON.

So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doo lie,
Both cause, effect, beginning, and the ende
Are all in me : what helpe, then, can I trie ?
My ship my selfe, whose course to loue doth band,
Sore beaten doth her mast of comfort spend ; 45
Her cable, Reason, breakes from anchor, Hope ;
Fancie, her tackling, torne away doth flie ;
Ruine, the wind, hath blowne her from her scope,
Brusèd with waues of cares, but broken is
On rocke, Despaire, the buriall of my blisse. 50

KLAIUS.

On rocke, Despaire, the buriall of my blisse,
I long doe plowe with plough of deepe desire:

The seede fast meaning is, no truth to misse ;
 I harow it with thoughts, which all conspire
 Fauour to make my chiefe and onely hire. 55
 But woe is me, the yeare is gone about,
 And now I faine would reape, I reape but this,
 Hatefully-growne Absence new sprong out.
 So that I see,—although my sight empaire,—
 Vaine is their paine who labour in despaire. 60

STREPHON.

Vaine is their paine who labour in despaire,
 For so did I, when with my angle Will
 I sought to catch the fish torpedo faire.
 Eu'n then Despaire did Hope alreadie kill,
 Yet fancie would perforce employ his skill, 65
 And this hath got; the catcher now is caught,
 Lam'd with the angle which it selfe did beare,
 And vnto death, quite drownd in dolours, brought
 To death, as then disguisde in her faire face :
 Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase. 70

KLAIUS.

Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase,
 When first that crownèd basiliske I knew,
 Whose footsteps I with kisses oft did trace,
 Till, by such hap as I must euer rue,
 Mine eyes did light vpon her shining hue, 75
 And hers on me, astonisht with that sight ;
 Since then my heart did lose his wonted place,
 Infected so with her sweet poyson's might,

That, leauing me for dead, to her it went :
But, ah, her flight hath my dead reliques spent. 80

STREPHON.

But, ah, her flight hath my dead reliques spent,
Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me, = to myself
Yet liuing still in her, while her beames lent
Such vitall sparke that her mine eyes might see.
But now those liuing lights absented be, 85
Full dead before, I now to dust should fall,
But that eternall paines my soule haue hent,
And keepe it still within this body thrall ;
That thus I must while in this death I dwell,
In earthly fetters feelee a lasting hell. 90

KLAIVS.

In earthly fetters feelee a lasting hell,
Alas, I doo, from which to finde release,
I would the earth, I would the heauens fell ;
But vaine it is to thinke these paines should cease,
Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.
O faire, O onely faire, from thee, alas, 95
These foule, most foule disasters to me fell,
Since thou from me—O me !—O sunne, didst passe.
Therefore esteeming all good blessings toyes,
I ioy in griefe, and doe detest all ioyes.

STREPHON.

I ioy in griefe, and doe detest all ioyes. 100
But now an end, O Klaius ; now an end :

For euen the hearbes our hatefull musicke 'stroyes,
And from our burning breath the trees doe bend.

(pp. 221-4.)

XXXII GERON AND PHILISIDES.

GERON.

Vp, vp, Philisides, let sorrowes go;
Who yeelds to woe doth but encrease his smart.
Do not thy heart to plaintfull custome bring,
But let vs sing,—sweet tunes doe passions ease;
An old man heare, who would thy fancies raise. 5

PHILISIDES.

Who minds to please the mind drown'd in annoyes
With outward ioyes, which inlie cannot sinke,
As well may thinke with oyle to coole the fire;
Or with desire to make such foe a frend,
Who doth his soule to endlesse malice bend. 10

GERON.

Yet sure an end to each thing time doth giue;
Though woes now liue, at length thy woes must die.
Then vertue trie, if she can worke in thee
That which we see in manie time hath wrought,
And weakest hearts to constant temper brought. 15

PHILISIDES.

Whoeuer taught a skillesse man to teach,
Or stop a breach that neuer cannon saw?
Sweet vertue's law barres not a causefull mone:

Time shall in one my life and sorrowes end,
And me perchaunce your constant temper lend. 20

GERON.

What can amend where physicke is refusde?
The wit's abusde which will no counsayle take. =is
Yet for my sake discouer vs thy grieffe;
Oft comes reliefe when most we seeme in trap;
The starres thy state, Fortune may change thy hap. 25

PHILISIDES.

If Fortune's lappe became my dwelling place,
And all the starres conspirèd to my good,
Still were I one, this still should be my case,
Ruine's relique, care's web, and sorrowe's food:
Since she, faire-fierce, to such a state me calls, 30
Whose wit the starres, whose fortune Fortune thralls.

GERON.

Alas, what falls are falne vnto thy minde,
That there where thou confest thy mischiefes lies,
Thy wit dost vse still still more harmes to finde?
Whom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes, 35
What counsaile can preuaile, or light giue light,
Since all his force against himselfe he tries?
Then each conceit that enters in his sight
Is made forsooth a iurate of his woes,
Earth, sea, ayre, fire, heav'n, hell, and gastly sprite. 40
Then cries to sencelesse things, which neither knowes
What ayleth thee, and if they knew thy minde,
Would scorne in man, their king, such feeble shows.

Rebell, rebell, in golden fetters binde verb
 This tyrant Loue; or rather do suppress 45
 Those rebell thoughts which are thy slaues by kinde.
 Let not a glittering name thy fancie dresse [=nature
 In painted clothes, because they call it loue;
 There is no hate that can thee more oppresse,
 Begin, and halfe the worke is done, to proue, =try 50
 By rising vp, vpon thy selfe to stand,
 And thinke she is a she that doth thee moue.
 He water plowes, and soweth in the sand,
 And hopes the flickring winde with net to hold,
 Who hath his hopes laid vpon woman's hand. 55
 What man is he that hath his freedome solde!
 Is he a manlike man that doth not know man
 Hath power that sex with bridle to with-hold?
 A fickle sex, and true in trust to no man;
 A seruant sex, soone proud if they be coy'd: 60
 And to conclude, thy mistresse is a woman.

PHILISIDES.

O Gods, how long this old foole hath annoy'd
 My wearied eares! O Gods, yet graunt me this,
 That soone the world of his false tongue be void.
 O noble age, who place their onely blisse 65
 In being heard vntill the hearer dye,
 Vttring a serpent's mind with serpent's hisse!
 Then who will heare a well-authorized lye, authorised
 And patience hath, let him goe learne of him
 What swarmes of vertues did in his youth flye; 70

Such hearts of brasse, wise heads, and garments trim,
 Were in his dayes : which heard, one nothing heares,
 If from his words the falshood he do skim.
 And herein most their folly vaine appeares, 74
 That since they still alledge,—When they were yong.
 It shewes they fetch their wit from youthfull years,
 Like beast for sacrifice,—where, saue the tong
 And belly, nought is left: such sure is he,
 This life-dead man in this old dungeon flong.
 Old houses are throwne downe for new, we see; 80
 The oldest rammes are cullèd from the flocke;
 No man doth wish his horse should agèd be;
 The ancient oke well makes a fire'd blocke;
 Old men themselues doe loue yong wiues to choose,
 Onely fond youth admires a rotten stocke. 85
 Who once a white long beard well handle does,
 (As his beard him, not he his beard did beare,)
 Though cradle-witted, must not honour lose!
 Oh, when will men leaue off to iudge by haire,
 And thinke them old that haue the oldest mind, 90
 With vertue fraught and full of holy feare!

GERON.

If that thy face were hid, or I were blinde,
 I yet should know a young man speaketh now;
 Such wandring reasons in thy speech I finde.
 He is a beast that beaste's vse will allow 95
 For prooffe of man, who, sprung from heau'nly fire,
 Hath strongest soule when most his raynes doe bow. [him]

But, fondlings fond, know not your owne desire;
 Loth to dye young (and then you must be old),
 Fondly blame that to which your selues aspire. 100
 But this light choler, that doth make you bold
 Rather to wrong then vnto iust defence, than
 Is past with me—my bloud is waxèd cold:
 Thy words, though full of malapert offence,
 I way them not, but still with thee aduise weigh 105
 How thou from foolish loue maist purge thy sense.
 First thinke they erre that thinke them gayly wise
 Who well can set a passion out to shew:
 Such sight haue they that see with goggling eyes.
 Passion beares high when puffing wit doth blowe, 110
 But is indeed a toy: if not a toy,
 True cause of euils, and cause of causelesse woe.
 If once thou maist that fancie-glosse destroy
 Within thy selfe, thou soone wilt be ashamed
 To be a player of thine owne annoy. 115
 Then let thy mind with better bookes be tamed;
 Seeke to espie her faults, as well as praise,
 And let thine eyes to other sportes be framed.
 In hunting fearefull beasts doe spend some dayes,
 Or catch the birds with pitfals or with lyme, 120
 Or traine the foxe that traines so craftie layes.
 Lie but to sleepe, and in the earlie prime
 Seeke skill of herbes in hilles, haunt brookes neare
 night,
 And trie with bayt how fish will bite sometime.

Go graft againe, and seeke to graft them right, 125
 Those pleasant plants, those sweet and fruitfull trees,
 Which both the palate and the eyes delight ;
 Cherish the hiues of wisely-painfull bees ;
 Let speciall care vpon thy flocke be staid :
 Such actiue mind but seldome passion sees. 130

PHILISIDES.

Hath any man heard what this old man said?
 Truly not I, who did my thoughts engage
 Where all my paines, one looke of her hath paid.
 (pp. 224-7.)

XXXIII. GERON AND MASTIX.

GERON.

Downe, downe, Melampus! what, your fellow bite!
 I set you ore the flocke I dearely loue,
 Them to defend, not with your selues to fight.
 Doe you not thinke this will the wolues remoue
 From former feare they had of your good minds, 5
 When they shall such diuided weakenesse proue?
 What if Lælaps a better morsell find
 Than you earst knew? rather take part with him
 Than iarle.—Lo, lo, euen these how enuie blindes!—
 And thou, Lælaps, let not pride make thee brim, 10
 Because thou hast thy fellow ouergone,
 But thanke the cause—thou seest, where he is dim.
 Here, Lælaps, here! indeed, against the foen = foes
 Of my good sheepe thou neuer truce-time tooke:

Be as thou art, but be with mine at one: 15
 For though Melampus like a wolfe do looke—
 For age doth make him of a woluish hew—
 Yet haue I seene when well a wolfe he shooke.—
 Foole that I am, that with my dogges speake grew!—
 Come neere, good Mastix—'tis now full tway score 20
 Of yeares, alas, since I good Mastix knew!—
 Thou heardst euen now a yong man sneb me sore =snub
 Because I red him, as I would my sonne: =advise
 Youth will haue will; age must to age therefore.

MASTIX.

What maruell if in youth such faults be done, 25
 Since that we see our saddest shepheards out,
 Who haue their lesson so long time begonne?
 Quickly secure, and easilie in doubt,
 Either asleepe be all if nought assaile,
 Or all abroad if but a cub start out. 30
 We shepherds are like them that vnder saile
 Doe speake high words when all the coast is cleare,
 Yet to a passenger will bonnet vaile. =dip
 I con thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare,
 But commonly like cures we them entreat, 35
 Saue when greate need of them perforce appeare;
 Then him we kisse whom late before we beatt,
 With such intemperance, that each way growes
 Hate of the first, contempt of latter feate,
 And such discord 'twixt greatest shepheards flowes, 40
 That sport it is to see with how great arte

By iustice' worke they their owne faults disclose.
 Like busie boyes, to win their tutor's heart,
 One saith he mockes, the other saith he playes,
 The third his lesson mist ; till all doe smart. 45
 As for the rest, how shepheards spend their dayes,
 At blow-point, hot-cockles, or else at keeles,
 While 'Let vs passe our time,' each shepheard sayes !
 So small account of time the shepheard feeles,
 And doth not feele that life is nought but time, 50
 And when that time is past, death holds his heeles.
 To age thus do they draw their youthfull prime,
 Knowing no more then what poore tryall showes ;
 As fish sure tryall hath of muddie slime !
 This paterne good vnto our children goes ; 55
 For what they see their parents loue or hate,
 Their first-caught sence prefers to teachers' blows.
 These coklings cokred we bewaile too late,
 When that we see our offspring gaily bent, 59
 Women man-wood, and men effeminate. =wild like men

GEBON.

Fy, man, fy, man, what words hath thy tongue lent !
 Yet thou art mickle warse then ere was I ; =still
 Thy too much zeale I feare thy braine hath spent.
 We oft are angrier with the feeble flie
 For businesse where it pertaines him not, 65
 Then with the poisonous todes that quiet lie.
 I pray thee, what hath ere the parret got ?—
 And yet they say he talkes in great men's bowers,—

A cage (gilded perchance) is all his lot.
 Who of his tongue the lickour gladly powrs, 70
 A good foole call'd with paine perhaps may be,
 But euen for that shall suffer mightie lowers.
 Let swanne's example siker serue for thee, = rather
 Who once all birdes in sweetly singing past, 74
 But now to silence turn'd his minstrelsie. = [is] turn'd
 For he would sing, but others were defaste;
 The peacock's pride, the pye's pild flatterie,
 Cormorant's glut, kite's spoile, king-fisher's waste,
 The faulcon's fiercenesse, sparrowe's letcherie,
 The cockowe's shame, the goose's good intent, 80
 Euen turtle toucht he with hypocrisie, = dove
 And worse of other more; till, by assent
 Of all the birds, but namely those were griued, = chiefly
 Of fowles there callèd was a parliament.
 There was the swan of dignitie depriued, 85
 And statute made he neuer should haue voyce;
 Since when I thinke he hath in silence liued.
 I warne thee, therefore, since thou maist haue choice,
 Let not thy tounge become a firy match;
 No sword so bites as that euill toole annoyes. 90
 Let our vnpartiall eyes a little watch
 Our owne demeane, and soone we wonder shall,
 That hunting faultes, our selues wee did not catch.
 Into our mindes let vs a little fall,
 And we shall finde more spots than leopard's skin. 95
 Then who makes vs such iudges ouer all?

But farewell now, thy fault is no great sinna.—
Come, come, my cures, 'tis late, I will go in.

(pp. 227 9.)

XXXIV. PHILISIDES AND ECHO.

Faire rocks, goodly riuers, sweet woods, when shall I
see peace? *Peace.*

Peace! what barres me my tongue? who is it that comes
me so ny? *I.*

Oh, I do know what guest I haue met, it is Echo. 'Tis
Echo.

Well met, Echo, approch; then tell me thy will too. *I*
will too.—

Echo, what do I get yeelding my sprite to my grieues?
Grieues. 5

What medicine may I find for a griefe that drawes me
to death? *Death.*

O poisonous medicine! what worse to me can be than
it? *It.*

In what state was I then, when I tooke this deadly
disease? *Ease.*

And what manner a mind which had to that humor a
vaine? *Vaine.*

Hath not reason enough vehemence the desire to re-
proue? *Proue.* 10

Oft proue I: but what salue, when reason seekes to be
gone? *One.*

Oh, what is 'it? what is 'it that may be a salue to my
loue? *Loue.*

What doe louers seeke for, long seeking for to enioy?
Ioy.

What be the ioyes which for to enioy they went to the
paines? *Paines.*

Then to an earnest loue what doth best victorie lend?
End. 15

End! but I can neuer end, Loue will not giue me leaue?
Leaue.

How be the minds dispos'd that cannot taste thy phy-
sicke? *Sicke.*

Yet say againe thy aduise for th' euils that I told thee?
I told thee.

Doth th' infected wretch of his harme th' extremitie
know? *No.*

But if he know not his harms, what guides hath he
whilst he be blind? *Blind.* 20

What blinde guides can he haue that leanes to fancie?
A fancy.

Can fancies want eyes, or he fall that steppeth aloft?
Of.

What causes first made these torments on me to light?
Light.

Can then a cause be so light that forceth a man to go
die? *Ay.*

Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to
die? *Eye.* 25

Ey-sight made me to yeeld ; but what first pieret to my
eies? *Eyes.*

Eies hurters, eies hurt ; but what from them to me
falles? *Falles.*

But when I first did fall, what brought most fall to my
heart? *Art.*

Art ! what can be that art that thou dost meane by thy
'speech? *Speech.*

What be the fruits of speaking art? what growes by
the words? *Words.* 30

O, much more then words : those words seru'd more me
to blesse. *Lesse.*

Oh, when shall I be knowne where most to be knowne
I do long? *Long.*

Long be thy woes for such newes ; but how reckes she
my thoughts? *Oughts.*

Then, then, what do I gaine, since vnto her will I doe
winde? *Winde.*

Winde, tempests, and stormes, yet in ende what giues
she desire? *Ire.* 35

Silly rewardes! yet among women hath she of vertue
the most. *Most.*

What great name may I giue to so heau'nly a woman?
A wo-man.

Wo but seemes to me ioy, that agrees to my thought
so. *I thought so.*

Thinke so, for of my desired blisse it is only the course.
Curse.

Curs'd be thy selfe for cursing that which leades me to
 ioyes. *Toyes.* 40
 What be the sweet creatures where lowly demands be
 not heard? *Hard.*
 What makes them be vnkind? speake, for th' hast nar-
 rowly pry'de? *Pride.*
 Whence can pride come there, since springs of beautie
 be thence? *Thence.*
 Horrible is this blasphemy vnto the most holy. *O lie.*
 Thou li'st, false Echo! their minds as vertue be iust.
Iust. 45
 Mock'st thou those diamonds which only be matcht by
 the gods? *Ods.*
 Ods! what an ods is there! since them to the heau'ns
 I preferre. *Erre.*
 Tell yet againe me the names of these faire form'd to doe
 euils? *Deuills.*
 Deuils! if in hell such deuils do abide, to the hell I doe
 go. *Goe.* (pp. 230-1.)

XXXV. ZELMANE (Anacreontics).

My Muse, what ailes this ardour
 To blase my onely secrets? blazon
 Alas, it is no glory
 To sing mine owne decaid state;
 Alas, it is no comfort 5
 To speake without an answer;

Alas, it is no wisdom
To shew the wound without cure.

My Muse, what ailes this ardour?
Mine eyes be dim, my lymes shake, 10
My voice is hoarse, my throate scorcht,
My tong to this my rooffe cleaues,
My fancy 'amazde, my thoughts dull'd,
My hart doth ake, my life faints,
My soule beginnes to take leaue. 15
So great a passion all feeles,
To thinke a scare so deadly
I should so rashly rip vp.

My Muse, what ailes this ardour?
If that to sing thou art bent, 20
Go sing the fall of old Thebes,
The warres of ougly Centaures,
The life, the death of Hector;
So may the song be famous:
Or if to loue thou art bent, 25
Recount the rape of Europe,
Adonis' end, Venus' net,
The sleepe kisse the Moone stale;
So may the song be pleasant.

My Muse, what ailes this ardour 30
To blase my only secrets?

Wherein doe only flourish
 The sorie fruits of anguish.
 The song thereof aye last will,
 The tunes be cryes, the words plaints; 35
 The singer is the song's theame,
 Wherein no eare can haue ioy,
 Nor eye receiue due obiect,
 Ne pleasure here, ne fame get.

My Muse, what ailes this ardour? 40
 Alas, she saith I am thine!
 So are thy paines my paines too.
 Thy heated hart my seat is,
 Wherein I burne; thy breath is
 My voyce, too hot to keepe in. 45
 Besides, loe, here the author
 Of all thy harmes: lo, here she,
 That onely can redresse thee,
 Of her will I demaund help.

My Muse, I yeeld; my Muse, sing; 50
 But all thy song herein knit.
 The life we lead is all loue,
 The loue we hold is all death;
 Nor ought I craue to feed life,
 Nor ought I seeke to shun death, 55
 But onely that my goddesse
 My life, my death doe count hers. (pp. 232-3.)

XXXVI. BASILIUS (Phaleuciakes).

Reason, tell me thy mind, if here be reason,
 In this strange violence, to make resistance,
 Where sweet graces erect the stately banner
 Of Vertue's regiment, shining in harnesses government
 Of Fortune's diadems, by Beauty mustred:
 Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?

Her loose haire be the shot, the breasts the pikes be,
 Skowts each motion is, the hands be horsemen,
 Her lips are the riches the warres to maintaine,
 Where well-couched abides a coffer of pearle, 10
 Her legges carriage is of all the sweet campe:
 Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?

Her cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,
 Which at first voly gaue too open entrie; [rampire or rampart]
 Nor ramper did abide, my braine was vp blowne, 14
 Vndermin'd with a speech, the piercer of thoughts;
 Thus weakned by my selfe, no helpe remaineth:
 Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?

And now fame, the herald of her true honour,
 Doth proclaime with a sound made all by men's mouths,
 That Nature, soueraine of earthly dwellers, 21
 Commands all creatures to yeeld obeysance
 Vnder this, this her owne, her only dearling:
 Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?

Reason sighes, but in end he thus doth answer: 25
Nought can reason auaille in heauenly matters.
Thus, Nature's diamond, receiue thy conquest;
Thus, pure pearle, I do yeeld my senses and soule;
Thus, sweete paine, I do yeeld what ere I yeeld.
Reason, looke to thy selfe; I serue a goddessse. 30
(pp. 232-3.)

XXXVII. DORUS (Asclepiadikes).

O sweet woods, the delight of solitarinesse!
O how much I do like your solitarinesse!
Where man's minde hath a freed consideration,
Of goodnesse to receiue louely direction;
Where senses do behold th' order of heau'nly hoste,
And wise thoughts do behold what the Creator is:
Contemplation here holdeth his only seate,
Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope,
Clymes euen vnto the starres, Nature is vnder it;
Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy service yeelds;
Each sight drawes on a thought,—thought, mother of
science; knowledge
Sweet birds kindly do grant harmonie vnto thee;
Faire trees' shade is enough fortification,
Nor danger to thy selfe, if be not in thy selfe.

O sweete woods, the delight of solitarinesse! 15
O how much I do like your solitarinesse!
Here nor treason is hid, vailed in innocence,

Nor Enuie's snakie eye, findes harbour here,
 Nor flatterers' venomous insinuations,
 Nor cunning humorists' pudled opinions, 20
 Nor courteous ruine of proffered vsurye,
 Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,
 Nor causelesse dutie, nor comber of arrogance,
 Nor trifling title of vanitie dazleth vs,
 Nor golden manacles stand for a paradise ; 25
 Here Wrong's name is vnheard, Slander a monster is ;
 Keepe thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt :
 What man grafts in a tree, dissimulation ?

O sweete woods, the delight of solitarinesse!
 O how well I doe like your solitarinesse! 30
 Yet, deare soile, if a soule clos'd in a mansion
 As sweet as violets, faire as a lilly is,
 Streight as a cedar, a voyce staines the canary-bird's,
 Whose shade Safety doth hold, Danger auoideth her:
 Such wisdom, that in her liues Speculation ; 35
 Such goodnesse, that in her Simplicities triumphs ;
 Where Enuie's snakie eye winketh or else dyeth,
 Slander wants a pretext, Flatterie gone beyond :
 Oh, if such a one haue bent to a lonely life 39
 Her steps, glad we receiue, glad we receiue her eyes :
 And thinke not she doth hurt our solitarinesse,
 For such company decks such solitarinesse.

XXXVIII. 'GOODLIE CRUEL.'

Vnto a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,
 and now fully beleuees helpe to be quite perished,
 Grant yet, grant yet a looke to the last monument o
 his anguish,
 O you (alas, so I finde!), cause of his only ruine!
 Dread not a whit, O goodly cruell, that pitie may
 enter 5
 into thy heart by the sight of this Epistle I send,
 And so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the
 recitall,
 least it might th' allure home to thy selfe to returne;
 Vnto thy selfe (I do meane those graces dwell so within
 thee)
 gratefulnessse, sweetnesste, holy loue, hearty regard—
 Such thing cannot I seeke (Despaire hath giu'n me my
 answer,— 11
 Despaire, most tragicall clause to a deadly request);
 Such thing cannot he hope that knows thy determinate
 hardnesse,—
 hard like a rich marble; hard, but a faire diamond.
 Can those eyes, that of eyes drown'd in most hearty
 flowing teares,— 15
 teares, and teares of a man,—had no returne to re-
 morse;
 Can those eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a sorrow
 which inke only relates, but ne laments, ne replies?

Ah, that, that do I not conceiue, though that to my
 blisse were,
 more than Nestor's yeares, more than a king's dia-
 deme. 20
 Ah, that, that do I not conceiue ; to the heauen where
 a mouse climes
 then may I hope t' achieue grace of a heauenly tygre.
 But, but, alas, like a man condemn'd doth craue to be
 heard speake,
 not that he hopes for amends of the disaster he
 feeles, 24
 But finding th' approach of death, with an inly relent-
 ing,
 giues an adieu to the world, as to his only delight ;
 Right so my boyling heart, enflam'd with fire of a faire
 eye,
 bubbling out doth breathe signes of his hugie do-
 lours,
 Now that he findes to what end his life and loue be
 reseruèd,
 and that he thence must part, where to liue only
 he liu'd. 30
 O faire, O fairest, are such the triumphs to thy faire-
 nesse ?
 can death beautie become ? must I be such monu-
 ment ?
 Must I be only the marke shall proue that Vertue is
 angry ?

shall proue that fiercenesse can with a white doue
 abide?
 Shall to the world appear that faith and loue be re-
 warded 35
 with mortall disdaine, bent to vnendly reuenge?
 Vnto reuenge! O sweete, on a wretch wilt thou be re-
 uenged?
 shall such high planets tend to the losse of a worne?
 And to reuenge who do bend would in that kind be
 reuenged, 39
 as th' offence was done, and go beyond if he can.
 All my offence was loue; with loue, then, must I be
 chastned,
 and with more, by the lawes that to reuenge do be-
 long.
 If that loue be a fault, more fault in you to be louely;
 Loue neuer had me opprest, but that I saw to be
 lou'd.
 You be the cause that I lou'd: what Reason blameth
 a shadow, 45
 that with a body 't goes? since by a body it is.
 If that loue you did hate, you should your beautie haue
 hidden;
 you should those faire eyes haue with a veile couered.
 But, foole, foole that I am, those eyes would shine from
 a darke caue; 49
 what veiles, then, do preuaile, but to a more miracle?

Or those golden locks, those locks which locke me to
bondage,

torne, you should disperse vnto the blasts of a winde.

But, foole, foole that I am, though I had but a hair of
her head found,

eu'n as I am, so I should vnto that haire be a thrall.

Or with faire hands' nayles (O hand, which nayles me
to this death!) 55

you should haue your face, since loue is ill, blemishèd.

O wretch, what do I saye! should that faire face be de-
facèd!

should my too-much sight cause so true a sun to be
lost!

First let Cimmerian darkenesse be my onl' habitation,
first be mine eyes puld out, first be my braine
perishèd 60

Ere that I should consent to do so excessiue a dammage
vnto the earth by the hurt of this her heauenly
iewell.

O not, but such loue you say you could haue affoorded,
as might learne temp'rance void of a rage's euent.

O sweet simplicitie! from whence should loue be so
learnèd? 65

vnto Cupid, that boy, shall a pedante be found?

Well, but faultie I was: reason to my passion yeelded,

Passion vnto my rage, rage to a hastie reuenge.

But what's this for a fault, for which such faith be
abolisht,

such faith, so stainelesse, inuiolate, violent? 70
 Shall I not, O may I not, thus yet refresh the remem-
 brance,

what sweete ioyes I had once, and what a place I
 did hold?

Shall I not once obiect that you, you granted a fauour
 vnto the man whom now such miseries you award?
 Bend your thoughts to the dear sweet words which
 then to me giu'n were; 75
 thinke what a world is now, thinke who hath altred
 her heart.

What! was I then worthy such good, now worthy such
 euill?

now fled, then cherished? then so nye, now so re-
 mote?

Did not a rosèd breath, from lips rosie proceeding,
 say that I well should finde in what a care I was
 had? 80

With much more: now what do I find but care to
 abhorre me,

Care that I sinke in grieffe, care that I liue banishèd?
 And banishèd do I liue, nor now will seeke a recou'rie,
 since so she will, whose will is to me more than a
 law. 84

If, then, a man in most ill case may giue you a farewell,
 farewell, long farewell, all my wo, all my delight.

(pp. 237-9.)

XXXIX. 'AMPHIALUS' DREAME.'

Now was our heau'nly vault depriued of the light
 With sunne's depart; and now the darkenesse of the
 night

Did light those beamy stars, which greater light did
 darke;

Now each thing that enioy'd that fire quickning sparke
 Which life is cald, were mou'd their spirits to repose,
 And wanting vse of eyes, their eyes began to close. 6
 A silence sweet each where with one consent embrac't
 (A musique sweet to one in carefull musing plac't),
 And mother Earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did
 breath

A dull desire to kisse the image of our death: 10
 When I, disgracèd wretch, not wretched then, did giue
 My senses such reliefs as they which quiet liue,
 Whose braines broyle not in woes, nor breasts with
 beatings ake,

Which Nature's praise are wont in safest home to take.
 Far from my thoughts was ought whereto their minds
 aspire, 15

Who vnder courtly pompes doe hatch a base desire;
 Free all my powers were from those captiuing snares
 Which heau'nly-purest gifts defile with muddie cares;
 Ne could my soule it selfe accuse of such a fault 19
 As tender conscience might with furious pangs assault;
 But like the feeble flower whose stalke cannot sustaine

His weightie top, his top downeward doth drooping
leane ;

Or as the silly bird in well-acquainted nest
Doth hide his head with cares but onely how to rest :
So I, in simple course and vnintangled minde, 25
Did suffer drowsie lids mine eyes, then cleare, to blinde,
And, laying downe my head, did Nature's rule obserue ;
They first their vse forgot, then fancies lost their force,
Till deadly sleepe at length possess my liuing corse.
A liuing corse I lay ; but, ah, my wakefull minde, 30
Which, made of heau'nly stuffe, no mortall change doth
blind,

Flew vp with freer wings, of fleshly bondage free,
And hauing plac't my thoughts, my thoughts thus
placèd me.

Me thought, nay sure I was, I was in fairest wood
Of Samothea land,—a land which whilome stood 35
An honour to the world, while honour was their end,
And while their line of yeares they did in vertue spend :
But there I was, and there my calmie thoughts I fed
On Nature's sweet repast, as healthfull senses led ; 39
Her gifts my study was, her beauties were my sport,
My worke her workes to know, her dwelling my resort.
Those lamps of heau'nly fire to fixèd motion bound,
The euer-turning spheres, the neuer-mouing ground ;
What essence dest'nie hath ; if fortune be or no ; 44
Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth doe stow ;
What life it is, and how that all these liues doe gather,

48

52

56

e if

11

59

re

ods

ready

60

As little hunting mind, God knowes, did there appeare.
The other had with art more than our women know,
As stufte meant for the sale, set out to glaring show
A wanton woman's face, and with curl'd knots had
 twin'd 70
Her haire, which by the helpe of painter's cunning
 shin'd.

When I such guests did see come out of such a house,
The mountains great with child I thought brought forth
a mouse.

But walking forth, the first thus to the second said :
 'Venus, come on,' said she : 'Diana, you are obaid.' 75
 Those names abasht me much, when those great names
 I heard,

Although their fame, me seemed, from truth had greatly
 iard. =disagreed

As I thus musing stood, Diana cald to her 78
The waiting nymph,—a nymph that did excell as farre
All things that earst I saw, as orient pearles exceede
That which their mother hight, or else their silly seede ;
Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a sweet consent
Of all those Graces' gifts the heauens haue euer lent :
And so she was attir'd as one that did not prize
Too much her peerelesse parts, nor yet could them de-
spise. 85

But cald, she came apace ; a pace wherein did moue
The band of beauties all, the little world of Loue,
And bending humble eyes (O eyes, the summe of sight!),

She waited mistresse' will, who thus disclos'd her
spright:

'Sweet Mira mine,' quoth she, 'the pleasure of my
mind, 90

In whom of all my rules the perfect proof I find ;
To only thee, thou seest, we graunt this speciall grace
Vs to attend in this most priuate time and place.
Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still
Of that thou seest; close vp in secret knot thy will.' 95
She answer'd was with looke and well-perform'd behest:
And Mira I admir'd ; her shape sunke in my brest.
But thus, with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with
spite,

Diana did begin : 'What mou'd me to inuite 99
Your presence, sister deare, first to my moony spheare,
And hither now vouchsafe to take with willing care?
I know, full well you know, what discord long hath
raign'd

Betwixt vs two ; how much that discord foule hath
stain'd

Both our estates, while each the other did deprauē,
Prooffe speakes too much to vs, that feeling triall haue.
Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd, 106
Our offrings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are dis-
plac'd.

Is this the fruit of strife? those thousand churches hie,
Those thousand altars faire, now in the dust to lie ;

In mortall mindes our mindes but planets' names pre-
 serue; 110

No knees once bowed, forsooth; for them, they say, we
 serue.

Are we their seruants growne? no doubt a noble stay,
 Celestiall powers to wormes, Ioue's children serue to
 clay!

But such, they say, we be: this praise our discord bred,
 While we for mutuall spite a striuing passion fed. 115
 But let vs wiser be; and what foule discord brake,
 So much more strong againe let fastest concord make.

Our yeares doe it require; you see we both doe feele
 The weakning worke of Time's for euer whirling wheele.
 Although we be diuine, our grandsire Saturne is 120
 With Age's force decay'd, yet once the heauen was his.

And now before we seeke by wise Apollo's skill
 Our young yeares to renew (for so he saith he will),
 Let vs a perfect peace betweene vs two resolute: 125

Which least the ruinous want of gouernment dissolue,
 Let one the princesse be, to her the other yeeld,—
 For vaine equalitie is but Contention's field,—

And let her haue the gifts that should in both remaine;
 In her let beautie both and chastnesse fully raigne:

So as, if I preuaile, you giue your gifts to me; 130
 If you, on you I lay what in my office be.

Now resteth onely this, which of vs two is she
 To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.
 For that, so that you like, hereby doth lie a youth

(She becnèd vnto me) as yet of spotlesse truth, 135
 Who may this doubt discerne; for better wit than lot
 Becommeth vs: in vs fortune determines not.
 This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne she held)
 To worthiest let him giue, when both he hath beheld;
 And be it as he saith.' Venus was glad to heare 140
 Such proffer made, which she well shew'd with smiling
 cheare,

As though she were the same as when by Paris' doome
 She had chiefe Goddesses in beautie ouercome;
 And smirkly thus gan say: 'I neuer sought debate,
 Diana deare; my minde to loue, and not to hate, 145
 Was euer apt; but you my pastimes did despise:
 I neuer spited you, but thought you ouerwise.
 Now kindnesse proferd is, none kinder is than I,
 And so most ready am this meane of peace to trie;
 And let him be our iudge; the lad doth please me well.'
 Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell 151
 (For both together spake, each loth to be behinde),
 That they by solemne oath their Deities would binde
 To stand vnto my will: their will they made me know.
 I, that was first agast, when first I saw their show, 155
 Now bolder waxt, waxt proude, that I such sway must
 beare;

For neare acquaintance doth diminish reuerent feare:
 And hauing bound them fast, by Styx, they should obey
 To all that I decreede, did thus my verdict say:

'How ill both you can rule, well hath your discord
taught: 160

Ne yet, for ought I see, your beauties merit ought.
To yonder nymph, therefore (to Mira I did point),
The crowne about you both for euer I appoint.'
I would haue spoken out, but out they both did crie,
'Fie, fie, what haue you done! vngodly rebell, fie! 165
But now we needs must yeeld to that our oathes require.'
'Yet thou shalt not goe free,' quoth Venus; 'such a fire
Her beantie kindle shall within thy foolish minde,
That thou full oft shalt wish thy iudging eyes were
blinde.' 169

'Nay, then,' Diana said, 'the chastnesse I will giue,
In ashes of despaire though burnt, shall make thee liue.'
'Nay, thou,' said both, 'shalt see such beames shine in
her face,
That thou shalt neuer dare seeke helpe of wretched
case.'

And with that cursèd curse away to heauen they fled,
First hauing all their gifts vpon faire Mira spred. 175
The rest I cannot tell; for there withall I wak'd,
And found with deadly feare that all my sinewes shak'd.
Was it a dreame? O dreame, how hast thou wrought
in mee,

That I things erst vnseene should first in dreaming see!
And thou, O traytour Sleepe, made for to be our rest,
How hast thou framde the paine wherewith I am op-
prest! 181

O coward Cupid, thus dost thou thy honour keepe,
Vnarmde, alas, vnwarn'd, to take a man asleepe !
(pp. 260-3.)

XL. LOVE-WRONGS.

The Fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth,
The Ayre in raine for my affliction weepeth,
The Sea to ebbe for grieve his flowing turneth,
The Earth with pittie dull his center keepeth ;
Fame is with wonder blazed, 5
Time runnes away for sorrow,
Place standeth still amazed
To see my night of euils, which hath no morrow :
Alas, alonely she no pitie taketh =only
To know my miseries, but, chaste and cruell, 10
My fall her glory maketh ;
Yet still her eyes giue to my flames their fuell.
Fire, burne me quite, till sense of burning leaue me ;
Ayre, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish ;
Sea, drown'd in thee, of tedious life bereaue me ; 15
Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish ;
Fame, say I was not borne ;
Time, hast my dying hower ;
Place, see my graue vptorne :
Fire, ayre, sea, earth, fame, time, place, shew your
power. 20
Alas, from all their helps I am exiled,

124 THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA.

For hers am I, and Death feares her displeasure :

Fie, Death, thou art beguiled !

Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.

(p. 289.)

XLII. THE EPITAPH.

His being was in her alone ;

And he not being, she was none.

They ioy'd one ioy, one griefe they grieu'd ;

One loue they lou'd, one life they liu'd.

The hand was one, one was the sword

That did his death, her, death afford. =execute, perform

As all the rest, so now the stone

That tombes the two is iustly one.

ARGALVS AND PARTHENIA.

(p. 294).

XLIII. BASILIUS' LOVE-DESPAIR.

Phœbus, farewell ; a sweeter saint I serue ;

The high conceits thy heav'nly wisdomes breed

My thoughts forget ; my thoughts, which never swerue

From her in whom is sowne thir freedome's seed,

And in whose eyes my daily doome I reede. 5

Phœbus, farewell ; a sweeter saint I serue ;

Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is aboue ;

She heau'n on earth with beauties doth preserue :

Thy beames I like, but her clear rayes I loue ;

Thy force I feare, her force I still doe proue. 10

Phœbus, yeeld vp thy title in my minde;
 She doth possesse, thy image is defac't :
 But if thy rage some braue reuenge will finde
 On her, who hath in me thy temple rac't,
 Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste : 15
 And how much more her worth surmounteth thee,
 Make her as much more base by louing me. (pp. 335-6.)

XLIII. ZELMANE IN LOVE-GLOOM.

Since that the stormie rage of passions darke,—
 Of passions darke, made darke by beauties' light,—
 With rebell force hath clos'de in dungeon darke
 My minde, ere now led forth by reason's light :—
 Since all the things which giue my eyes their light 5
 Doe foster still the fruites of fancies darke,
 So that the windowes of my inward light
 Doe serue to make my inward powers darke :—
 Since, as I say, both mind and senses darke
 Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light; 10
 While that the light may shew the horrors darke,
 But cannot make resolu'd darknesse light;
 I like this place, where at the least the darke
 May keepe my thoughts from thought of wonted light.
 (p. 337.)

XLIV. GYNECIA'S LYRE-SONG.

Harke, plaintfull ghosts, infernall furies, harke
 Vnto my woes the hatefull heauens doe send :

The heauens conspir'd to make my vitall sparke
 A wretched wracke, a glasse of Ruine's end.
 Secing, alas, so mightie powers bend 5
 Their irefull shot against so weake a marke :
 Come, caue, become my graue ; come, death, and lend
 Receit to mee within thy bosome darke.
 For what is life to daily-dying minde,
 Where, drawing breath, I sucke the ayre of woe ; 10
 Where too much sight makes all the body blinde,
 And highest thoughts downeward most headlong
 throw ?
 Thus, then, my forme, and thus my state I find,—
 Death wrapt in flesh to liuing graue assign'd.
 (p. 338.)

XLV. LOVE-MELANCHOLY.

An Octave by Gynecia.

Like those sicke folkes in whom strange humours flow,
 Can taste no sweets, the sowre onely please ;
 So to my mind, while passions daily grow,
 Whose fierie chaines vpon his freedome seaze,
 Ioyes strangers seeme, I cannot bide their show, 5
 Nor brooke ought else but well-acquainted woe ;
 Bitter grieve tastes me best, paine is my ease ;
 Sicke to the death, still louing my disease. (p. 338.)

XLVI. 'AT LEAST HAND-FELLOW PRENTISES TO ONE
VNGRACIOUS MASTER.'

How is my sunne, whose beames are shining bright,
Become the cause of my darke ougly night !
Or how doe I, captiu'd in this darke plight,
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight !
My mangled minde huge horrors still doe fright, 5
With sense possest, and claim'd by reason's right ;
Betwixt which two in me I haue this fight,
Where, whoso winnes, I put myselfe to flight.
Come, clowdie feares, close vp my dazled sight ;
Sorrowes, sucke vp the marrow of my might ; 10
Due sighes, blow out all sparkes of ioyfull light ;
Tyre on, Despaire, vpon my tyrèd sprite.
An end, an end my dull'd pen cannot write,
Nor maz'd head thinke, nor faltring tongue recite.

(pp. 338-9.)

XLVII. LOVE-DARKNESS.

This caue is darke, but it had neuer light ;
This waxe doth waste it selfe, yet painelesse dies ;
These words are full of woes, yet feeles they none.
I darkned am, who once had clearest sight ;
I waste my heart, which still new torments tries ; 5
I plaine with cause, my woes are all mine owne.
No caue, no wasting waxe, no words of grieve,
Can hold, shew, tell my paines without reliefe.

(p. 341.)

XLVIII. ARISTOMENES' LEGACY-TREASURE.

A banisht man, long bard from his desire
 By inward lets of them his state possest,
 Hid here his hopes, by which he might aspire
 To haue his harmes with wisdomes helpe redrest.
 Seeke then and see, what man esteemeth best ; 5
 All is but this, this is our labour's hire ;
 Of this we liue, in this we finde our rest,
 Who hold this fast no greater wealth require.
 Looke further, then, so shalt thou finde at least last
 A bait most fit for hungry-minded guest. 10

(pp. 342-3.)

XLIX. HEART-EXCHANGE.

My true-loue hath my heart, and I haue his,
 By iust exchange one for the other giu'ne :
 I hold his deare, and mine he cannot misse ;
 There neuer was a bargaine better driu'ne.
 His heart in me keepes me and him in one ; 5
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
 He loues my heart for once it was his owne ;
 I cherish his because in me it bides.
 His heart his wound receiued from my sight ;
 My heart was wounded with his wounded hart ; 10
 For as from mee on him his hurt did light,
 So still me-thought in me his hurt did smart :
 Both equall hurt, in this change sought our blisse,
 My true-loue hath my heart, and I haue his. (p. 344.)

L. 'RURAL POESIE.'

O words, which fall like sommer-dew on me ;
 O breath, more sweet than is the growing beane ;
 O tongue, in which all honyed liquors be ;
 O voyce, that doth the thrush in shrilnesse staine,—
 Doe you say still, this is her promise due, 5
 That she is mine, as I to her am true.

Gay haire, more gay than straw when haruest lies ;
 Lips, red and plump as cherrie's ruddie side ;
 Eyes, faire and great, like faire great oxo's eyes ; 9
 O breast, in which two white sheepe swell in pride,—
 Ioyne you with me, to seale this promise due,
 That she be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou, white skin, as white as cruddes well prest, ^[curds]
 So smooth as sleekestone, like it, smoothes each part ;
 And thou, deare flesh, as soft as wooll new drest, 15
 And yet as hard as brawne made hard by art,—
 First fower but say, next fower their saying seale,
 But you must pay the gage of promist weale.

(p. 344.)

LI. LOVE-LINES 'ENGRAVED' ON A TREE.

Doe not disdaine, O streight vp-raised pine,
 That, wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I graue,
 Since that my thoughts, as streight as streightnesse
 thine,

No smaller wound—alas, far deeper—haue :
 Deeper engrau'd, which salue nor time can saue, 5
 Giu'n to my heart by my sore-wounded eyne :
 Thus cruell to my selfe, how canst thou craue
 My inward hurt should spare thy outward rine ?
 Yet still, faire tree, lift vp thy stately line,
 Liue long, and long witnesse my chosen smart, 10
 Which barr'd desires (barr'd by my selfe) impart,
 And in this growing barke grow verses mine ;
 My heart my word, my word hath giu'n my hart.
 The giuer giu'n from gift shall neuer part. (pp. 348-9.)

LII. LOVE-INSCRIPTION ON A TREE-ROOT.

Sweete roote, say thou the roote of my desire
 Was Vertue cladde in constant Loue's attire. (p. 349.)

LIII. MUSIDORUS' LOVE-WORDS.

You goodly pines, which still with braue ascent
 In Nature's pride your heads to heav'nward heaue ;—
 Though you, besides such graces earth hath lent,
 Of some late grace a greater grace receiue,
 By her who was (O blessed you!) content 5
 With her faire hand your tender barkes to cleaue,
 And so by you (O blessed you!) hath sent
 Such piercing words as no thoughts else conceiue ;—
 Yet yeeld your grant; a baser hand may leaue = [this as]
 your grant

His thoughts in you, where so sweet thoughts were
spent: 10

For how would you the mistresse' thoughts bereaue
Of waiting thoughts, all to her seruice ment?
Nay, higher thoughts (though thrallèd thoughts) I call
My thoughts then hers, who first your ryne did rent: than
Then hers, to whom my thoughts, alonely thrall, =only
Rising from lowe, are to the highest bent; 16
Where hers, whom worth makes highest ouer all while
Comming from her, cannot but downeward fall.

(p. 349.)

LIV. PAMELA AND MUSIDORUS.

PAMELA.

Like diuers flowers, whose diuers beauties serue
To decke the earth with his well-colour'd weede,
Though each of them his priuate forme preserue,
Yet ioyning formes, one sight of beautie breede.
Right so my thoughts, whereon my heart I feede, 5
Right so my inward parts and outward glasse,
Though each possesse a diuers working kinde,
Yet all well knit to one faire end doe passe:—
That he to whom these sundry gifts I binde,
All what I am, still one, his owne, doe finde. 10

MUSIDORUS.

All what you are, still one, his owne, to finde,
You that are borne to be the worlde's eye!

What were it else but to make each thing blinde,
 And to the sunne with waxen wings to flie?
 No, no; such force with my small force to trye 15
 Is not my skill, or reach of mortall minde.
 Call me but yours, my title is most hye;
 Hold me most yours, then my long suite is sign'd.
 You none can claime but you your selfe aright,
 For you doe passe your selfe in vertue's might. 20
 So both are yours: I, bound with gaged hart;
 You onely yours, too farre beyond desart. (p. 350.)

LV. SLEEP.

Lock vp, faire liddes, the treasure of my heart,
 Preserue those beames, this age's onely light;
 To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe some ease impart,—
 Her sence, too weake to beare her spirit's might.
 And while, O sleepe, thou closest vp her sight,— 5
 Her sight, where Loue did forge his fairest dart,—
 O harbour all her parts in easefull plight;
 Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.
 But yet, O dreame, if thou wilt not depart
 In this rare subiect from thy common right, 10
 But wilt thy selfe in such a seate delight,
 Then take my shape, and play a louer's part:
 Kisse her from me, and say vnto her sprite,
 Till her eyes shine I liue in darkest night. (p. 350.)

LVI. MADRIGALL.

Why dost thou haste away,
 O Titan faire, the giuer of the day?
 Is it to carry newes
 To westerne wights what starres in east appeare?
 Or doest thou thinke that here 5
 Is left a sunne, whose beames thy place may vse?
 Yet stay, and well peruse
 What be her gifts, that make her equall thee;
 Bend all thy light to see
 In earthly clothes enclos'de a heauenly sparke. 10
 'Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.'
 No, no; thy motions be
 Hastened from vs, with barre of shadow darke,
 Because that thou, the author of our sight,
 Disdain'st we see thee staine'd with other's light. 15
 (p. 354.)

LVII. PHILOCLEA'S PASSION.

O stealing time, the subiect of delaie
 (Delay, the racke of vnrefrain'd desire),
 What strange designe hast thou my hopes to staie,—
 My hopes, which doe but to mine owne aspire?
 Mine owne! O word on whose sweet sound doth pray
 My greedy soule with gripe of inward fire,— 6
 Thy title great I iustly challenge may,
 Since in such phrase his faith he did attire.

O Time, become the chariot of my ioyes ;
 As thou drawest on, so let my blisse draw neere ; 10
 Each moment lost, part of my hap destroyes.
 Thou art the father of occasion deare ;
 Ioyne with thy sonne to ease my long annoyes :
 In speedy helpe thanke-worthy friends appeare.

(pp. 354-5.)

LVIII. MY LUTE.

My Lute, within thy selfe thy tunes enclose,
 Thy mistresse' song is now a sorrow's crie ;
 Her hand benumb'd with Fortune's daily blowes,
 Her mind amaz'd can neither's helpe apply.
 Weare these my words as mourning weeds of woes,— 5
 Blacke inke becomes the state wherein I die ;
 And though my mones be not in musicke bound
 Of written griefes, yet be the silent ground.

The world doth yeeld such ill-consorted showes,
 With circled course, which no-wise stay can trie, 10
 That childish stuffe, which knowes not friends from foes
 (Better despise), bewonder gasing eye.
 Thus noble gold downe to the bottome goes,
 When worthlesse corke aloft doth floting lye :
 Thus in thy selfe least strings are loudest found, 15
 And lowest stops doe yeeld the highest sound.

(pp. 356-7.)

LIX. LOVE-SIGNS.

When two sunnes doe appeare,
 Some say it doth betoken wonders neare,
 As prince's losse or change.
 Two gleaming sunnes of splendour like I see,
 And seeing feele in me 5
 Of prince's heart quite lost, the ruine strange.
 But now each where doth range
 With vgly cloke the darke enuious Night ;
 Who, full of guiltie spite,
 Such liuing beames should her blacke seate assaile, 10
 Too weake for them our weaker sight doth vail.
 No, sayes faire moone, my light
 Shall barre that wrong ; and though it not preuaile
 Like to my brother's rayes, yet those I send
 Hurt not the face which nothing can amend. 15
 (p. 358.)

LX. AURORA.

Avrora, now thou shewest thy blushing light,
 Which oft to hope layes out a guilefull baite,
 That trusts in time to finde the way aright
 To ease those paines which on desire doe waite ;
 Blush on, for shame that still with thee doe light 5
 On pensiuë soules, in steed of restfull baite,
 Care vpon care ; in steed of doing right,
 To ouer-press'd breasts more griuious waight :

As, oh my selfe, whose woes are neuer light, 9
 Tide to the stake of doubt, strange passions baite ;
 While thy knowne course, obseruing Nature's right,
 Stirres me to thinke what dangers lie in waite :
 For mischiefes great, day after day doth show, [=that] day
 Make me still feare thy faire-appearing show. (p. 359.)

LXI. BEAUTY.

Beautie hath force to catch the humane sight ;
 Sight doth bewitch the fancie euill-awakèd ;
 Fancie we feele includes all passion's might ;
 Passion rebeld oft reason's strength hath shakèd.
 No wonder then though sight my sight did taint, =that
 And though thereby my fancie was infected ; 6
 Though, yokèd so, my mind with sicknesse faint
 Had reason's weight for passion's ease reiected.
 But now the fit is past, and time hath giu'n
 Leisure to weigh what due desert requireth, 10
 All thoughts so sprung are from their dwelling driu'n,
 And Wisedome to his wonted seate aspireth,
 Crying in me : Eye-hopes deceitfull proue ;
 Things rightly priz'd, loue is the band of loue. (p. 361.)

[=Things [being

LXII. LINES ENGRAVED ON A GOLD PHILTRE-BOTTLE.

Let him drinke this whom long in armes to fold
 Thou dost desire, and with free power to hold.

(p. 365.)

LXIII. CONTENTMENT.

Get hence, foule Griefe, the canker of the minde ;
 Farewell, Complaint, the miser's onely pleasure ;
 Away, vain Cares, by which few men doe finde
 Their sought-for treasure.

Ye helpelesse sighes, blow out your breath to nought ; 5
 Teares, drowne your selues, for woe, your cause, is
 wasted ;
 Thought, thinke to end,—too long the fruit of thought
 My minde hath tasted.

But thou, sure Hope, tickle my leaping heart ;
 Comfort, step thou in place of wonted sadnesse ; 10
 Fore-felt Desire, begin to savour part
 Of comming gladnesse.

Let voice of sighes into cleare musicke run ;
 Eyes, let your teares with gazing now be mended ;
 In steed of thought true pleasure be begun, 15
 And neuer ended. (p. 366.)

LXIV. SECRET WOES.

Vertue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
 My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight ;
 First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
 His works, shoves, suites, with wit, grace, and vow's
 might.

Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe, 5
 Held, pearst, possesst, my iudgement, sense, and will,
 Till wrong, contempt, deceit, did grow, steale, creepe,
 Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
 Then grieve, vnkindnesse, prooffe, tooke, kindled, thought,
 Well-grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain; 10
 But ah, alas, in vain my minde, sight, thought,
 Doth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine;
 For no thing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
 Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

(p. 368.)

LXV. DEAF HEAVENS.

The loue which is imprinted in my soule
 With Beautie's seale and Vertue faire disguis'de,
 With inward cries puts vp a bitter role
 Of huge complaints, that now it is despis'de.
 Thus, thus the more I loue, the wrong the more 5
 Monstrous appeares,—long truth receiu'd late;
 Wrong sturres remorse, grieve, grieve's deadly sore
 Vnkindnesse breeds, vnkindnesse fostereth hate.
 But, ah, the more I hate, the more I thinke =think [on]
 Whom I doe hate; the more I thinke on him 10
 The more his matchlesse gifts doe deeply sinke
 Into my breast, and loues renew'd swimme.

What medicine, then, can such disease remoue,
Where loue drawes hate, and hate engendreth loue?
(pp. 369-70.)

LXVI. DIOUS : EPITHALAMIUM.

Let mother Earth now decke her selfe in flowers,
To see her off-spring seeke a good increase,
Where iustest loue doth vanquish Cupid's powers,
And warre of thoughts is swallowed vp in peace,
Which neuer may decrease, 5
But, like the turtles faire,
Liue one in two, a well-vnited paire;
Which that no chance may staine,
O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine!

O heau'n, awake, shew forth thy stately face; 9
Let not these slumbring clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerefull presence helpe to grace
The honest Bridegroome and the bashfull Bride;
Whose loues may euer bide,
Like to the elme and vine,
With mutuall embracements them to twyne;
In which delightfull paine, 16
O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine!

Yee Muses all, which chaste affects allow,
And haue to Thyrsis shewed your secret skill,
To this chaste loue your sacred fauours bow, 20
And so to him and her your gifts distill,

That they all vice may kill,
 And, like to lillies pure,
 May please all eyes, and spotlesse may endure,
 Where that all blisse may raigne : 25
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

Yee Nymphes which in the waters empire haue,
 Since Thyrsis' musicke oft doth yeeld you praise,
 Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis craue ; =grant the
 Let one time—but long first—close vp their daies, 30
 One graue their bodies seaze ;
 And like two riuers sweet,
 When they, though diuers, doe together meet,
 One streame both streames containe : 34
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

Pan, father Pan, the god of silly sheepe,
 Whose care is cause that they in number grow,
 Haue much more care of them that them doe keepe—
 Since from these good the others' good doth flow—
 And make their issue show 40
 In number like the heard
 Of yonglings, which thy selfe with loue hast reard ;
 Or like the drops of raine,
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

Vertue, if not a God, yet God's chiefe part, 45
 Be thou the knot of this their open vow,
 That still he be her head, she be his heart ;

He leane to her, she vnto him doe bow,
 Each other still allow ;
 Like oke and mistletoe, 50
 Her strength from him, his praise from her doe
 growe :

In which most louely traine,
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

But thou, foule Cupid, sire to lawlesse lust,
 Be thou farre hence with thy empyson'd dart, 55
 Which, though of glittering golde, shall here take rust,
 Where simple loue, which chastnesse doth impart,
 Auoides thy hurtfull art ;
 Not needing charming skill,
 Such minde with sweet affections for to fill ; 60
 Which being pure and plaine,
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbèd lookes,
 All priuatenesse, selfe-seeking, inward spite,
 All waywardnesse which nothing kindly brookes, 65
 All strife for toyes and clayming master's right,
 Be hence aye put to flight,
 All stirring husband's hate
 Gainst neighbors good for womanish debate,
 Be fled, as things most vaine : 70
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

All peacocke pride, and fruits of peacock's pride,
 Longing to be with losse of substance gay ;

With retchlessnesse what may the house betide,
 So that you may on hyer slippers stay, 75
 For euer hence away:
 Yet let not sluttery,
 The sinke of filth, be counted huswifery,
 But keeping whole your meane,
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine! 80

But aboue all, away vile iealousie,
 The euill of euils, iust cause to be vniust;
 How can he loue suspecting trechery?
 How can she loue where loue cannot win trust?
 Goe, snake, hide thee in dust,
 Ne dare once shew thy face 85
 Where open hearts doe hold so constant place,
 That they thy sting restraine:
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine!

The Earth is deckt with flowers, the Heau'ns displaid,
 Muses grant gifts, Nymphes long and ioynèd life,
 Pan store of babes, vertue their thoughts well staid; 91
 Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife.

Happy man, happy wife!
 No pride shall them oppresse,
 Nor yet shall yeeld to lothsome sluttishnesse, 95
 And iealousie is slaine;
 For Hymen will their coupled ioyes maintaine.

LXVII. NICO.

A neighbour mine not long ago there was
 (But namelesse he, for blamelesse he shall be),
 That married had a tricke and bonny lasse neat=trig
 As in a sommer-day a man might see ;
 But he himselfe a foule vnhandsome groome, 5
 And farre vnfit to hold so good a roome.

Now, whether moou'd with selfe-vnworthinesse,
 Or with her beauty, fit to make a pray,
 Fell iealousie did so his braine oppresse,
 That if he absent were but halfe a day, 10
 He ghest the worst (you wot what is the worst),
 And in himselfe new doubting causes nurst.

While thus he fear'd the silly innocent,
 Who yet was good, because shee knew none ill ;
 Vnto his house a iollie shepheard went, 15
 To whom our prince did beare a great good will,
 Because in wrestling and in pastorall =tilting ?
 He farre did passe the rest of shepheards all.

And therefore he a courtier was benamed,
 And as a courtier was with cheere receiued ; 20
 For they haue tongues to make a poore man blamed,
 If he to them his dutie misconceiued :
 And for this courtier should well like his table,
 The good man bade his wife be seruiceable.

And so she was, and all with good intent ; 25
 But few dayes past, while she good maner vsde,
 But that her husband thought her seruice bent
 To such an end as he might be abusde:

Yet, like a coward, fearing strangers pride,
 He made the simple wench his wrath abide. 30

With chumpish lookes, hard words, and secret nips,
 Grumbling at her when she his kindnesse sought,
 Asking her how she tasted courtier's lips,
 He forst her thinke that which she neuer thought ;
 In fine, he made her ghesse there was some sweet
 In that which he so fear'd that she should meet. 36

When once this entred was in woman's hart,
 And that it had enflam'd a new desire,
 There rested then to play a woman's part,
 Fuell to seeke, and not to quench the fire : 40
 But for his iealous eye she well did finde,
 She studied cunning how the same to blinde.

And thus she did: one day to him she came,
 And, though against his will, on him she leand,
 And out gan cry: Ah, well-away for shame, 45
 If you helpe not, our wedlock will be staine!
 The goodman, starting, askt what her did moue ;
 She sigh'd and said: The bad guest sought her loue.

He, little looking that she should complaine
 Of that whereto he fear'd she was encline, 50

Bussing her oft, and in his heart full faine, =glad
He did demaund what remedie to finde ;

How they might get that guest from them to wend,
And yet the Prince, that lou'd him, not offend.

Husband, quoth she, goe to him by and by, 55
And tell him you doe finde I doe him loue ;

And therefore pray him that of curtesie
He will absent himselfe, lest he should moue
A yong girle's heart to that were shame for both ;
Whereto, you know, his honest heart were loath. 60

Thus shall you shew that him you doe not doubt,
And as for me, sweet husband, I must beare.
Glad was the man when he had heard her out,
And did the same, although with mickle feare ;
For feare he did, lest he the yong man might 65
In choller put, with whom he would not fight.

The courtly shepheard, much agast at this,
Not seeing earst such token in the wife,
Though full of scorne, would not his dutie misse,
Knowing that ill becomes a houshold strife,— 70
Did goe his way, but sojourn'd neare thereby,
That yet the ground hereof he might espie.

The wife thus hauing settled husband's braine,—
Who would haue sworne his spouse Diana was,—
Watchèd when she a further point might gaine, 75
Which little time did fitly bring to passe :

For to the Court her man was call'd by name,
Whither he needs must goe for feare of blame.

Three dayes before that he must sure depart
She written had, but in a hand disguisde, 80
A letter such, which might from either part,
Seeme to proceed, so well it was deuise.

She seald it first, then she the sealing brake,
And to her iealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weep) 85
She told him that the Courtier had it sent:

Alas, quoth she,—thus women's shame doth creepe!

The goodman read on both sides the content;

It title had, Vnto my onely Loue: 89

Subscription was, Yours most, if you will proue.

The pistle' selfe such kind of words it had:—

' My sweetest ioy, the comfort of my spirite,

So may thy flockes' increase, thy deare heart glad;

So may each thing, euen as thou wishest light, 94

As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed =judge

This mourning inke, in which my heart doth bleed.

Long haue I lou'd (alas thou worthy art);

Long haue I lou'd (alas loue craueth loue);

Long haue I lou'd thy selfe, alas my heart 99

Doth breake, now tongue vnto thy name doth moue:

And thinke not that thy answer answer is,

But that it is my doome of bale or blisse.

The iealous wretch must now to Court be gone;
 Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him sent:
 Now is the time we may be here alone, 105
 And giue a long desire a sweet content.
 Thus shall you both reward a louer true,
 And eke reuenge his wrong-suspecting you.'

And this was all, and this the husband read
 With chafe enough, till she him pacified; 110
 Desiring that no grieffe in him be bread,
 Now that he had her words so truely tried,
 But that he would to him the letter show,
 That with his fault he might her goodnesse know.

That straight was done with many a boystrous threat,
 That to the King he would his sinne declare: 116
 But now the Courtier 'gan to smell the feat,
 And with some words which shewed little care,
 He staid vntill the goodman was departed, 119
 Then gaue he him the blow which neuer smarted.

Thus may you see the iealous wretch was made
 The pandar of the thing he most did feare.
 Take heed, therefore, how you ensue that trade, =follow
 Lest the same markes of iealousie you beare:
 For sure no iealousie can that preuent, 125
 Whereto two parties once be full content.

(pp. 377-80.)

LXVIII. A WIFE.

Who doth desire that chaste his wife should be,
 First, be he true, for truth doth truth deserue:
 Then such be he as she his worth may see,
 And one man still credite with her preserue.
 Not toying kind, nor causelesly vnkind; 5
 Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right;
 Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blind;
 Neuer hard hand, nor euer raines too light.
 As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence
 (The one doth force, the latter doth entice); 10
 Allow good company, but keepe from thence
 All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.
 This done, thou hast no more, but leaue the rest
 To vertue, fortune, time, and woman's brest.
 (pp. 380-1.)

LXIX. A COUNTRIE SONG.

The lad Philisides
 Lay by a riuer side,
 In flowry field a gladder eye to please:
 His pipe was at his foot,
 His lambs were him beside, 5
 A widdow turtle neare on barèd root
 Sate wayling without boot.
 Each thing both sweet and sad
 Did draw his boyling braine
 To thinke, and thinke with paine 10

Of Mira's beames, eclipt by absence bad.
 And thus, with eyes made dimme
 With teares, he said, or Sorrow said for him :
 O Earth, once answer giue,
 So may thy stately grace 15
 By North or South still rich adornèd liue ;
 So Mira long may be
 On thy then blessed face,
 Whose foot doth set a heau'n on cursèd thee ;
 I aske, now answer me. 20
 If th' author of thy blisse,
 Phœbus, that shepheard high,
 Doe turne from thee his eye,
 Doth not thy selfe, when he long absent is,
 Like rogue, all ragged goe,
 And pine away with daily wasting woe ? 25
 Tell me, you wanton brooke ;—
 So may your sliding race
 Shun loathèd-louing bankes with cunning crooke ;
 So in you euer new
 Mira may looke her face, 30
 And make you faire with shadow of her hue ;
 So when you pay your due
 To mother sea you come,
 She chide you not for stay,
 Nor beat you for your play,— 35
 Tell me, if your diuerted springs become
 Absented quite from you,

Are you not dried? Can you your selues renew?
 Tell me, you flowers faire,
 Cowslap and Columbine;— 40
 So may your Make this wholesome spring time ayre =mate
 With you embracèd lie,
 And lately thence vntwine: =at a late date
 But with dew drops engender children hie;
 So may you neuer die, 45
 But, pull'd by Mira's hand,
 Dresse bosome hers, or head,
 Or scatter on her bed;—
 Tell me, if husband spring time leaue your land,
 When he from you is sent, 50
 Wither not you, languisht with discontent?
 Tell me, my silly pipe;—
 So may thee still betide
 A cleanly cloth thy moistnesse for to wipe;
 So may the cherries red 55
 Of Mira's lips dinide
 Their sugred selues to kisse thy happy head;
 So may her eares be led—
 Her eares where Musicke liues—
 To heare and not despise 60
 Thy lyribling cryes;— =warbling
 Tell if that breath, which thee thy sounding giues,
 Be absent farre from thee,
 Absent alone canst thou, then, piping be?
 Tell me, my lambe of gold;— 65

So maist thou long abide
 The day well fed, the night in faithfull folde ;
 So grow thy wooll of note
 In time, that, richly dy'd,
 It may be part of Mira's petticote,— 70
 Tell me, if wolues the throte
 Hauē caught of thy deare damme,
 Or she from thee be stayd,
 Or thou from her be strayd,
 Canst thou, poore lambe, become another's lamme? 75
 Or rather, till thou die,
 Still for thy dam with bea-waymenting crie!
 Tell me, O turtle true ;—
 So may no fortune breed
 To make thee nor thy better-louèd rue ; 80
 So may thy blessings swarme,
 That Mira may thee feede
 With hand and mouth, with lap and breast keepe
 warme,—
 Tell me if greedie arme
 Doe fondly take away, 85
 With traytor lime, the one, = bird-lime
 The other left alone,—
 Tell me, poore wretch, parted from wretched pray, prey
 Disdaine not you the greene,
 Wayling till death shun you not to be seene? 90
 Earth, brooke, flowrs, pipe, lambe, doue
 Say all, and I with them,

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA. 153

His ramme, who to recouer 120
 The ewe another loued,
 With him proud battell proued.
 He enuied such a death in sight of louer,
 And alwaies westward eying,
 More enuied Phcebus for his westerne flying. 125
 (pp. 381-4.)

LXX. SHEPHERD-LAY.

As I my little flocke on Ister banke
 (A little flocke, but well my pipe they couth) =knew
 Did piping leade, the sunne alreadie sanke
 Beyond our world; and ere I got my booth, [=cover up]
 Each thing with mantle black the night doth scoth; 5
 Sauing the glow-worme, which would courteous be
 Of that small light oft watching shepheards see.

The welkin had full niggardly enclosed
 In coffer of dimme clouds his siluer groates, 9
 Iclepèd starres; each thing to rest disposed, =[was]
 The caues were full, the mountaines voide of goates;
 The birds' eye clos'd, closèd their chirping notes:
 As for the nightingale, wood-musicke's king,
 It August was, he daign'd not then to sing.

Amid my sheepe, though I saw nought to feare, 15
 Yet (for I nothing saw) I feared sore;
 Then found I which thing is a charge to beare:

As for my sheepe I dradded mickle more
 Than euer for my selfe since I was bore.
 I sate me downe, for see to goe ne could, 20
 And sang vnto my sheepe lest stray they should.

The song I sang old Lanquet had me taught—
 Lanquet, the shepheard best swift Ister knew
 For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught; 24
 For faithfull heart, cleane hands, and mouth as true;
 With his sweet skill my skillesse youth he drew
 To haue a feeling taste of Him that sits
 Beyond the heauen, farre more beyond our wits.

He said, the musicke best thilke powers pleas'd
 Was iump concord betweene our wit and will, 30
 Where highest notes to godlinesse are rais'd,
 And lowest sinke not downe to iote of ill;
 With old true tales he wont mine eares to fill,
 How shepheards did of yore, how now they thriue,
 Spoyling their flocke, or while, twixt them, they
 striue. [=themselves]

He likèd me, but pittied lustfull youth, 36
 His good strong staffe my slipperie yeares vpboare;
 He still hop'd well because I louèd truth;
 Till forc't to part, with heart and eyes euen sore,
 To worthy Coridon he gaue me ore. 40
 But thus in okes' true shade recounted be,
 Which now, in night's deepe shade, sheepe heard of
 me.

Such manner time there was (what time I n'ot)
 When all this earth, this damme or mould of ours,
 Was only won'd with such as beasts begot; =dwelt [in]
 Vnknowne as then were they that builded towers; 46
 The cattell wilde or tame, in Nature's bowers
 Might freely rome, or rest, as seemèd them; =[best to]
 Man was not made their dwellings in to hem.

The beasts had sure some beastly policie,— 50
 For nothing can indure where order n'is,—
 For once, the lion by the lambe did lie,
 The fearefull hinde the leopard did kisse, le-o-pard
 Hurtlese was tyger's pawe and serpent's hisse :
 This thinke I well, the beasts with courage clad, 55
 Like senators a harmelesse empire had :

At which whether the others did repine
 (For enuie harbreth most in feeblest hearts),
 Or that they all to changing did incline 59
 (As euen in beasts their dammes love changing parts),
 The multitude to Ioue a suit imparts, [=to bleat as lamb]
 With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
 Roring and howling for to haue a king.

A king, in language theirs, they said they would,
 For then their language was a perfect speech; 65
 The birds likewise with chirps and puing could,
 Cackling and chattering, that of Ioue beseech ;

Onely the owle still warn'd them not to 'seech =beseech
 So hastily that which they would repent,
 But saw they would, and he to deserts went. 70

Ioue wisely said (for wisdom wisely sayes),
 O beasts, take heede what you of mee desire :
 Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,
 And soone forget the swinke due to their hire ; =labour
 But since you will, part of my heav'nly fire 75
 I will you lend ; the rest your selues must giue,
 That it both seene and felt may with you liue.

Full glad they were, and tooke the naked sprite,
 Which straight the earth ycloathèd in his clay ;
 The lyon heart, the ounce gaue actiue might, 80
 The horse good shape, the sparrow lust to play,
 Nightingale voyce, entising songs to say ;
 Elephant gaue a perfect memory,
 And parrot readie tongue, that to apply.

The foxe gaue craft, the dogge gaue flatterie, 85
 Asse patience, the mole a working thought,
 Eagle high looke, wolfe secret crueltie,
 Monkie sweet breath, the cow her faire eyes brought,
 The ermion whitest skin, spotted with nought ; =ermine
 The sheepe mild-seeming face, climing the beare,
 The stagge did giue the harme-eschuing feare. 91

The hare her sleights, the cat his melancholy,
 Ant industry, and conny skill to build ;

Cranes order, storkes to be appearing holy ; 94
 Chamelion ease to change, ducke ease to yeeld, =easy
 Crocodile teares, which might be falsely spild ;'

Ape great thing gaue, though he did mowing stand,
 The instrument of instruments, the hand.

Each other beast likewise his present brings,
 And but they drad their Prince they ought should
 want, =only

They all consented were to giue him wings ; 101
 And ay more awe towards him for to plant,
 To their owne worke this priuiledge they grant,
 That from thenceforth to all eternitie
 No beast should freely speake, but onely he. 105

Thus Man was made, thus Man their lorde became ;
 Who at the first wanting or hiding pride,
 He did to beasts best vse his cunning frame,
 With water drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide,
 And fellow-like, let his dominion slide, 110
 Not in his sayings saying I, but we,
 As if he meant his lordship common be.

But when his seate so rooted he had found
 That they now skild not how from him to wend,
 Then 'gan in guiltlesse earth full many a wound, 115
 Iron to seeke, which 'gainst it selfe should bend,
 To teare the bowels that good corne should send ;
 But yet the common damme none did bemone,
 Because, though hurt, they neuer heard her grone.

Then 'gan he factions in the beasts to breed ; 120
 Where helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts,
 As tygers, leopards, beares, and lions seed,
 Disdain'd with this, in desarts sought their rests ;
 Where famine rauine taught their hungry chests :
 Thus craftily he forc't them to doe ill, 125
 Which being done, he afterwards would kill.

For murther done,—which neuer earst was seene,—
 By those great beasts, as for the weakers' good,
 He chose themselues his guarders for to been 129
 'Gainst those of might, of whom in feare they stood,
 As horse and dogge, not great but gentle bloud :
 Blithe were the commons' cattell of the field,
 The when they saw their foen of greatnesse kild.
 [=the foen of greatness]

But they or spent or made of slender might,
 Then quickly did the meaner cattell finde, 135
 The great beames gone, the house on shoulders light ;
 For by and by the horse faire bitts did binde,
 The dogge was in a collar taught his kinde ;
 As for the gentle birds, like case may rewe, =[they] like
 When falcon they and gosse-hawke saw in mew.

Worst fell to smallest birds and meanest heard, 141
 Whom now his owne, full like his owne he vs'd.
 Yet first but wooll or feathers off he tear'd :

And when they were well vs'd to be abus'd,
 For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he brus'd. 145
 At length for glutton taste he did them kill,
 At last for sport their silly liues did spill.

But yet, O man, rage not beyond thy neede,
 Deeme it no glory to swell in tyrannie ;
 Thou art of bloud, ioy not to see things bleede ; 150
 Thou fearest death, thinke they are lothe to die ;
 A plaint of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie :
 And you, poore beasts, in patience bide your hell,
 Or know your strengths, and then you shall doe
 well.

Thus will I sing and pipe eight sullen houres 155
 To sheepe, whom loue not knowledge made to heare,
 Now fancie's fits, now fortune's balefull flowers :
 But then I homewards call'd my lambkins deare,
 For to my dimmèd eyes began t' appeare 159
 The night growne old, her blacke head waxen gray,
 Sure shepheard's signe that Morne should soonne
 fetch Day. (pp. 384-7.)

LXXI. GERON AND HISTOR.

GERON.

In faith, good Histor, long is your delay
 From holy marriage, sweet and surest meane,
 Our foolish lust in honest rules to stay.
 I pray thee doe to Lalus' sample leane ; =example

Thou seest how friske and iolly now he is, 5
 That last day seem'd he could not chew a beane.
 Beleeue me, man, there is no greater blisse
 Than is the quiet ioy of louing wife,
 Which whoso wants, halfe of himselfe doth misse.
 Friend without change, play-fellow without strife,
 Food without fullnesse, counsaile without pride, 11
 Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

HISTOR.

No doubt, to whom so good chance did betide,
 As for to finde a pasture strewed with gold,
 He were a foole if there he did not bide: 15
 Who would not haue a Phoenix if he could?
 The humming waspe, if it had not a sting,
 Before all flies the waspe accept I would.
 But this bad world few golden fields doth bring—
 Phoenix but one, of crowes we millions haue; 20
 The waspe seemes gay, but is a combrous thing.
 If many Kalaces our Arcadia gaue,
 Lalus' example I would soon ensue, =follow
 And thinke I did my selfe from sorrow saue.
 But of such wiues we finde a slender crew, 25
 Shrewdnesse so stirres, pride so puffed vp the heart;
 They seldome ponder what to them is due:
 With meager lookes, as if they still did smart,
 Puiling or whimpring, or else scoulding flat, 29
 Make home more paine than following of the cart.
 Eyther dull silence, or eternall chat,

Still contrary to what her husband saies ;
If he doe praise the dog, she likes the cat.
Austere she is when he would honest playes, =wishes
And gamesome then when he thinkes on his sheep ; 35
Shee bids him goe, and yet from iourney stayes :
Shee warre doth euer with his kinsfolke keepe,
And makes them fremb'd who friends by nature
are, =strangers
Envyng shallow toyes with malice deepe. 39
And if, forsooth, there come some new found ware,
The little coyne his sweating brows haue got
Must goe for that, if for her lowres he care ;
Or else,—Nay, faith, mine is the lucklest lot
That euer fell to honest woman yet ;
No wife but I hath such a man, God wot! 45
Such is their speech, who be of sober wit ;
But who doe let their tongues shew well their rage,
Lord, what by-words they speake, what spite they spit!
The house is made a very lothsome cage,
Wherein the bird doth neuer sing, but cry, 50
With such a will as nothing can asswage.
Dearely the seruants doe their wages buy,
Reuil'd for each small fault, sometimes for none ;
They better liue that in a gaile doe lie.
Let other fowler spots away be blowne, 55
For I seeke not their shame ; but still me thinkes
A better life it is to lie alone.

GERON.

Who, for each fickle feare, from vertue shrinkes
 Shall in this life embrace no worthy thing ;
 No mortall man the cup of suretie drinkes. 60
 The heav'ns doe not good haps in handfulls bring,
 But let vs pike our good from out much bad,
 That still our little world may know his king.
 But certainly so long we may be glad,
 While that we doe what Nature doth require ; 65
 And for th' euent we neuer ought be sad.
 Man oft is plagu'd with ayre, is burnt with fire,
 In water drown'd, in earth his buriall is ;
 And shall we not, therefore, their vse desire ?
 Nature aboue all things requireth this, 70
 That we our kinde doe labour to maintaine,
 Which drawne-out line doth hold all humane blisse.
 The father iustly may of thee complaine,
 If thou doe not repay his deeds for thee,
 In granting vnto him a grandsire's gaine. 75
 Thy common-wealth may rightly griued be,
 Which must by this immortall be preserued,
 If thus thou murther thy posteritie.
 His very being he hath not deserued,
 Who for a selfe-conceit will that forbear, 80
 Whereby that being aye must be conserued.
 And God forbid women such cattell were
 As you paint them ; but well in you I finde
 No man doth speake aright who speakes in feare.

Who onely sees the ill is worse than blind ; 85
 These fifty winters married haue I beene,
 And yet finde no such fault in womankind.
 I haue a wife worthy to be a queene,
 So well she can command, and yet obay ;
 In ruling of a house so well shee's seene : 90
 And yet, in all this time, betwixt vs tway
 We beare our double yoke with such consent,
 That neuer past foule word, I dare well say.
 But these are your loue-toyes, which still are spent
 In lawlesse games, and loue not as you should, 95
 But with much studie learne late to repent.
 How well last day before our Prince you could
 Blinde Cupid's workes with wonder testifie,
 Yet now the roote of him abase you would !
 Goe to, goe to, and Cupid now apply 100
 To that where thou thy Cupid maist auow,
 And thou shalt finde in women vertues lie :
 Sweete supple mindes which soone to wisdom bow
 Where they by wisdom's rule directed are,
 And are not forc'd fond thraldome to allow. 105
 As we to get are fram'd, so they to spare ;
 We made for paine, our paines they made to cherish ;
 We care abroad, and they of home haue care.
 O Histor, seeke within thy selfe to flourish ;
 Thy house by thee must liue, or else be gone, 110
 And then who shall the name of Histor nourish ?
 Riches of children passe a prince's throne,

Which touch the father's heart with secret ioy,
 When without shame he saith, these be mine owne.
 Marry, therefore ; for marriage will destroy 115
 Those passions which to youthfull head do clime—
 Mothers and nurses of all vaine annoy.

HISTOR.

Perchance I will, but now me thinkes it time
 To goe vnto the bride, and vse this day 119
 To speake with her while freely speake we may.
 (pp. 388-90.)

LXXII. EARTH TO EARTH.

Who hath his hire hath well his labour plast :
 Earth thou didst seeke, and store of earth thou hast.
 (p. 391.)

LXXIII. NIGHT.

O Night, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,
 Desire's best meane, haruest of hearts affected,
 The seate of peace, the throne which is erected
 Of humane life to be the quiet measure ;
 Be victor still of Phœbus' golden treasure, 5
 Who hath our sight with too much sight infected ;
 Whose light is cause we haue our liues neglected,
 Turning all Nature's course to selfe displeasure.
 These stately starres in their now shining faces,
 With sinlesse sleepe, and silence wisdomes mother, 10
 Witnesse his wrong which by thy helpe is eased :

Thou art, therefore, of these our desart places
 The sure refuge ; by thee and by no other
 My soule is blist, sense ioy'd, and fortune rayseed.
 (pp. 396-7.)

LXXIV. AGELASTUS' SESTINE.

Since wayling is a bud of causefull sorrow,
 Since sorrow is the follower of euill fortune,
 Since no euill fortune equals publike damage ;
 Now Prince's losse hath made our damage publike,
 Sorrow, pay we to thee the rights of Nature, 5
 And inward grieve seale vp with outward wayling.
 Why should we spare our voice from endlesse wayling,
 Who iustly make our hearts the seate of sorrow,
 In such a case, where it appears that Nature
 Doth adde her force vnto the sting of Fortune ! 10
 Choosing, alas, this our théâtre publike,
 Where they would leaue trophees of cruell damage.
 Then since such pow'rs conspir'd vnto our damage
 (Which may be knowne, but neuer helpt with wayling),
 Yet let vs leaue a monument in publike, 15
 Of willing teares, torne haire, and cries of sorrowe ;
 For lost, lost is, by blow of cruell fortune,
 Arcadia's gemme, the noblest childe of Nature.
 O Nature doting-old, O blinded Nature, 19
 How hast thou torne thyselfe, sought thine owne danger,
 In granting such a scope to filthy Fortune,

By thy impe's losse to fill the world with wayling !
 Cast thy stepmother eyes vpon our sorrow ;
 Publike our losse ; so, see, thy shame is publike.

O that we had, to make our woes more publique, 25
 Seas in our eyes, and brasen tongues by nature,
 A yelling voice, and hearts compos'd of sorrow,
 Breath made offlames, wits knowing nought but damage ;
 Our sports, murthering our selues ; our musiques, wayling ;
 Our studies, fixt vpon the falls of fortune. 30

No, no ; our mischiefe growes in this vile fortune,—
 That priuate paines can not breathe out in publique
 The furious inward griefes with hellish wayling ;
 But forcèd are to burthen feeble nature
 With secret sense of our eternall damage, 35
 And sorrow feed, feeding our soules with sorrow.

Since sorrow, then, concludeth all our fortune,
 With all our deaths shew we this damage publique :
 His nature feares to dye, who liues still wayling.

(pp. 426-7.)

LXXV. SONG OF LAMENTATION.

Since that to death is gone the shepherd hie,
 Who most the silly shepherd's pipe did prise,
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie.
 And you, O trees (if any life there lies
 In trees), now through your porous barkes receiue 5
 The strange resound of these my causefull cries,

And let my breath vpon your branches cleaue,
 My breath distinguish'd into words of woe,
 That so I may signes of my sorrow leaue.
 But if among your selues some one tree grow 10
 That aptest is to figure miserie,
 Let it embassage beare your grifes to show :
 The weeping myrrhe I thinke will not denie
 Her help to this, this iustest cause of plaint.
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie. 15

And thou, poore Earth, whom Fortune doth attaint
 In Nature's name to suffer such a harme,
 As for to lose thy gemme, and such a saint,
 Vpon thy face let coaly rauens swarme ;
 Let all the sea thy teares accounted be ; 20
 Thy bowels with all killing metalls arme.
 Let gold now rust, let diamonds waste in thee,
 Let pearles be wan, with woe their damme doth beare ;
 Thy selfe henceforth the light doe neuer see. 24
 And you, O flowers, which sometimes princes were,
 Till these strange altrings you did hap to trie,
 Of princes' losse your selues for tokens reare.
 Lilly, in mourning blacke thy whitenesse die :
 O hyacinthe, let Ai be on thee still.
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now apply. 30

O Echo, all these woods with roaring fill,
 And doe not onely marke the accents last,

But all, for all reach out my wailefull will :

One Echo to another Echo cast

Sound of my griefes, and let it neuer end, 35

Till that it hath all woods and waters past.

Nay, to the heav'ns your iust complaining send,

And stay the stars' inconstant-constant race,

Till that they doe vnto our dolours bend ;

And aske the reason of that speciall grace, 40

That they, which haue no liues, should liue so long,

And vertuous soules so soone should lose their place ?

Aske if in great men good men do so throng,

That he, for want of elbow room, must die ?

Or if that they be skant, if this be wrong ? 45

Did wisdom this, our wretched time, espie

In one true chest to rob all Vertue's treasure ?

Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie.

And if that any counsell you to measure

Your dolefull tunes, to them still playning say, 50

To well felt griefe, plaint is the onely pleasure.

O light of Sunne, which is entit'led day,

O, well thou doest that thou no longer bidest,

For mourning Night her blacke weedes may display.

O Phœbus, with good cause thy face thou hidest, 55

Rather than haue thy all-beholding eye

Fowl'd with this sight, while thou thy chariot guidest ;

And well, me thinkes, becomes this vaulty skie

A statly tombe to couer him deceased.

Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie. 60

O Philomela, with thy breast oppressed
 By shame and grieve, helpe, helpe me to lament
 Such cursed harmes as cannot be redressèd.
 Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,
 Then giue a quiet eare vnto my plaining, 65
 For I to teach the world complaint am bent.
 You dimmie clouds, which well employ your staining
 This chearfull ayre with your obscurèd cheare,
 Witsesse your wofull teares with daily raining.
 And if, O sinne, thou euer didst appeare 70
 In shape which by man's eye might be perceiuèd,
 Vertue is dead, now set thy triumph here ;
 Now set thy triumph in this world, bereaued
 Of what was good, where now no good doth lie,
 And by thy pompe our losse will be conceiued. 75
 O notes of mine, your selues together tie,
 With too much grieve me thinkes you are dissolued.
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie.

Time, euer old and young, is still reuolued
 Within it selfe, and neuer tasteth end ; 80
 But mankind is for aye to nought resolued.
 The filthy snake her agèd coate can mend,
 And, getting youth againe, in youth doth flourish ;
 But vnto man age euer death doth send.
 The very trees with grafting we can cherish, 85
 So that we can long time produce their time ;

But man, which helpeth them, helplesse must perish.

Thus, thus the mindes which ouer all doe clime,
 When they by yeares' experience get best graces,
 Must finish then by death's detested crime. 90
 We last short while, and build long lasting places;
 Ah, let vs all against foule Nature cry,
 We Nature's workes do helpe, she vs defaces:
 For how can Nature vnto this reply? 94
 That she her childe, I say, her best childe killeth?
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now apply.

Alas, me thinkes my weakned voice but spilleth
 The vehement course of his iust lamentation,
 Me thinkes my sound no place with sorrow filleth:
 I know not, I, but once in detestation 100
 I haue my selfe, and all that life containeth,
 Since death on Vertue's fort hath made inuasion.
 One word of woe another after traineth:
 Ne doe I care how rude be my inuention,
 So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth. 105
 O Elements, by whose (men say) contention
 Our bodies be in liuing power maintained,
 Was this man's death the fruit of your dissen-
 sion?
 O Physicke's power, which (some say) hath restrained
 Approach of death, alas, thou helpest meagerly,
 When once one is for Atropos distrained. 111
 Great be Physitians' brags, but aide is beggerly;

When rooted moisture failes or groweth drie,
 They leaue off all, and say, death comes too eagerly:
 They are but words, therefore, that men doe buy 115
 Of any, since god Aesculapius ceased:
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now apply.

Iustice, iustice is now, alas, oppressed;
 Bountifulnesse hath made his last conclusion;
 Goodnesse for best attire in dust is dressed. 120
 Shepheards bewaile your vttermost confusion,
 And see by this picture to you presented
 Death is our home, life is but a delusion.

For see, alas, who is from you absented—
 Absented? nay, I say, for euer banishèd 125

From such as were to dye for him contented.
 Out of our sight, in turne of hand, is vanished
 Shepheard of shepheards, whose well settled order
 Priuate with wealth, publike with quiet garnished.

While he did liue, farre, farre was all disorder;
 Example more preuailing than direction, 131

Far was home-strife, and far was foe from border,
 His life a law, his looke a full correction;
 As in his health we healthfull were preserued,
 So in his sicknesse grew our sure infection: 135

His death our death. But, ah, my Muse hath
 swarued

Fro such deepe plaint as should such woes descrie,
 Which he of vs for euer hath deserued: [=point out

Farewell, O Sunne, Arcadia's clearest light ;
 Farewell, O pearle, the poore man's plenteous treasure ;
 Farewell, O golden staffe, the weake man's might ;
 Farewell, O Ioy, the ioyfull's onely pleasure ;
 Wisdome, farewell, the skillesse man's direction ; 5
 Farewell, with thee farewell, all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,
Now that of purest lamp is quench'd the light
Which to our darkned mindes was best direction ?
Now that the mine is lost of all our treasure ; 10
Now death hath swallow'd vp our worldly pleasure,
We orphans made, voide of all publiqué might !

Orphans indeed, depriv'd of father's might,
For he our father was in all affection,
In our well-doing placing all his pleasure, 15
Still studying how to vs to be a light ;
As well he was in peace a safest treasure,
In warre his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence, alas, shall we seeke our direction,
 When that we feare our hatefull neighbour's might,
 Who long haue gap't to get Arcadians' treasure? 21
 Shall we now finde a guide of such affection,
 Who for our sakes will thinke all trauaile light,
 And make his paine to keepe vs safe his pleasure?

No, no ; for euer gone is all our pleasure, 25
 For euer wandring from all good direction,
 For euer blinded of our clearest light,
 For euer lamèd of our surèd might,
 For euer banish'd from well plac'd affection,
 For euer robd of all our royall treasure. 30

Let teares for him therefore be all our treasure,
 And in our wailfull naming him our pleasure ;
 Let hating of our selues be our affection,
 And vnto death bend still our thoughts' direction :
 Let vs against our selues employ our might, 35
 And putting out our eyes seeke we our light.

Farewell, our light ; farewell, our spoyled treasure ;
 Farewell, our might ; farewell, our daunted pleasure ;
 Farewell, direction ; farewell, all affection. (pp. 430-1.)

LXXVII. MUSIDORUS' SONG.

Since Nature's workes be good, and death doth serue
 As Nature's worke, why should we feare to die ?
 Since feare is vaine but when it may preserue,
 Why should we feare that which we cannot flie ?

Feare is more paine than is the paine it feares,
 Disarming humane mindes of natiue might ;
 While each conceit an ougly figure beares,
 Which were not euill, well view'd in reason's light.
 Our only eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,
 And scarce discerne the dawne of comming day,
 Let them be clear'd, and now begin to see
 Our life is but a step in dustie way :
 Then let vs hold the blisse of peacefull minde,
 Since this we feele, great losse we cannot finde.

(P. 445.)

LXXVIII. A REMEDIE FOR LOVE.

Philoclea and Pamela sweete,
 By chance in one greate house did meete ;
 And, meeteinge, did soe ioyne in hart, heart
 That th' one from th' other could not part :
 And whoe, indeed, not made of stones, 5
 Would seperate such lovely ones ?
 The one is beautifull and faire
 As lillies and white roses are,
 And sweete as, after gentle showers,
 The breath is of some thousand flowers : 10
 For due proportion, such an ayre
 Circles the other, not soe faire,
 Which soe her brownness beautifies,
 That itt inchaunts the wisest eyes.

Haue you not seene, on some great day, 15
 Two goodly horses, white and baye,
 Which were so beautious in their pride,
 You knowe not which to choose or ride?
 Such are those two; you scarce cann tell
 Which is the daintier bonni-bell; 20
 And they are such as, by my troth,
 I had ben dead in loue with both,
 And might haue sadly said, 'Good-night,
 Discretion and good fortune quite;'
 But that young Cupid, my old master, 25
 Presented mee a soveraign plaister:
 Mopsa, even Mopsa, pretty mouse,
 Best peice of wainscott in the house;
 Whose saffron teeth and lipps of leekes,
 Whose curall nose and parchment cheekes, 30
 Whose pastboard forehead, eyes of fferett,
 Brest of browne paper, neck of carrett,
 And other parts not evident
 For which Dame Nature should be shent,
 Are spells and charmes of greate renowne, 35
 Concupiscence to coniure downe.

Howe oft haue I been refte of sence,
 By gazing on their excellence,
 Till, meeteing Mopsa in my way,
 And looking on her face of clay, 40
 I soone was cur'd, and made as sound

As though I never had a wound?
 And when, in tables of my hart, heart
 Love writt such thinges as bred my smartt,
 My Mopsa, with her face of clout, 45
 Would in an instant wipe them out.
 And when their faces made me sicke,
 Mopsa would come, with hers of bricke,
 A little heated in the fire,
 And breake the necke of my desire. 50
 Nowe from their face I turne my eyes,
 But, cruel panthers, they surprize
 Me with their breath, that incense sweete,
 Which only for the godds is meete;
 And ioyntly from them doth respire, 55
 Like both the Indies sett on fire:
 Which so ore-comes man's ravisht sence,
 That soules to followe itt flie hence;
 Nor such like smell you, as you range
 By the Stockes or old or Newe Exchange. 60
 Then stood I still as any stocke,
 Till Mopsa, with her puddle docke,—
 Her compound, or electuary,
 Made of olde linge or caviarie,
 Blote herringe, cheese, or voyded phisicke, 65
 Being sometime troubl'd with the tytsicke,—
 Did coughe and fetch a sighe soe deepe
 As did her very bottome sweepe,
 Whereby to all shee did imparte

Howe love lay rancklinge at her harte ; 70
 Which when I smelt, desire was slaine,
 And they breathd forth purfumes in vayne.
 Their angell voice surprizd me nowe,
 But Mopsa's shrill ' too whitt too whoo,'
 Descendinge through her holby nose, 75
 Did that distemper soone compose
 And therefore, O you virtuous owle,
 The wise Minerva's only fowle,
 What at thy shrine shall I devise
 To offer upp for sacrafice ? 80
 Hange Esculapius and Apollo,
 Hange Ovid with his precepts shallowe ;
 With patience who will nowe indure
 Yo' slowe and yo' vncertaine cure,
 Seeing Mopsa's found for man and beast 85
 To be the sure *probatum est* ?
 O you Loue's chiefest medicine,
 True water to dame Venus' wine,
 Best cordiall, soundest antidote
 To conquer loue and cutt his throate ; 90
 Be but my second, and stand by,
 And I their beauties both defye,
 And all ells of those fairey races
 That weare infection in their faces ;
 For Ile come safe out of the feild 95
 With thy face thy Medusa's sheild.

LXXIX. LOVE.

In a field full fayer of flowers,
 Where the Muses made their bowers,
 And more sweeter hony grew
 Then the sence of Nature knew,
 Preevie sweete with hartsease springing, privet 5
 While sweete Philomel was singing,
 Coridon and Phillis fayer
 Went abroad to take the ayer—
 Each in absence long diseased,
 But in presence either pleased— 10
 Where begun their pritle prattle,
 Ther was prety title tattle.
 'Coridon,' quoth she, 'a tryall
 Must, in truth, haue no denial.'
 'True,' quoth he; and then he proued, 15
 'Well, I hope [I] shall be loued.'
 'Yea,' quoth shee, 'but where is true loue?'
 'Where,' quoth hee, 'both you and I loue.'
 'Yea,' quoth shee, 'but truly tell me,
 And in these few letters spell me 20
 C O R I D O N,
 Where was I when these were gon?'
 'Sweet,' quoth hee, 'how to deuise the,
 And by letters to suffice the, thee
 P H I L L I S 25
 All my ioye both was and is?

In my hart thou art inclosèd,	
Where thy loue cannot be losèd.	
Trust me, Phillis, in good sadnes,	
Is it not a very madnes	30
To refuse a good thing offered	
When it was of good will proffered ?	
And what better thing to prooue	try
Then how good a thing is loue ?	than
Many a wench, and if shee knew it,	35
What it were and how to vse it,	
In her hart full soone would rue it,	
When shee thought shee did refuse it.	
It is a humoure that doth tickle,	
And like thistle downe doth prickle	40
Veines and sinnewes, witts and senses,	
With the sweete of such deffenses	
Which dame Nature gaue to me	
Onely to bestowe on thee.	
Take it duly, euen and morrowe,	45
It will driue out care and sorrowe ;	
Vse it kindly, sweetly trie it,	
Then vnto thine hart applye it.'	





Vol. II. p. 180.

FENSHURST : VILLAGE AND ENTRANCE TO CHURCHYARD.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

i. Mopsa, p. 3. Cf. 'Remedie for Love' in present set of poems, No. lxxviii. See our Essay on the humour of Sir Philip Sidney. 'Brave Mopsa' here, as elsewhere, is satirically described.

i. l. 2. Construction is, When virtues [are] strange, and beauties [are] such

i. l. 10, '*bedect with pearle*,' i.e. with those whitish vesicles seen on the edges of the eyelids of weak and blear-eyed people.

i. l. 11, '*crapal-stone*.' Neither this nor crapal appears in our English Dictionaries or Glossaries. It means toad-stone, from the mediæval Latin *crapollus* and *crapauldus*: Fr. *crapaud*. Cotgrave gives *Crapaudine*, The stone *Chelonitis*, or The Toad-stone. *Chelonitis*, says Pliny (N. H. xxxvii. 10), is so called, because it is like the tortoise; and the older English-Latin dictionaries say it is like tortoiseshell—Ryder excepted, who calls it a stone of a green colour. Sir Thomas Browne, in his '*Vulgar Errors*,' comes to the compromise that the very rare and light-coloured stone so called is but a thickening of one of the bones of the toad's skull, but that the common kind are mere minerals called and sold as toad-stone for the sake of gain (b. iii. c. 13). It was supposed to have magical virtues in the way of divination and allaying storms (Pliny); medicinally, by gently stroking, 'it taketh away the swelling inflammation or paine from any wound made by venomous creatures, and presently draweth out the poison' (Lovell, *History of Animals and Minerals*). 'A toad being shewn a true toad-stone will, out of envy and spite to mankind, endeavour to swallow it' (ib.); at least this was affirmed and believed.

i. l. 12, '*silver vre untried*.' The operations being similar, to 'try' meant not only to assay, but to melt, and the meaning of the simile will be explained by this from Pliny (Holland's N. H. b. xxxiii. c. 6): 'neither [in silver mines] is there any shew at all of siluer to giue light thereof . . . no sparkes shining like as there be in gold mines, which direct us to it. The

earth that engendereth the veine of siluer is in one place red-dish, in another of a dead ash color. But this is a generall rule, that it is not possible to melt and *trie* our siluer ore, but either with lead or the veine and ore of lead.'

Verbally it may be noted that our text (1613) spells in l. 6 'fas't', and l. 7 'pase.' We adopt 'fac't' and 'pace' from later editions.

ii. Pyrocles, p. 4. L. 14, 'all but you' is an ambiguous phrase to our ears, but the meaning is, 'all [of it] only you;' i. e. all that I see, &c. is you only.

iii. Musidorus, p. 4. Thomson adopts the name in Musidora of the 'Seasons.' Line 2, 'What:' latter half of first line shows that 'what' is not=whatever, but is [of or according to] *that* inward change that he tries. In other instances, we find 'what' where we should use 'that.'

v. Song and Dance, p. 5. L. 5, our text (1613) misprints 'affection,' and in l. 31 drops 'is.'

vi. Thirsis and Dorus, p. 6. L. 8, 'wood cries'=green full-juiced wood, which emits a 'cry' or sound as the fire lays hold of it. Line 9, 'mattereth'=maketh matter or pus, becomes a purulent sore. See Johnson, *s.n.*

vi. l. 11, '*Shallow brookes murmur most, deepe silent glide away.*' A commonplace from Seneca (Hippol. ii. 3. 607): '*Cu-rae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent*'—'Light griefs are noisy, great strike us dumb.' Raleigh (as others) has finely used it:

'Passions are likned best to foulds and streams;
The shallow murmure, but the deepe are dumb:
So when affections yeild discourse, it seems
The bottome is but shallowe whence they come.'

(Silent Lover: Dr. Hannah's Courtly Poets, p. 20.) So, too, the Earl of Stirling, as before (p. 7):

'The deepest riuers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care.'

vi. l. 16, '*in that loue's passion*'=and are so passionate for her, as you have just intimated.

vi. l. 23, '*historifie*'=to relate, to record in history. 'Matters have been more truly historified' (Browne; Bailey, *s.n.*).

vi. l. 31, '*conie*'=a rabbit, a beast of warren: Sp. conejo; Fr. connil; Lat. cuniculus. See Wright's Bible Word-Book, *s.n.*

vi. l. 47, '*liken*'=deck your [love or mistress] with, &c.

vi. l. 55, '*glasseth*.' 'To glass, v. act. 1. To see as in a glass,

to represent as in a mirror' (Bailey, *s. n.* See after-references to use of 'glasse' by Sidney). The Earl of Stirling also has it, *e. g.*

'Well may my loue come glasse herself in me.'
(Works, vol. i. p. 51.)

'Glasseth' recalls Byron's employment of it in his Apostrophe to the Ocean (Childe Harold, c. iv. st. clxxxiii.), as follows:

'Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests . . .'

vi. l. 67. Cf. Astrophel and Stella, Sonnet xlvii. vol. i. p. 32.

vi. l. 69. Query = 'such objection was as nothing, for to rob famished thoughts of their food may mean robs them of what they have not.' Yet the thought is forced, and though 'spoil' is used generally, if not always, in Sidney's poetry to mean rob or despoil, a more probable meaning would seem to be that the objection of reason, that she is one beyond him, has but the effect when she is present of giving an ill-relishing savour to that presence which is as the food of his long-famished thoughts.

vi. l. 74, 'enlarged,' *i. e.* freed, here = bare. 'Enlarge the man committed yesterday' (Henry V. act ii. sc. 2).

vi. l. 88, 'that riches:' example of 'riches' (as then used) in the singular.

vi. l. 101, 'what circle may acquaint:' an astrological-cab-alistical allusion.

vi. l. 114, 'thrall' = in the power of another: hence 'thral-dom' = bondage or servitude.

vi. l. 124, 'weed:' still used as in 'a widow's weeds' = a widow's mourning dress.

vi. l. 138, 'waymenting.' 'Wayment' is an old form of 'lament' or 'layment.' Spenser has it several times, *e. g.* 'What bootes it to wepe and to wayment' (F. Q. b. i. 16). See also the Ruines of Time, l. 390; Teares of the Muses, l. 355. So too Drayton. In later editions of 'Arcadia' the word is changed to 'lamenting.'

vi. l. 142, 'passeth.' The word is here used in asense not given in Johnson. To pass = to go beyond, to exceed ('Why, this passes Master Ford:' Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv. sc. 2) = therefore to exceed moderation in the form of exulting.

vi. ll. 178-9, *i. e.* to cast on me, who am now seene and unknowne, &c.

The varying verse-construction of this Eclogue deserves notice as illustrating the conceitful fancies of the times. The rhyme of the greater part is in threes, or what may be termed enchainèd triplets. At first the verse is Alexandrine in answers of six, then in answers of twelve. Then after l. 72 the verse is of eleven syllables or five iambs and a half, in answers of twelve lines; and then after l. 96 it becomes decasyllabic in answers of nine; and it will be observed that the measures are made here and elsewhere to glide the one into the other. After l. 114, or rather l. 115, there is a division by rhyme of the heroic verse into rhyming couplets of three and two feet alternately; and according to ordinary usage these would be so printed, though both here and onward, Sidney seems to have chosen to keep the lines unbroken. After answers of sixteen lines each there begins at l. 147 heroic measure alternated with three-foot iambs, the heroics in rhymes of threes, and the others in couplets, and the answers are in the form of what was called the Corona or crown (see onward, p. 192, and our edition of Dr. DOWNE, vol. ii. pp. 276-81), where each begins with the last line of the other, though here it is so far different that the last line of all does not repeat the commencing line and so complete the linking. After twenty lines of this in answers of four lines each, come thirteen lines in answers of six and seven, which continue the repeating or crown form, but return to the Alexandrine length and to somewhat irregular rhymes. Perhaps these last were never elaborated to the full.

vii. Dorus playing on the Lute, p. 14. L. 9, 'adusted' = burnt, dried up. See Penshurst and Wilton Pansies: 'My Mistress lowers,' and note, vol. i. p. 232. Line 12, 'Hērāclitūs.' Here, again, a classical name is pronounced, not according to its original quantities, but with its English accentuation. See 'Amphion' in *Astrophel and Stella*, Song iii. l. 4 and relative note, in vol. i. p. 78. In l. 8 I have placed (') after 'misery,' to indicate an elision required by the scansion. In l. 11 it is doubtful whether Sidney scanned 'Love smilèd and thus,' or 'Love smil'd and thus.' In l. 16 is an elision, 'Her vir|tue is sove|raigne.'

ix. Dorus and Zelmane, p. 16. L. 14, 'renowmed.' through the French, renommé = famous.

ix. l. 19, 'vaild' = [are or be] vaild: l. 24, the construction seems to be 'We do seem to rebel against Nature, [and so] seem fools in a vain sute.'

- ix. l. 76, '*emmot*' = emmet, an ant or pismire.
 ix. l. 81, '*a tittle*.' Our text (1613) misprints 'little,' and misdrops one 'no.'
 ix. l. 96, '*carking*:' 'cark,' a word often found with 'care,' and of a similar though perhaps stronger meaning. It is often used for anxiety. Here it is = not only anxious, but wearying and wearing agonies causing both anxiety and pain. Burns has the word in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, *e. g.*

'Does a' [all] his weary carking cares beguile.'

- ix. l. 113, '*diseased*' = not at ease, troubled. See our PHINEAS FLETCHER and other of the Fuller Worthies' Library: Glossaries, *s. v.*

ix. l. 124, '*Figge . . . shadow is hurtful*.' I can find no confirmation of this anywhere.

- ix. l. 131, '*Poplar changeth his hew*:' so Batman of the 'poplar.'

ix. l. 140, '*beteard*' = wet with tears: probably a coinage of Sidney's; but cf. Richardson, *s. v.*: see on l. 173.

ix. l. 152, '*to an hostrie a king comes*:' corrupted from hostelry, the place where horses of guests are kept. Dryden uses it. Is the reference to the anecdote, variously localised, concerning King Alfred and the neat-herd?

ix. l. 158, '*hinders*:' misprinted later 'thunders,' from repetition of the *t* of 'it,' and the subsequent attempt of the printer to make a word out of 'thinders.'

ix. l. 173, '*be-marked*.' Cf. 'beteard' in l. 140. Usually 'be marked.' Query—as 'If the' seems over slight for a spondee, should we not insert rather 'If [by] the'?

x. Lamon, &c. p. 28. L. 4, 'inward' is misdropped in later editions, and in l. 6 'cause' misprinted for 'care.' Line 11, 'neare' = nearly affecting you their neighbour and brother.

x. l. 17, '*was*.' Cf. Lord Falkland on Countess of Huntingdon:

'Such once there was: but let thy greife appeare,
 Reader there is not: Huntingdon lies here.'
 (Poems, p. 71, our edition.)

x. l. 25, '*Klarius nest*.' As Michael Angelo said, 'the nest where he was born,' *il nido ove nacqu'io*. Line 45, 'larke, with mirror cleare.' See note on Astrophel and Stella, vol. I. p. 111, on Sonnet xii. l. 2.

x. l. 47, '*keeles*:' cayles, &c. A game in various forms, at

which pins were set up to be thrown or bowled at. Squailes is a parlour form reintroduced, and the various forms of the word are derived from the French *quilles*—pegs or pins of wood. L. 53, 'greene gownes,' i.e. they are thrown down. The sense often proceeds further. L. 56, 'quintain:' quintin. Minshew deduces it from *quintus*, Lat., and calls it a game celebrated ever fifth year: *palus quintanus*, Lat.; *quintaine*, Fr.; an upright post, on the top of which a cross post turned upon a pin; at one end of the cross-post was a broad board, and at the other a heavy sand-bag; the play was to ride against the broad end with a lance, and pass by before the sand-bag coming round should strike the tilter on the back. See Bailey, under *quintain*: also Strutt's Sports, b. iii. c. 1.

x. l. 67, 'carke.' See previous note on ix. l. 96. Line 87, 'peeping' = to cry as sparrows or young chickens: so 'peeper,' below (l. 102), is a sparrow, or chick, that has lately broke the egg.

x. l. 92, 'apaid' = repaid.

x. l. 94, 'micher' = truant: sometimes a skulker, a lazy loiterer.

x. l. 98, 'happie wretch.' Sidney uses 'wretch' tenderly, as our 'poor thing.' So too Shakespeare's 'the pretty wretch left crying' (Romeo and Juliet, act i. sc. 3).

x. l. 99, 'bowls:' in some editions have shockingly misprinted 'bowels:' l. 101, 'bias:' here, by a conceit, he calls the nipple the 'bias,' or that irregularity which was given to some 'bowls' that they might move in a particular curve, and he says it was formed of her (Venus') blood.

x. ll. 99-101. Sidney seems to have adopted the singular comparison here from Puttenham's Partheniades, presented to Queen Elizabeth on New Year's-day, 1579:

'Her bosom sleek as Paris plaster
Helde vp two balles of alabaster;
Eche byas was a little cherrie,
Or els I thinke a strawberrie.'

Line 103, 'snuging' = lying close.

x. l. 104, 'shent' = to ruin, overpower, disgrace. As I write this, I chance on the word as used by Henry Kingsley in his story of 'The Harveys,' as follows: 'I had taken him off at the café in some unlucky moment, and being at that time very democratic, had handed the sketch about among some students and some others. I was utterly shent' (vol. i. c. vi. p. 81).

x. l. 107, '*louely*.' in later editions misprinted '*lonely*.' Line 148, 'leaving his wonted fight.' In leaving his wonted manner of fighting with bow and arrows for these other light-top weapons. He has the same conceit xvii. l. 131. Henry Constable, in his Sonnet to his Lady's Hand, forces the strange conceit still further, though keeping to bow and arrows:

'Sweet hand! the sweet yet cruell bow thou art
From whence at me fine luorye arrowes flye.'

x. l. 180, '*So haue I scene*,' &c. Cf. Astrophel and Stella, Sonnet xi. vol. i. p. 10. Line 206, 'lion's cave' = beginning of July. Line 208, 'barly-brake.' One of the commonest of rural games, and frequently alluded to. The text gives the best description of it known, and Gifford has followed it in his note on Massinger *sub voce*. He has, however, omitted to say that, whatever the rules under which the couple in hell attacked and pursued the couple they singled out, either of the pursued were saved by joining with one of the other out-couple of the opposite sex. From one of Herrick's Epigrams (Hesperides, 1648, p. 34) quoted by Nares, it seems the couple in hell kissed; and from this, and from the sarcasm in the line, 'Thus Pas did kiss her hand with little grace,' it may perhaps be gathered that this ceremony was gone through whenever a couple came together. If, as in kiss-in-the-ring, it were also performed when the pursuer captured the pursued, it would the more account for Klaius's jealous precaution. With regard to the name (Barly-brake) Dr. Brinsley Nicholson thus writes to me: 'As I do not see why the English game should be played in barley-fields more than elsewhere (see Nares and Jamieson), I venture to suggest a different derivation. Three words are used in English games to demand freedom from play; when one requires to tie a shoestring, or the like. One is "Bar play," another "Law," and the third, which seems to be either a corruption of the first, or a combination of Bar, Law, is "Barly" or "Barley." Now, when two have joined as a couple in this game, they are, as above noted, freed from pursuit, out, as it were, of the game, and in a state of "Barley," while the effort of the hell-couple was to break that state.' It is somewhat in favour of Dr. Nicholson's suggested derivation, that it appears from the line,

'And all to second barly-break are brent,'

the same players playing, every chase that resulted in a change of a couple in hell was called a barley-break. So *Scotic*?

x. l. 240, '*fremb'd*.' Scoticè, '*fremit*,' is=alien, a stranger.

x. l. 259, '*rake*'=to go all along over him, as a ship is 'raked' from stem to stern by waves or shot. Here it is more than usually appropriate, for he must have gone along over him, much after the fashion of the garden implement. Line 263, '*some-dell*'=some deal or part=somewhat. Line 280, '*fet*:' past tense of to *fetch*. So Faerie Queene, b. v. c. iii. st. xi.: Shakespeare (Henry V. act iii. sc. 1). Line 342, '*Wilton*:' the reference is to Salisbury Plain, near Wilton. Later editions read '*Helis*' for Wilton, which seems unintelligible.

x. l. 357, '*the narre*'=nearer, and so '*near*' in the proverb '*never the near*.' The root is, as in the Dutch, *naer*, and is the same with what we now pronounce '*nigh*,' i. e. *narre*, *naer*; *near* in the proverb and *nigher* are the same comparative, differently pronounced.

x. l. 362, '*double-shining day*:' because both sun and Urania were out. See '*Girosal* to sun,' *infra* (l. 370). Line 392, '*Vertue's proof*'=Klailus: '*fortune's victor*'=Strephon: '*beautie's place*'=Urania. Line 393, '*race*'=progress: see Astrophel and Stella, Sonnet xxxii. vol. i. p. 115. Line 404, '*sawce*:' so Shakespeare frequently, '*I'll sauce them*' (Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv. sc. 3). Line 409, '*golden weed*:' the present of the vengeful Medeia to Glauce, daughter of Creon, a mythical king of Corinth, on her marriage with Jason, was, according to some, a garment which destroyed her by fire when she put it on (Schol. ad Eurip. Med. 20); according to others, a crown or diadem (Hyginus, l. c.: cf. Diod. iv. 54). The Roman bridal-veil was yellow.

x. l. 490, '*like waxe*.' In Witch-lore one spell was to make an image in wax of the person hated and to be injured, and to stick it full of pins before a fire, muttering furtively certain rhyme-curses.

x. l. 520, '*henc'd*'=to send off, to dispatch to a distance. Bailey, *s. v.*, refers to this passage: perhaps a Sidney coinage.

x. l. 527, '*race*.' See previous note.

xvi. Retraction, pp. 50-1. L. 1, '*blaze*'=publish, set forth—a sense due to the beacon system. Lines 3-4, She says=I chose the hard white marble as an emblem of my mind. Alas, I have made it an emblem otherwise. My words now defaced are blots to the stone, and so my now changed fancies are shames to myself.

xvi. l. 25, '*queene-apple*.' 'The Queen-apple is of two sorts,

both of them great, faire red apples, and well relished, but the greater is the best' (Parkinson, *Paradisus Terrestris*, 1629).

xvii. ll. 37-8,

'who those ruddie lips can misse,
Which blessed still themselves doe kisse.'

The Earl of Stirling copies daintily after this couplet in 'Aurora' (Sonnet xxviii. : Poetical Works, vol. i. p. 37), as follows :

'That I might kisse the still-selfe-kissing roses.'

xvii. l. 55, '*pomels*' = a round ball or knob on top or head of a thing : pommeau, Fr.

xvii. l. 65, '*Waste it is call'd, for it doth waste.*' Again the Earl of Stirling copies (Aurora, Song viii. ib. p. 88), as follows :

'And now, my Muse, we must make hast
To it that's justly call'd the wast,
That wasts my heart with hopes and feares,' &c.

xvii. l. 77. Before this he says : 'There may one see, and yet not see : ' and he would hardly speak of the lady exposing herself naked to the sight of several. Hence I had read 'there' for 'their' of '98, 1605, 1613, &c. ; but have since found it is 'then' in 1590 *Arcadia*—undoubtedly the true word. Line 80, 'alabaster : ' such is the early spelling, although 'alabastre' occurs in Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*, v. 1912) : so too with Dr. Alabaster's name, which is often met with as 'Alablaster' (*e.g.* in Fuller), which is nearer to its derivation from *arcubalista* = cross-bow.

xvii. l. 82, '*satten-like* : ' so 'Aurora-like,' 'serpent-like,' before. Line 97, 'bought : ' substantive for 'to bow'—(1) a twist, link, or knot ; (2) a flexure : 'The flexure of the joints is not the same in an elephant as in other quadrupeds ; the *bought* of the forelegs not directing backward, but laterally, and sometimes inward' (Browne ; Bailey, *s. n.*). See also Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. xi. st. xi. (misgiven by Bailey to Shakespeare) : also *ibid.* b. i. c. i. st. xv., and Virgil's *Gnat*, st. xxxii., and Milton's *L'Allegro*, 'many a *bought*.'

xvii. l. 110, '*mewes*' = enclose, shut up.

xvii. l. 112, '*march-pane* : ' confection made of almonds, sugar, &c. : *masse-pain*, Fr. = macaroons.

xvii. l. 131, '*shafts of Cupid's war*' = fingers. See previous note (x. l. 148).

xvii. ll. 140-143. Our punctuation is an endeavour to make

plain the intentional incompleteness of the clauses, by which the speaker expresses his inability to describe her perfections, and ends 'As I began,' &c.

xviii. Plangus and Basilius, pp. 56-63. Line 1, later editions misdrop 'long.' Line 18, 'all but iests' = all, jests only, nothing but jests. Line 28, 'state.' If we take 'state' in the sense of dignity, the meaning will be—it is the right of man, as one over whom he has unlimited sway, that alone gives Grief his princely or regal state, standing, or status, that alone makes him a prince or high power. But the phrase is open to other interpretations.

xviii. l. 48, 'relent' = soften, but a noticeable use of the word.

xviii. l. 57, 'all thy starrie eyes' a reminiscence perhaps of Plato's epigrammatic saying in a storm, that the ship could not perish with so many eyes upon it (pointing to the stars). Line 107, 'witold.' Was a pun intended, 'wit-old'? Line 125, 'glasse.' See previous note (on vi. l. 55). Line 151, 'from'—query, 'with'?—'plainfulnesse.' This, which is self-evidently the word of Sidney, was printed accurately so in 1590 *Arcadia*; but in after-texts erroneously 'painfulnesse' (as in line 153) = plainiveness. Line 180, 'asse' : of the Fable.

xix. The Storie of Cupid, pp. 63-5. Line 43, 'old driuell' = dotard.

xxi. Verses written on a 'Sandie Bank,' pp. 65-6. Line 11, 'make' = doth make.

xxiv. Dametas on the Gitterne, p. 67. Line 1 = [It is] a hatefull cure to heal with hate: [it is] A bloody help, &c.

xxvi. Hymn to Apollo, pp. 68-9. Line 2, 'our little world' = the Microcosmos. Line 10, 'brickle' : the old and accurate form of 'brittle,' from the Anglo-Saxon *brecan*. So in Spenser, 'faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme' (*Faerie Queene*, b. iv. c. x.). See also *Ruines of Time*, l. 499.

xxvii. Skirmish betwixt Reason and Passion, pp. 69-71. Pt. ii. l. 8, 'passe' : apparently used, as before, in sense of 'exult.' See previous note and Glossarial-Index, s. v.

xxviii. Dicus and Dorus, pp. 71-5. Line 10, 'Not so' = It is not as you say. This has no reference to the speaker's preceding words, which are a kind of preliminary remonstrance, but is his answer to the imputation in l. 8 of Dicus' stanza.

xxviii. l. 23, 'three-leau'd grasse' = trefoil — a bit of Folk-lore. Line 85, 'earth of others' woe.' Pliny says of the

wolf, When he is very hungry, and can get no other prey, he feedeth on the earth (N. H. b. viii. c. 22, Holland). Batman repeats this; but Sidney's belief seems to be that the wolf, before attacking, takes it to make him heavier, and therefore stronger in the combat. Line 99 = [May] she oft bend her looks to thee; [and may] the stars also bend her favour to thee.

xxix. Nico and Dorus, pp. 76-84. This Dialogue is found only in Arcadia 1590, leaf 237 v to 240 v. We take it from hence.

xxix. ll. 14-15, '*crouch*:' in the former = crutch; in the latter = a cross—both being meanings of the word; and a third 'a piece of money.'

xxix. l. 42, '*spectled*' = marked in such shape. It is not 'speckled.'

xxix. l. 114, '*babe*:' generally the semblance of an infant, i. e. a doll: here her semblance in the brook, as shown by next line = reflection-picture.

xxix. l. 120, '*weare*:' probably, in causal sense, to cause her to wear.

xxix. l. 108, '*She did the waters wash*' = wash: a conceit found later in Crashaw, and elsewhere—in Crashaw with relation to Pilate's washing his hands.

xxx. Strephon and Klaius, pp. 84-7. Line 1, 'goat-heard.' There may be a pun here on goat-hair'd (hair is not unfrequently spelled 'heare') and goat-herd.

xxx. l. 42, '*serene*.' Fr. *serain* and *serein*, '*faire, cleare, calm, or open weather*: also the mildew, or harmfull dew of some summer evenings' (Cotgrave). The second sense is due to the fact of dews falling heavily on such '*faire*' evenings, and becoming—in aguish and marsh-fever countries—impregnated with the fever poison. Italian, *serena*. Ben Jonson uses the word.

In the context the present poem is described as 'a double Sestina:' Sestina = a stanza of six rhyming lines in lyrical verse. Otherwise a lyrical song of six stanzas of six eleven-syllable lines in each stanza, the last words of which are the same in each stanza, with a repetition or tail of three lines only, which contain the six final words of each stanza, as see the three separate lines at end of this double Sestina. The first line, again, of each succeeding stanza ends with the word that ends the last line of the stanza before it (Vauzon, Dizion.

Univ. de Ling. Ital.). This Sestine has the further peculiarity, that numbering the lines of the first stanza as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the second stanza uses their final words in its 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 lines in this order—6, 1-5, 2-4, 3; and then stanza iii. uses those of stanza ii. in the same order—giving the further permutation, 3, 6-4, 1-2, 5. By this means, they return in stanza vii. (the beginning of the second set of six) to their original order, 1-6, again to go through the same changes. The tail-bit of three separate lines contains all the six words in their original reference.

xxxi. A Crown of Dizaines, with a Pendent: Strephon and Klaius, pp. 87-92. The context designates this 'a dizaine,' which 'was answered vnto him in that kinde of verse which is called the crowne.' Dizaine is 'a tenth; also a ditty of ten stanzas, or stanza of ten verses [= lines]; also a paire [= set] of beads containing ten peeces or courses; also a French penny' (Cotgrave). Here Sidney seems to use it for a song of ten stanzas of ten lines each, and pendent. We have an example of the 'Crowne' in *DONNE*, as before (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 276-81).

xxxi. l. 33, '*sighs*:' usually misprinted 'sight.' Line 53. This is obscure. Even 'ruth' for 'truth' does not altogether clear it. Nor can I see the meaning of a capital in 'Fast,' as usually. Is 'no truth to misse' a sub-explanatory apology for so describing what the 'seede' is? Line 87, 'hent:' misprinted 'bent' = took (*Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. ii. st. i.: Shakespeare frequently).

xxxii. Geron and Philisides, pp. 92-7. This, except the first line of the first stanza, and the fifth line of all, is in the double five rhyming heroic verse before described. This form exists in stanzas of five lines each, and is continued in l. 26, this being the transition line. It is also found in l. 32, but perhaps occurs there by accident or oversight. Line 39, 'iurate:' a magistrate: jurator, from *jura*, Lat. Line 41, 'which,' as referring to several nouns, has here a verb singular. Line 52, 'she is a she' = a woman: I follow here '98. Line 60, 'coy'd' = made coy. Line 88, 'cradle-witted.' Robert Fergusson—precursor of Robert Burns—in his *Farmer's Ingle* (on which the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' was modelled) thus finely apologises for the weaknesses of old age:

'The mind's eye *cradled* when the grave is near.'

xxxiii. Geron and Mastix, p. 92. Line 13, 'foen' = foe, as elsewhere.

xxxiii. l. 19, '*spake grew*.' Nares, giving this passage, says, it 'seems to be put for the Greek term *γρυ*, i. e. any trifling or very worthless matter.' But this seems far-fetched, and the sense does not fit the context. Of our 'grieve,' Fr. grever, and Anglo-Norman greve (Halliwell), we have the Lincolnshire form *grue*, and the archaic grewend, grieving (Halliwell). Taking the senses in which the French grever is used, and our grievous, to vex, annoy, hurt, 'grew' would, if so derived, mean vexingly. Again—and perhaps connected with the root grever—we have in modern German various words of the root *grau*, as *graus*, n. horror, adj. horrible, dreadful, awful; and *grausam*, cruel, fierce, horrible, which agrees with North of England and Scotch *gruesome*. 'Grew,' so derived, would give the sense of cruelly, threateningly, &c. Lastly, it may be of the root of rough, bruh, and ruh, Anglo-Saxon—German, *ranh*—signifying both rough and gruff; and this is rendered likely by the analogy of gruff. The sense thus obtained of roughly, gruffly, surlily, &c. inclines me to assign it as the meaning here.

xxxiii. l. 22, '*sneb*' = snub. So Spenser, '*snebbe* the good oak' (S. Cal. l. 126) = to chide or revile.

xxxiii. l. 23, '*red*' = as we say colloquially, gave him a talking to, read him a lesson.

xxxiii. l. 26, '*saddest*' = gravest.

xxxiii. l. 34, '*con thee thanke*.' So, 'Freind Hoggarde, *I cun you thanke*, that you have learned somewhat at Father Latimer's sermons' (Mayor's Nic. Ferrar, p. 116).

xxxiii. l. 44 = the monitor or other says this of one whom he overlooks. The next clause is made ambiguous by Sidney's not unfrequent omissions of pronouns and particles. It may be the sense is—One or other of the two monitors says of a third—the third, his lesson mist; or we may interpret it, the third [tale-bearer says]—his lesson mist, where we must supply [he] his or 'his or—his lesson [is] mist, in accordance with the rule which frequently omits the substantive verb when the participle in -ed is used.

xxxiii. l. 62, '*mickle warse*.' 'mickle' = much: Scoticè, 'muckle': 'warse,' Scoticè for 'worse.'

xxxiii. l. 76, '*would*.' some texts 'would,' and some 'could,' and Dublin edition 'nould' = ne would, willed not, or rather never willed to sing, never did sing, that he did not satirise others. Cf. Spenser (Faerie Queene, b. i. c. vi. st. 17). It is

'would' in '98. I have adopted 'nould.' Line 89, 'match' = flint-stock, or piece of rope (for cannon).

xxxiv. Philisides and Echo, p. 101. Line 12. I punctuate 'is it' as = is't, for scansion. 'Oh what | must be a spondee, and then we must read | is't! What | . Line 24, 'ay.' I venture to correct here the misprint, 'yea.' Line 48. In accord with his usual practice (see 'drinell,' xix. l. 43), Sidney makes | euills Deuills | a spondee. Though how it is to be pronounced as such, it is difficult to understand, the less so as Echo must repeat brokenly Philisides' words, 'doe euills.' Sidney seems to have taken the license of writing for the eye, not for the ear, which our old Poets did.

xxxiv. l. 49. Our text misprints 'deuill' for 'deuills' (ii.) and 'hells' for 'hell'—the 's' misplaced.

xxxvii. Dorus, p. 108, ll. 3-4. Construction is, to receive [the] lovely direction of goodness.

xxxvii. l. 20, '*puddled opinions*.' Query=obscure as 'puddled water' is to vision?

xxxviii. Geron and Philisides, p. 110. The present poem (Geron and Philisides), as well as Philisides and Echo song, are clear reflections of the Stella passion, and were probably written during the earlier stage of that passion-period. Philisides is Sidney; Philoclea is Stella throughout.

xxxviii. l. 9. The parenthetical clause here has a parenthesis within it. I have marked the latter only; but it is rather difficult to say whether we should read:

'Unto thy self—I do mean, (those . . . thee):'

or

'Unto thy self, (I do mean . . . thee):'

or

'Unto thyself I do mean, (those . . . thee).'

In no case, however, is the sense changed.

xxxviii. l. 67, '*Well, but faultie I was*:' the repetition and acknowledgment of one of her accusations.

xxxix. Amphialus' dreame, p. 115, l. 14, '*Which*.' So 1605: misprinted 'With' in our text (1613).

xxxix. l. 45, 'stow' = 'Come to find a place.' The transitive verb *stow* means to put in a place: here it is used intransitively.

xxxix. l. 64. The construction is '[was] prest.'

xxxix. l. 112, '*stay*' = no doubt [they are, men are] a noble stay or support.

xl. Love-wrongs, p. 123. This, in 1605 edition of *Arcadia*, is given at p. 289 and also at p. 473, being headed there 'To the tune of Non credo giache più in felice amante.' In our text (1613) it appears at p. 289, but not among the *Certaine Sonnets*; yet is the succeeding piece there 'The Nightingale, &c.' headed 'To the same tune,'—oblivious of the withdrawal of the preceding with its tune as above. So in after-editions.

xli. The Epitaph, p. 124. This is found blank in early editions.

xlili. *Zelmane* in *Love-gloom*, p. 125. In this Sonnet each line ends with one of two words, as in Sonnet lxxxix. of *Astrophel and Stella*. Other instances of conceitful tasks are Sonnet 'How is my sun' (xli.), where every line rhymes to 'bright:' Sonnet 'Doe not disdaine' (li.), where the rhyme of ll. 1, 3, 6, 8 is continued in ll. 9, 12. In liii. 'Yon goodly pines,' where eight lines have one rhyme, six another, and four another, all in nearly alternate rhymes. Perhaps Sonnet lxvi. 'Vertue beauty' is the most remarkable of all.

xli. At least, &c. p. 127. Line 11, 'due'=sighs due to the sorrow, in proportion to.

l. *Rural Poesie*, p. 129. Line 14, 'sleekestone'=a smoothing-stone for smoothing or dressing linen or leather, &c.

li. *Love-lines*, &c. p. 129. L. 14. In the preceding line each giver is given, and the meaning therefore is, neither shall part from the other, neither heart from word, nor word from heart.

liii. *Musidorus' Love-words*, p. 130. Line 4, 'Of some late grace'=Through some late vouchsafed grace of heaven receive a greater grace [than those lent by earth] by her, &c.

lvi. *Madrigall*, p. 133. L. 11. It appears to me that this line is a repetition of the sun's supposed answer, and hence I have placed it within (' '). Then comes the reply, No, no, &c. Line 13, i.e. with bar of dark shadow let down between us.

lvii. *Philoclea's Passion*, p. 133. Line 7. The construction is—I may justly challenge [as] great.

lviii. *My Lute*, p. 134. L. 8, 'ground:' an old musical term for an air or musical subject, on which variations and divisions were to be made, the variations being called the *descant*.

lix. *Love-Signs*, p. 135. Line 11. Construction is—doth veil our weaker sight, [sight] too weak for them.

lx. *Aurora*, p. 135. Lines 1-2. The thought perhaps suggested by the proverbial weather-saying:

'Red in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning.'

lx. l. 7. The construction is, instead of doing right to our pressed breasts, [still with thee does light] more grievous weight.

lxiv. Secret Woes, p. 137. The student-reader will study the prose-context here, pp. 368-9 *et seqq.*

lxv. Deaf Heavens, p. 138, l. 2. Construction is—disguise [as] *vertue faire*.

lxvi. Dicus, &c. p. 139. L. 27 *et seqq.* The Nymphs of Wales presided over life, and hence I suppose over the end of life. The rest, by the simile of rivers, seems to belong to them too; though it sounds strange to wish their lives to glide on as one stream, after the wish as to their single grave. Hence, I rather incline to think, that taking the thought from his previous mention of the Nymphs, Sidney says, And [that] like two rivers sweet, one stream of their life [may] contain both: do thou, O Hymen, &c. This is borne out by the old punctuation scare (:), but not by containe (:), which should be (,). Yet it must be said that the construction of l. 8 rather favours the former view. Is the 'stream of life'=after the 'bodies' are laid in the 'one grave'?

lxvii. Nico, p. 143. This is like, and one would say is modelled on, a tale by Boccaccio, and yet there are touches of circumstance and of individuality in the description of the courtier, as to lead to the supposition that it may have been based on some scandalous story of those times. Line 13, 'silly' may here be a kind of reduplication of innocent in sense of simple (*sine plica*), simple innocent, innocent unknowing of ill. Cf. 'silly garment' and note in our SOUTHWELL, p. 174. Line 30, 'abide' seems right at first sight, but the true construction of next stanza is, He for'st her, with clumpish looks, &c. to think. There are some touches of humour in this piece, which I have endeavoured to mark by an occasional (—). Line 108. Query—his wrong, *i.e.* the wrong he does in suspecting you, or wrong-suspecting?

lxix. A Countreie Song, p. 148. Line 27, '*race*.' See note on Astrophel and Stella, vol. i. p. 115. Line 3, 'mother Sea'=the sea, which in the then philosophy, by secret ways in the earth, fed all the springs. See our note in SOUTHWELL, p. 47, and of vol. i. p. 125. Line 61, 'lyribbring.' Nares says, a sort of cant or fictitious word, signifying warbling or singing. He gives no other example than this. It is plainly imitative. Line 88, 'wretched prey'=I presume 'from the wretched one that has

become the prey of the fowler.' Line 105, 'Ciprus:' in 1605 'Holland.'

lxx. Shepherd-Lay, p. 153. Line 30, 'iump'=equal, exactly together, all of a piece. It is said by some to be from 'jump together;' but this phrase is probably secondary, derived from the similarity of two really different words. More likely it is a variant of the root *imp*. An *imp* is an addition of like to like, or offspring like the parent, and hence would come to mean a thing equal to or of a piece with another. It favours this derivation that Shakespeare uses it much in the sense of *imp*, when he says, 'to jump a body with a dangerous phisic' (Coriolanus, act iii. sc. 1). Other passages support the same view. Line 38, 'wont:' used as by Donne without the substantive verb [was]. Line 43, 'mariner time.' See note on Astrophel and Stella, vol. i. pp. 126-7. Ibid. 'n'ot'=knew not, *i.e.* ne wot.

lxx. l. 66, 'puing'=making a noise as does the puet, pewit, or lapwing.

lxx. l. 81, 'sparrow.' See Pliny, N. H., and Donne's Metemp. and our relative note, vol. i. p. 77.

lxx. l. 83, 'elephant a perfect memory.' 'But no marvel it is that they should loue who are so good of memorie. For the same Juba saith, that an elephant tooke knowledge and acquaintance of one man in his old age, and after many a yere, who in his youth had been his ruler and gouernor' (Holland's Pliny, N. H. l. viii. c. 5). Line 95, 'ducke, ease to yeeld'=a bird easily driven and managed. Hence, perhaps, the endearing use of the word, as well as from its soft yielding plumage.

lxxi. Geron and Histor, p. 159. L. 10, 'spare.' This may mean to preserve, but more probably to employ or use with frugality, good domestic economists.

lxxii. Earth to earth, p. 164. Line 1, later editions misprint 'past.'

lxxiii. Night, p. 164. L. 14, 'blest'=blessed—unusual spelling.

lxxiv. Agelastus' Sestine, p. 165. See note on Sestines, ante. The art of these sestines is akin to that of bout-rimes.

lxxv. Song of Lamentation, p. 166. L. 70, 'Sinne:' throughout there is the most unfortunate misprint of 'Sunne' in early, *e.g.* 1590 and 1598, and in later editions, *e.g.* 1605 and 1655. It is 'Sinne' correctly in our text (1613). Line 137, 'descrie.' See note on Astrophel and Stella, vol. i. pp. 119-120.

lxxviii. 'A Remedy for Love,' p. 174. Our text of this humorously-satiric poem is from Harleian ms. 6057, p. 10 v, where it is entitled 'An old dittie of Sir Phillip Sidneye's, omitted in the printed Arcadia.' It appeared in 1655 edition of 'Arcadia,' &c. at end (3 pages), but is there incomplete. These variations in 1655 may be recorded: l. 8, 'As orient pearls and rubies are;' l. 10, 'som[e] thousand;' l. 11, 'For due proportion such an air:' ms. 'a sweete:' the former adopted; l. 12, 'and so fair;' l. 13, 'brownness;' l. 14, 'And doth inchant;' l. 15, 'great day;' l. 22, 'sick with love of;' l. 25, 'young Cupid;' ll. 27-8, '—pretious poet, Whose lips of marble, teeth of jet;' ll. 27-34 not in 1655; ll. 35-6, 'of strong defence, To conjure down concupiscent;' l. 39, 'But' for 'Till;' l. 41, 'Been heal'd and;' l. 42, 'I nere had had;' l. 44, 'wrought;' l. 45, 'Mopsa would come;' l. 59, 'No . . . if;' l. 60, 'By the Stocks or Cornhill's square;' l. 61, 'There;' l. 64, 'young canarie;' l. 75, 'Ho-boy;' l. 77, 'pretious;' l. 82, 'And Ovid;' ll. 83-6 not in 1655; ll. 87-90,

'Mopsa is Love's best medicine,
True water to a lover's wine:
Nay, shee's the yellow antidote
Both bred and born to cut Love's throat.'

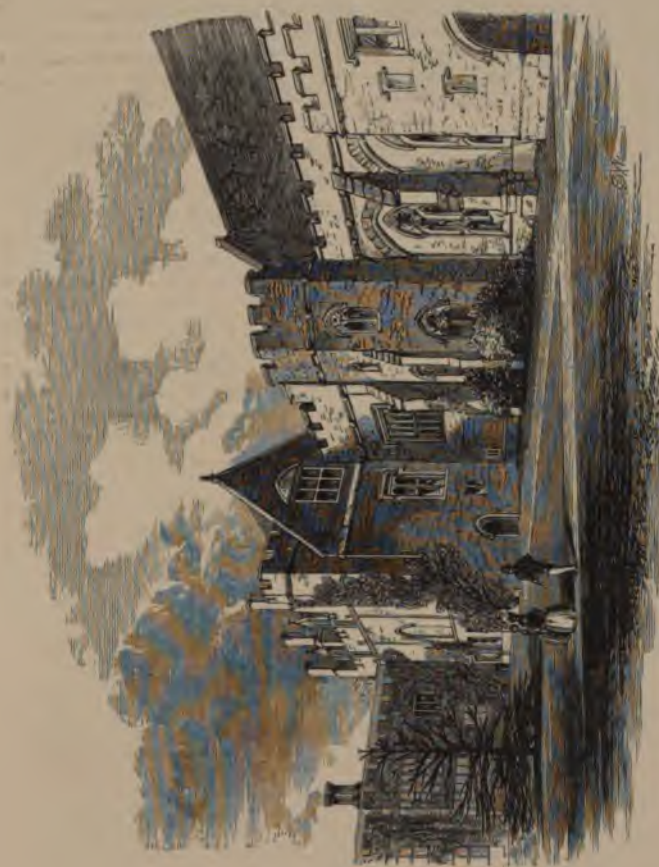
Line 92, '(Mopsa) and I'll them both defie;' l. 93, 'gallant;' ll. 95-6,

'For thy face (that Medusa's shield)
Will bring mee safe out of the field.'

Line 12, 'not soe faire.' One lady is a blonde, the other a brunette. This is clear from the description and from the simile of the two horses. The former has been described; now he turns to the other, and says 'For,' in order that there may be a due proportion between the two, such an air circles the other that it beautifies her 'brownness.' 'Browes' of the Harleian ms. for 'brownness' of 1655 is very harsh. I adopt 'For' of 1655, and also 'brownness.' I have preferred too the indefinite 'some' of 1655 to 'ten' of ms. (l. 10); and as here again the vision of Stella is before us, one is inclined for that reason to accept the 'orient pearls and rubies' of 1655 (l. 8) rather than the ms. 'As lillies and white roses are,' as being more expressive of her glittering star-like beauty. On the other hand, the text of 1655 tends to say that the other's 'brownness' without that air would not have been beautiful. This is avoided in the ms. reading, where the thought conveyed is, that the sweet air adds to, or intensifies, her brunette beauty. Hence the 'lillies and roses'

was in all probability the later reading, and therefore adopted by us. The longer description of Mopsa confirms this, though neither agree with the description in Mopsa (i. of this Series); yet I have preferred 'great' in l. 15 of 1655 to 'bright' of ms., and retain 'young' in l. 25, as running better with the scansion of next line, as well as introducing that favourite conceit of young, old, or senior-junior, Dan Cupid. Gray and the Boston reprint place the present poem as the first of 'Miscellaneous Poems.' It seemed well to put it among the Arcadia pieces, as so evidently belonging to it in relation to Mopsa.

lxxix. Love, p. 178. I take this from Harleian ms. 6910, fol. 169 *verso*. The ms. is a letter-paper sized quarto, with ruled marginal lines and the writing careful throughout, as of an amanuensis, with various words in a different and enlarged form. In it are a number of poems of value and interest. The last is especially carefully written, being a rather long poem on the supposed loss of Essex, ending fol. 190. The ms. also contains Mother Hubbard's Tale, Virgil's Gnat, and the Ruins of Time, at and towards the commencement. None of the contents have their authors' names, except three short pieces, one following the other, by Th. Camp[ion], and three pieces within a page or two of one another, signed P. S. Hence the ms. is probably of Elizabethan date. Besides the three signed as by Sidney, there are no others by him. One is Song viii. of *Astrophel and Stella*; another, No. lxvii. of *Arcadia* (b. iii.), 'A neighbour mine . . .'; the third is the present poem, which somehow has never before been printed. It is signed 'finis P. S.' It has the rhythm and flow of Sidney; but has equivocal touches that make it scarcely worthy of him, or of preservation. Having come on it (through a literary friend), I could hardly withhold it. Against l. 5, 'preeve,' I have placed 'privet'=privet-hedge. Line 16 was omitted and interlined. One of the ms. keepers read it 'Well, I hope shal beloued.' I have ventured to insert 'I,' and to separate 'beloued.' But the meaning remains obscure, especially in relation to 'proned' (l. 15). In l. 42 'deffences,' except as a rhyme-word, holds no meaning to me. G.



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PENSHURST : VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.

II.
PSALMS.

VOL. II.

DD

NOTE.

THE 'Psalmes' of Sidney and his Sister, though known and named repeatedly in various places and noticeably celebrated by Dr. Donne (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 313-15), were not printed until 1823, as follows:

THE
PSALMES OF DAVID

TRANSLATED INTO
DIVERS AND SUNDRY KINDES OF VERSE,
MORE BARE AND EXCELLENT
FOR THE
Method and Varietie

THAN EVER YET HATH BEEN DONE IN ENGLISH.

BEGUN BY
THE NOBLE AND LEARNED GENT.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNT.

AND FINISHED BY
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,
HIS SISTER.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM
A Copy of the Original Manuscript,
TRANSCRIBED BY JOHN DAVIES, OF HEREFORD,
IN THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

[1823.]

The ms. of John Davies passed from the Bright Sale to Penshurst. It is mainly interesting as a specimen of fine penmanship. A very slight examination revealed errors and obscurities.

My own text is based on a ms. (Rawlinson, Poet. 25) in the Bodleian, written by Dr. Samuel Woodford. It was taken from a ms. of a scribe who copied under the superintendence of Sir Philip Sidney himself. In certain places—as recorded in our Notes—Sir Philip writes, 'Leave a space here,' for a variant stanza, and there are occasionally alterations in his own autograph. In two places the scribe has made an error and corrected it; but there still remain seventeen mistakes, besides several more or less probable, which may be sometimes due to clerical errors in Sir Philip's own manuscript, but which in most cases must be errors of the scribe. They are as follows:

Ps. v. st. v. l. 5, '*they blessed*' for '*thou blessest*,' or '*blessedst them*.'

Ps. xiv. st. i. l. 2, '*His heart*' for '*his guilty heart*,' as required by metre.

Ps. xviii. st. i. l. 5, '*My refuge then*' for '*My refuge refuge then*,' as ib.

Ps. xviii. st. xi. l. 7, '*they clay*' for '*the*'—former nonsense.

Ps. xviii. st. xii. l. 2, '*thou dost make*' for '*thou mak'st*,' destroying metre.

Ps. xx. st. v. l. 1, '*my*' for '*me*'—giving no sense nor any nominative.

Ps. xxii. st. iii. l. 2, '*lawes*' for '*lawdes*;' and probably '*are*' for '*is*.'

Ps. xxiv. st. ii. l. 2, '*And who shall stand*,' where the '*And*' adds a syllable and changes the metre ('~' to '~').

Ps. xxviii. st. i. l. 1, '*To thee, O Lord, my cry I send*.' Ib.

Ps. xxxi. st. ix. l. 2, '*drunch*' for '*dumb*'—a sheer mistake.

„ st. xi. l. 1, '*time*' for '*hast[e]*'—wrong both by rhyme and original.

Ps. xxv. st. ix. l. 3, '*And will saue whom his true sight cleare*,' where '*true*' is required by metre.

Ps. xl. st. vi. l. 4, '*curst*,' and so Trinity College ms., for '*cast*.' But the '*away*' plainly shows that '*cast*' is right, and so the original.

Ps. xli. st. vi. l. 3, '*Whence*' for '*whom*.' With '*whence*' there is no accusative to '*place*,' nor does it agree with the original. '*O place of places all*,' is an apostrophe to the noun implied in the phrase '*dost place me [in a place] before thy face*.'

Ps. xliii. st. v. l. 1, '*Then loe, then will I,*' destroying rhyme.

In Psalm xxxiv. also (as noted) two verses were placed before instead of other two, and in two cases '*Deus*' has been miswritten in the headings instead of the contraction of *Dominus* (Ps. xxiv. and xxvi.).

The following are probably errors:

Ps. iv. st. vii. l. 4, '*By power of whose own onely brest.*' This may be right, because Sidney may have chosen to read '*power*' as dissyllabic, and the change seems to show that this was so. But the addition of '*own*' (in another hand) is important, as showing that it was corrected, and probably by the Countess or some friend, from another copy.

Ps. vii. st. xiii. l. 3, '*out*' for '*forth*,' which, as '*bring forth*' is the idiomatic phrase, seems a scribe's substitution—of which we have an example in *Astrophel* and *Stella* sonnets.

Ps. xxii. st. xiv. l. 4, '*wch foule*' for '*with foule*.' Ps. xxvii. st. v. l. 2, '*I,*' for '*He will*.' Ps. xxxv. st. v. l. 3, leaves out '*this*.' Davies leaves out '*with*.' Trinity College rightly keeps both, '*with this* (*i.e.* next line) *euill* (*monosyll.*) *case*.'

Ps. xxxvi. st. ii. l. 4, '*thoughts all good forget*'—where, partly from verbs—though we sometimes have '*do*' understood—and partly from '*wordes*,' '*deedes*,' I take '*thoughts*' to be right.

Ps. xxxviii. st. xiv. l. 3. '*To*' is not English: '*Loe*' (Trinity College) is better, but Davies here seems best of all. Again, in Ps. xlii. l. 1, in British Museum ms. 12,048, the reading is '*chased*,' not '*chafed*,' as in Woodford, Trinity College, and Davies.

In Ps. xxvi. both mss. in British Museum, 12,047 and 12,048, give '*blood-seekers*,' not '*suckers*,' as in Woodford. The original is '*bloody men*'—*cum viris sanguinum* (Vulg.); and probably this is another instance of error in Sidney's scribe.

While, accordingly, I have made the Bodleian Woodford ms. my basis-text, rather than simply reproduce the Davies from the 1828 edition, our Notes will show occasional acceptance of readings from a ms. in Trinity College, Cambridge. I owe hearty thanks to W. Aldis Wright, Esq. for a most careful collation of the entire forty-three Psalms by Sidney with this ms. It undoubtedly represents later readings, and almost throughout confirms the Woodford ms. as against the Davies ms. I have not thought it necessary to record all the Trinity College read-

ings where these agreed with the Woodford; but otherwise none of interest has been over-passed.

Returning now upon the Woodford and other mss. I have some additional remarks to make. Four of the Psalms—xxiii. xxvi. xxix. and xxxi.—originally ended as short poems were occasionally made to end contemporaneously, with a tag of the length of half a stanza or verse. Sidney, however, whether to assimilate these to the rest or to adapt them for singing, decided on altering this form. Accordingly, after each of these Psalms had been written, in three there is in Sidney's own hand, as already noticed, 'Leave space here,' &c., and then follows, in the scribe's writing, a stanza in which are compressed the thoughts of the original stanza and a half, while this stanza and a half are crossed out. Hence, as Sidney's directions are written on each occasion, two things follow: (a) that the transcript was made under Sidney's supervision, and looking to the seventeen distinct transcript errors, that his revision or supervision was made before the insertion of each Psalm, rather than after; (b) that these changes now spoken of were not finally decided on, but tentative. Had Sidney finally decided, he would probably have struck out the original endings at once and together; but he did less, and did not even strike them out one by one as he came to them, but allowed each to be written in, and then wrote—and this is a proof that he had been revising them one by one and giving them to be copied—'Leave a space,' &c. The crossing out of the original stanza and a half may show that he then or afterwards rejected them, or it may have been done to prevent confusion, and also to prevent both versions from being used—read, sung, or copied together. These views will be found, too, to agree with the conclusions from the Trinity College and Davies and British Museum mss., which go to show that the Woodford ms. new stanzas were on reconsideration rejected.

The Trinity College ms., as *supra*, agrees extensively with the very best readings of the Woodford, but it also varies in different places, and, errors of transcription set aside, the impression given by these variations collectively is that they are changes or revisions, not earlier readings, even though some of them (*meo judicio*) are for the worse. Of the two or three alterations in Woodford ms. in Sidney's own hand, and which are revised readings, not corrections, of clerical errors, not one of the original readings occur in this ms. It is true that in

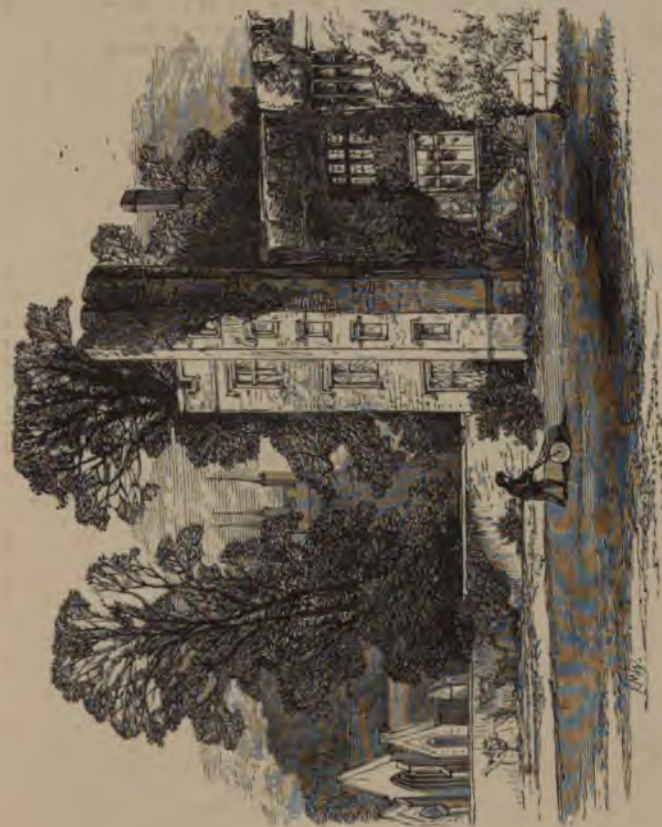
Ps. xxii. the last verse of the Woodford ms. is omitted, and in Ps. xxix. the crossed-out six lines, or stanza and a half, are given instead of the newer stanza of four lines; and therefore these two instances seem to show, contrary to the other evidence, that this Trinity College ms. is of earlier date. But when we look to other instances, and take into consideration what has already been said as to the manner in which Sidney kept and preserved these original forms, the case is altered. In each of the Psalms xxvi. and xxxi. the single stanza of Woodford is also wanting, and the stanza of the original stanza and a half is given, and the half stanza developed into a new one. These two stanzas being in each case a development of the one and a half, had they been earlier than the Woodford ms. single stanza, would have appeared therein rather than the stanza and a half. Otherwise we must believe what is improbable, that the two stanzas were the originals, were then contracted into the unusual form of a stanza and a half, and then these again brought into the old form by a further construction into one. Again, in Ps. xxiii. two lines in each stanza of Woodford are of two feet each, but in the Trinity College ms. they are three feet, and it is impossible not to see that the change has been made by adding to the original, and not by subtracting; and therefore the probability is—though, as will be seen from other mss. which agree with Woodford in having shortened lines, it is only a probability—that the Trinity College version is the later. Now here again the Woodford single stanza is wanting, and the stanza and a half given with the shortened lines altered to correspond with the rest. Lastly, in Psalm xlii. the last four lines, or half of the last stanza, are in two mss. altogether different, and it is tolerably plain that the Trinity College form is the later and better. The balance of evidence therefore stands thus: *First*, that the Trinity College ms. is the later; *secondly*, that Sidney intended to reduce all the Psalms to the full-stanza form, but at a later date rejected his attempts in the Woodford ms., and only succeeded in altering two to his satisfaction; and *thirdly*, that dissatisfied with the endings of Psalms xxii. and xlii. he altered xxii., but had not succeeded in Ps. xlii.

A comparison on these points of the British Museum mss. 12,048 and 12,047 tends to confirm these statements, for though different from the others and between themselves, and therefore independent authorities, they differ in all these points from the Woodford ms. and agree substantially with Trinity

College. 12,048 is a small 4to, in a most clear, pains-taking, long-italic-looking writing, within faint red marginal lines, and in the inner margin is written Ps. i. &c., and the P and first word of each psalm is also written in red ink. 12,047, from which Bp. Butler published his 'Sidneiana,' in part, is also a well and carefully-written quarto. The writing is of the angular character between red marginal lines. It is remarkable in this respect that it is only a selection of the Psalms, and those selected are not taken in order, but variously transposed, giving the idea that they had been selected and arranged for some special use. In another hand there is an attempt to divide them into portions [qy.—for singing?] at morning and evening prayer throughout the month; but the attempt is irregular and partial. Of Sidney's it only contains from Psalm i. to xxvi. inclusive. Both end Ps. xxii. as does Trinity College, without the original stanza of Woodford and Davies. In Ps. xxiii. both give the stanza and a half of Trinity College as crossed out in Woodford, but they agree with Woodford in having the two-feet, not the three-feet lines. In Ps. xxvi. 12,048 gives the fully-developed two stanzas, but 12,047 the crossed-out stanza and a half of Woodford. In the rest 12,048 gives, like Trinity College, the crossed-out stanza and a half of Woodford in Ps. xxix., and the stanza and a half, and not the developed two stanzas of Ps. xxxi. in Trinity College, and it agrees with Trinity College in the version of the last four lines of Ps. xlii. Bp. Butler's 'Sidneiana' (Roxburgh Club) is a most uncritical and errorful book.

Finally: it has hitherto been thought (*e.g.* Dr. Macdonald in 'Antiphon') that it was impossible to determine which Psalms belonged to Sidney and which to the Countess of Pembroke. But the evidence is multiplied that to Sidney belong only the first xliii., *e.g.* Lord Brooke's Letter given in our Essay (vol. i.) names 'about forty psalms:' Woodford, at end of Ps. xliii., notes from the autograph-corrected Sidney ms. 'Thus far Sir Philip Sidney:' British Museum ms. 12,048 writes there, 'Hactenus Sir Philip Sidney;' and so elsewhere. I should gladly have welcomed more as Sir Philip's, for there can be no question that the Countess's portion is infinitely in advance of her brother's in thought, epithet, and melody. Her most remarkable poetry is found in these Psalms.

G.



Vol. ii. p. 208.

PENSHURST: THE RECORD TOWER AND THE CHURCH.

1



THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I.

Beatus vir.

1. He blessed is who neither loosely treads
The straying steps as wicked counsaile leades ;
Ne for badd mates in waie of sinning wayteth,
Nor yet himself with idle scorners scateth ;
But on God's lawe his harte's delight doth binde,
Which, night and daie, he calls to marking minde.
2. He shall be lyke a freshly planted tree,
To which sweet springs of waters neighbours be ;
Whose braunches faile not timelie fruite to
nourish,
Nor with'red leafe shall make it faile to flourish :
So all the things whereto that man doth bend
Shall prosper still with well-succeeding end.
3. Such blessings shall not wycked wretches see,
But lyke vyle chaffe with wind shall scattred be ;
For neither shall the men in sin delighted
Consist, when they to highest doome are cited,

[=stand

Ne yet shall suff'red be a place to take
Where godly men do their assembly make.

4. For God doth know, and knowing doth approue,
The trade of them that iust proceedings loue ;
But they that sinne in sinnfull breast do cherish,
The way they go shalbe their waie to perish.

PSALM II.

Quare fremuerunt gentes ?

What ayles this Heathenish rage? what do theis people
To mutter murmurs vaine? [meane,
Why do these earthly kings and lords such meeting
And counsel jointly take [make,
Against the Lord of lords, the Lord of ev'ry thing,
And His anoynted king?
Come, let us break their bonds, say they,—and fondly
And cast their yoakes away. [say,—
But He shall them deride who by the Heav'n's is borne,
He shall laugh them to scorn,
And after speake to them with breath of wrathful fire,
And vex them in His ire ;
And say, O kings, yet have I set My King vpon
My holy hill Syon ;
And I will (sayeth his king) the Lord's decree display,
And say,—that He did say,—
Thou art My Son indeed, this day begott by Me :
Ask, I will giue to Thee

The heathen for Thy child's-right, and will Thy realme
 Farr as world's farthest end. [extend
 With iron scepter bruse Thou shalt and peecemeale
 These men like potshards weake. [breake
 Therefore, O kings, be wise; O rulers, rule your mind,
 That knowledg you may find.
 Serue God, serue Him with feare, rejoyce in Him, but so
 That joy with trembling go;
 With loving homage kisse that only Son He hath,
 Least you enflame His wrath,
 Whereof if but a sparke once kindled be, you all
 From yor way perish shall;
 And then they that in Him their only trust do rest,
 O, they be rightly blest!

PSALM III.

Domine, quid multiplici?

1. Lord, how do they encrease,
 That hatefull never cease
 To breed my grievous trouble?
 How many ones there be,
 That all against poor me
 Their numbrous strength redouble?
2. Even multitudes be they
 That to my soul do say,
 No help for you remaineth

In God, on whom you build.
Yet, Lord, Thou art my shield,
In Thee my glory raigneth.

3. The Lord lifts vp my head,
To Him my voyce I spread ;
From holy hill He heard me :
I layd me down and slept,
While He me safely kept,
And safe from sleep I rear'd me.

4. I will not be afraid
Though legions round be layd,
Which all against me gather :
I say no more but this,
Vp, Lord, now time it is ;
Help me, my God and Father !

5. For Thou, with cruel blowes
On jaw-bone of my foes,
My causeless wrongs hast wroken ;
Thou, those men's teeth which byte,
Venom'd with godless spight,
Hast in their malice broken.

6. Salvation doth belong
Unto the Lord most strong ;
For He alone defendeth :
And on those blessed same
Which beare His people's name
His blessing He extendeth.

PSALM IV.

Cum invocarem.

1. Heare me, O, heare me when I call,
O God, God of my equity !
Thou setd'st me free when I was thrall,
Haue mercy therfore still on me,
And hearken how I pray to Thee.
2. O men, whose fathers were but men,
Till when will ye My honour high
Staine with your blasphemys; till when
Such pleasure take in vanity,
And only hunt where lyes do ly?
3. Yet know this too that God did take,
When He chose me, a godly one ;
Such one, I say, that when I make
My crying plaints to Him alone,
He will giue good eare to my moane.
4. O, tremble then with awfull will,
Sinne from all rule in you depose,
Talk with yor heart and yet be still ;
And when your chamber you do close
Your selues, yet to your selues disclose.
5. The sacrifices sacrify
Of just desires, on justice stayd ;
Trust in the Lord that cannot ly.
Indeed full many folk haue said,
From whence shall come to us such ayd ?

6. But, Lord, lift Thou vpon our sight
 The shining clearness of Thy face,
 Where I haue found more heart's delight
 Than they whose stoare in harvest space
 Of grain and wine fills stoaring-place.
7. So I in peace and peacefull blisse
 Will lay me down and take my rest ;
 For it is Thou, Lord, Thou it is,
 By power of whose owne only brest
 I dwell, layd vp in Safetie's neast.

PSALM V.

Verba mea auribus.

1. Ponder the words, O Lord, that I do say,
 Consider what I meditate in me :
 O, hearken to my voice, which calls on Thee,
 My King, my God, for I to Thee will pray.
 So shall my voice clime to Thyne eares betime,
 For unto Thee I will my prayer send
 With earlyest entry of the morning prime,
 And will my waiting eyes to Thee-ward bend.
2. For Thou art that same God, far from delight
 In that which of fowle wickedness doth smel ;
 No, nor with Thee the naughty ones shall dwel,
 Nor glorious fooles stand in Thy awfull sight.
 Thou hatest all whose works in evil are plac't,
 And shalt root out the tongues to lying bent ;

For Thou, the Lord, in endless hatred hast
The murd'rous man, and so the fraudulent.

3. But I my self will to Thy house addresse
 With passe-port of Thy graces manyfold ;
 And in Thy feare, knees of my heart will fold,
Towards the temple of Thy holyness.
 Thou Lord, Thou Lord, the saver of Thyne owne,
Guide me, O, in Thy justice be my guide,
 And make Thy wayes to me more plainly known,
For all I neede, that with such foes do byde.
4. For in their mouth not one cleere word is spent,
 Their soules' fowl sinns for inmost lieing haue ;
 Their throat it is an open swallowing graue,
Wherto their tongue is flattring instrument.
 Giue them their due unto their guiltiness,
Let their vile thoughts theire thinkers ruin be :
 With heaped weights of their own sinns, oppresse
These most ungratefull rebells unto Thee.
5. So shall all they that trust on Thee do bend,
 And loue the sweet sound of Thy name, rejoyce ;
 They ever shall send Thee their praying voyce,
Since ever Thou to them wilt succour send.
 Thy work it is to blesse, Thou blessest them
The just in Thee, on Thee and justice build :
 Thy work it is such men safe in to hemm
With kindest care, as with a certain shield.

PSALM VI.

Domine, ne in furore.

1. Lord, let not me, a worme, by Thee be shent,
While Thou art in the heat of Thy displeasure ;
Ne let Thy rage of my due punishment
Become the measure.
2. But mercy, Lord, let mercy Thyne descend,
For I am weake, and in my weakness languish :
Lord, help, for even my bones their marrow spend
With cruel anguish.
3. Nay, ev'n my soul fell troubles do appall :
Alas! how long, my God, wilt Thou delay me?
Turn Thee, sweet Lord, and from this ougly fall,
My deare God, stay me.
4. Mercy, O mercy, Lord, for mercy's sake,
For death dos kill the witness of Thy glory ;
Can of Thy prayse the tongues entombèd make
A heavnly story?
5. Lo, I am tir'd, while still I sigh and groane :
My moystned bed proofes of my sorrow showeth,
My bed, while I with black Night mourn alone,
With my teares floweth.
6. Woe, lyke a moth, my face's beauty eates,
And age, pul'd on with paines, all freshness fret-
teth,
The while a swarm of foes with vexing feates
My life besetteth.

7. Get hence, you evill, who in my evill rejoyce,
 In all whose workes vainness is ever raining,
 For God hath heard the weeping sobbing voice
 Of my complaining.
8. The Lord my suite did heare, and gently heare ;
 They shall be sham'd and vext that breed my
 crying,
 And turn their backs, and strait on backs appeare
 Their shamefull flying.

PSALM VII.

Domine, Deus meus.

1. O Lord, my God, Thou art my trustfull stay ;
 O, saue me from this persecution's showre,
 Deliver me in my endangerd way.
2. Least lion like he do my soule deuoure,
 And cruelly in many peices teare,
 While I am voyd of any helping power.
3. O Lord, my God, if I did not forbear
 Ever from deed of any such desart ;
 If ought my hands of wyckednes do beare ;
4. If I have been unkynd for friendly part ;
 Nay, if I wrought not for his freedome's sake,
 Who causeless now yeelds me a hatefull heart,—

5. Then let my foe chase me, and chasing take,
Then let his foot vpon my neck be set,
Then in the dust let him my honour rake.
6. Arise, O Lord, in wrath Thy self vp sett
Against such rage of foes ; awake for me
To that high doome which I by Thee must get.
7. So shall all men with laudes inviron Thee ;
Therefore, O Lord, lift vp Thy self on high,
That evry folk Thy wondrous acts may see.
8. Thou, Lord, the people shalt in judgment try ;
Then, Lord, my Lord, giue sentence on my side,
After my clearness and my equity.
9. O, let their wickedness no longer bide
From coming to their well-deservèd end ;
But still be Thou to just men justest guide.
10. Thou righteous proofes to hearts and reines dost
send,
All, all my help from none but Thee is sent,
Who dost Thy saving-health to true men bend.
11. Thou righteous art, Thou strong, Thou patient,
Yet each day art provoakt Thyne ire to show :
For this same man will not learn to repent.
12. Therefore Thou whet'st Thy sword and bend'st Thy
bow,
And hast Thy deadly armes in order brought,
And ready art to let Thyne arrowes go.

13. Lo, he that first conceiv'd a wretched thought,
 And great with child of mischeif travailld long,
 Now brought a-bed, hath brought nought out but
 nought.
14. A pitt was digg'd by this man vainly strong ;
 But in the pitt he ruind first did fall,
 Which fall he made to do his neighbor wrong.
15. He against me doth throw ; but down it shall
 Vpon his pate, his pain employèd thus,
 And his own evill his own head shall appall.
16. I will giue thanks unto the Lord of vs,
 According to His heavnly equity,
 And will to highest name yeild prayses high.

PSALM VIII.

Domine, Dominus noster.

1. O Lord, that rul'st our mortall lyne,
 How through the world Thy name doth shine ;
 That hast of Thy unmatched glory
 Vpon the heavns engrav'd Thy story.
2. From sucklings hath Thy honour sproong,
 Thy force hath flow'd from infant's tongue,
 Whereby Thou stop'st Thyne enemy's prating,
 Bent to revenge and ever hating.

3. When I vpon the heavns do look,
Which all from Thee their essence took ;
When moone and starre my thought beholdeth,
Whose light no light but of Thee holdeth :
4. Then think I,—ah, what is this man,
Whom that great God remember can ?
And what the race of him descended,
It should be ought of God attended. = [That] it
5. For though in lesse than angel's state
Thou planted hast this earthly mate,
Yet hast Thou made even him an owner
Of glorious croune and crouning honour.
6. Thou placest him vpon all lands
To rule the works of Thyne own hands ;
And so Thou hast all things ordained,
That even his feet haue on them raignèd.
7. Thou under his dominion plac't
Both sheep and oxen wholly hast,
And all the beasts for ever breeding,
Which in the fertile fields be feeding.
8. The bird, free burgess of the ayre,
The fish of seas the natiue heire,
And what thing els of waters traceth
The unworn paths, his rule embraceth.
O Lord, that rulest our mortall lyne,
How through the world Thy name doth shine !

PSALM IX.

Confitebor tibi.

1. With all my heart, O Lord, I will prayse Thee,
My speeches all Thy mervailles shall descry;
In Thee my joyes and comforts ever be,
Yea, ev'n my songs Thy name shall magnify,
O Lord most high!
2. Because my foes to fly are now constraind,
And they are faln, nay, perisht at Thy sight;
For Thou my cause, my right Thou hast maintaind,
Setting Thy self in throne, which shined bright,
Of judging right.
3. The Gentiles Thou rebuked sorely hast,
And wyked folk from Thee to wrack do wend,
And their renoune, which seemd so long to last,
Thou dost put out, and quite consuming send
To endles end.
4. O bragging foe, where is the endles wast
Of conquerd states, wherby such fame you gott?
What! doth their memory no longer last—
Both ruines, ruiners, and ruin'd plott
Be quite forgott?
5. But God shall sit in His eternal chaire,
Which He prepar'd to giue His judgments high;
Thither the world for justice shall repara,
Thence He to all His judgments shall apply
Perpetualy.

6. Thou, Lord, also th' oppressèd wilt defend,
That they to Thee in troublous time may flee ;
They that know Thee on Thee their trust will bend,
For Thou, Lord, found by them wilt ever be
That seek to Thee.
7. O prayse the Lord, this Syon-dweller good,
Shew forth His acts, and this as act most high,
That He, inquiring, doth require just blood,
Which He forgetteth not, nor letteth dy
Th' afflicted cry.
8. Haue mercy, mercy, Lord, I once did say ;
Ponder the paines which on me loaden be
By them whose minds on hatefull thoughts do stay :
Thou, Lord, that from death gates hast lifted me,
I call to Thee,
9. That I within the ports most beautyfull
Of Syon's daughter may sing foorth Thy prayse ;
That I, even I, of heavnly comfort full,
May only joy in all Thy saving wayes
Throughout my days.
10. No sooner said, but lo, myne enemyes sink
Down in the pitt which they themselues had
wrought ;
And in that nett, which they well hidden think,
Is their own foot, ledd by their own ill thought,
Most surely caught.

11. For then the Lord in judgment shewes to raigne,
 When godless men be snar'd in their own snares;
 When wycked soules be turn'd to hellish paine,
 And that forgetfull sort which never cares
 What God prepares.
12. But, of the other side, the poore in sprite
 Shall not be scrap'd out of the heavnly scoare,
 Nor meek abiding of the pacient wight
 Yet perish shall, although his paine be sore,
 For ever more.
13. Vp, Lord, and judg the Gentyls in Thy right,
 And let not man haue vpper hand of Thee :
 With terrors great, O Lord, do Thou them fright,
 That by sharp proofes the heathen them selues
 may se
 But men to be.

PSALM X.

Ut quid, Domine ?

1. Why standest Thou so farr,
 O God, our only starr,
 In time most fitt for Thee
 To help who vexèd be ?
 For lo, with pride the wicked man
 Still plagues the poore the most he can ;
 O, let proud him be thoroughly caught
 In craft of his own crafty thought.

2. For he himself doth prayse,
When he his lust doth raise ;
Extolling ravenous gain,
But doth God self disdain.
Nay, so proud is his puffèd thought,
That after God he never sought,
But rather much he fancys this,—
That name of God a fable is.
3. For while his wayes do proue
On them he sets his loue,
Thy judgments are too high,
He cannot them espy.
Therefore he doth defy all those
That dare themselues to him oppose,
And sayeth in his bragging heart,
This gotten blisse shall ne're depart.
4. Nor he removed be,
Nor danger ever see ;
Yet from his mouth doth spring
Cursing and cosening ;
Vnder his tongue do harbour'd ly
Both mischeif and iniquity.
For proof, oft lain in wait he is,
In secret by-way villages,
5. In such a place vnknown
To slay the hurtless one :

With winking eyes aye bent
 Against the innocent,
 Like lurking lion in his denn,
 He waites to spoyle the simple men :
 Whom to their losse he still dos get,
 When once he draw'th his wily nett.

6. O, with how simple look
 He oft layeth out his hook !
 And with how humble shoves
 To trapp poore soules he goes !
 Then freely, saith he in his sprite,
 God sleeps, or hath forgotten quite ;
 His farr off sight now hood winkt is,
 He leasure wants to mark all this.
7. Then rise, and come abroad,
 O Lord, our only God ;
 Lift up Thy heavnly hand,
 And by the sylly stand. =simple-hearted (selig)
 Why should the evill so evill despise
 The power of Thy through-seing eyes ?
 And why should he in heart so hard
 Say Thou dost not Thyn own regard ?
8. But naked, before Thine eyes,
 All wrong and mischeife lyes,
 For of them in Thy hands
 The ballance evnly stands.

But who a right poor-minded be,
Commit their cause, themselves to Thee,
The succour of the succourless,
The Father of the fatherlesse.

9. Breake Thou that wyked arm,
Whose fury bends to harme ;
Search him, and wyked he
Will straight-way nothing be.
So, Lord, we shall Thy title sing,
Ever and ever to be King,
Who hast the heath'ney folk destroy'd
From out Thy land, by them anoy'd.

10. Thou openest heavnly doore
To prayers of the poore ;
Thou first preparèdst their mind,
Then eare to them enclin'd :
O, be Thou still the orphan's aide,
That poore from ruine may be stayd,
Least we should ever feare the lust
Of earthly man, a lord of dust.

PSALM XI.

In Domino confido.

1. Since I do trust Iehova still,
Your fearfull words why do you spill? =fear-making
That like a byrd to some strong hill
I now should fall a flying.

2. Behold the evill haue bent their bow,
And set their arrows in a rowe,
To giue unwares a mortall blow
To hearts that hate all lying.
3. But that in building they began,
With ground plots fall shall be undone
For what, alas, haue just men done
In them no cause is growing.
4. God in His holy temple is ;
The throne of heav'n is only His ;
Naught His all-seing sight can miss,
His eyelidds peyse our going.
5. The Lord doth search the just man's reines,
But hates, abhorrs the wyked braines ;
On them storms, brimstone, coales He raines,
This is their share assignèd.
6. But of so happy other-side,
His louely face on them doth bide,
In race of life their feet to guide,
Who be to God enclinèd.

PSALM XII.

Saluum me fac.

1. Lord, help, it is high time for me to call,
No men are left that charity do loue ;
Nay, even the race of good men are decay'd.

2. Of things vain they with vaine mates bable all ;
Their abiection lips no breath but flattery moue,
Sent from false heart, on double meaning stay'd.
3. But Thou, O Lord, giue them a thorough fall ;
Those lying lipps from coustening head remoue,
In falsehood wrapt, but in their pride display'd.
4. Our tongues, say they, beyond them all shall go ;
Wee both haue power, and will our tales too tell :
For what lord rules our braue emboldned breast ?
5. Ah ! now even for their sakes that taste of woe,
Whom troubles tosse, whose natures need doth quell ;
Even for their sighs, true sighs, of man distrest,
6. I will get vp, saith God, and My help show
Against all them that against him do swell ;
Maugre his foes, I will set him at rest.
7. These are God's words, God's words are ever pure ;
Yea, purer than the silver throughly try'd,
When fire seven times hath spent his earthy parts.
8. Then Thou, O Lord, shalt keep the good stil sure,
By Thee preserv'd, in Thee they shall abide :
Yea, in no age Thy blisse from them departs.
9. Thou seest each side the walking doth endure
Of these bad folk, more lifted vp with pride,
Which if it last, woe to all simple hearts.

PSALM XIII.

Usque quo, Domine ?

1. How long, O Lord, shall I forgotten be ?
What, ever ?
How long wilt Thou Thy hidden face from me
Dissever ?
2. How long shall I consult with carefull sprite
In anguish ?
How long shall I with foes' triumphant might
Thus languish ?
3. Behold me, Lord, let to Thy hearing creep
My crying ;
Nay, giue me eyes and light, least that I sleep
In dying :
4. Least my foe bragg, that in my ruin hee
Prevailed,
And at my fall they joy that trouble me
Assailed.
5. No, no ! I trust on Thee, and joy in Thy
Great pity ;
Still, therefore, of Thy mercies shall be my
Song's ditty.

PSALM XIV.

Disit insipiens.

1. The foolish man by fleshe and fancy led,
His guilty heart with this fond thought hath fed :
There is no God y^t raigneth.

2. And so thereafter he and all his mates
Do works which earth corrupts and Heaven hates :
Not one that good remaineth.
3. Even God Himself sent down His peircing ey,
If of this clayey race He could espy
One that His wisdom learneth.
4. And lo, He finds that all a straying went ;
All plung'd in stinking filth, not one well bent,
Not one that God discerneth.
5. O madness of these folks, thus loosely led !
These canibals, who, as if they were bread,
God's people do devouere,
6. Nor ever call on God ; but they shall quake
More than they now do bragg, when He shall take
The just into His power.
7. Indeed, the poore, opprest by you, you mock,
Their counsells are your common jesting stock ;
But God is their recomfort.
8. Ah, when from Syon shall the Saver come,
That Jacob, freed by Thee, may glad become,
And Israel full of comfort ?

PSALM XV.

Domine, quis habitabit.

In tabernacle Thyne, O Lord, who shall remayne ?
Lord, of Thy holy hill who shall the rest obtayne ?

Even he that leads of life an uncorrupted traine,
 Whose deeds of righteous heart, whose hearty words be
 plain ;
 Who with deceitfull tongue hath never used to faine,
 Nor neighbour hurts by deed, nor doth wth slaunder
 staine ;
 Whose eyes a person vile do hold in high disdain,
 But doth, with honour great, the godly entertaine ;
 Who oath and promise given doth faithfully maintain,
 Although some worldly losse therby he may sustaine ;
 From biting vsury who ever doth refrain ;
 Who sells not guiltlesse cause for filthy loue of gain :
 Who thus proceeds, for aye in sacred mount shall raign.

PSALM XVI.

Conserva me.

1. Saue mee, Lord, for why, Thou art
 All the hope of all my heart :
 Witness thou, my soule, with me,
 That to God, my God, I say,—
 Thou, my Lord, Thou art my stay,
 Though my works reach not to Thee.
2. This is all the best I proue,
 God and godly men I loue,
 And foresee their wretched paine
 Who to other gods do run ;
 Their blood offerings I do shun ;
 Nay, to name their names disdain.

3. God my only portion is,
And of my child's-part the blisse ;
He then shall maintayn my lott.
Say then, is not my lot found
In a goodly pleasant ground ?
Haue not I fair partage gott ?
4. Ever, Lord, I will blesse Thee,
Who dost ever counsell mee ;
Ev'n when Night with his black wing,
Sleepy Darkness dos oreicast,
In my inward reynes I taste
Of my faults a chastening.
5. My eyes still my God regard,
And He my right hand doth guard ;
So can I not be opprest,
So my heart is fully glad,
So my ioye in glory clad,
Yea, my flesh in hope shall rest.
6. For I know the deadly graue
On my soul no power shall haue ;
For I know Thou wilt defend
Even the body of Thyne own
Deare belovèd holy one,
From a foule corrupting end.
7. Thou life's path wilt make me know,
In whose vieue with plenty grow

All delights that soules can craue ;
 And whose bodys placèd stand
 On Thy blessed-making hand,
 They all joyes like endless haue.

PSALM XVII.

Exaudi, Domine, justitiam.

1. My suite is just, just Lord, to my suite hark ;
 I plain, sweete Lord, my plaint for pittie mark ;
 And since my lipps feign not with Thee,
 Thyne eares vouchsafe to bend to me.
2. O, let my sentence passe from Thyne own face,
 Show that Thy eyes respect a faithfull case,
 Thou that by prooffe acquainted art
 With inward secrets of my heart.
3. When silent Night might seeme all faults to hide,
 Then was I by Thy searching insight try'd,
 And then by Thee was guiltless found
 From ill word and ill-meaning sound.
4. Not weighing ought how fleshly fancys run,
 Led by Thy word, the rav'ners' stepps I shun,
 And pray that still Thou guide my way,
 Least yet I slip or goe astray.
5. I say again that I haue call'd on Thee,
 And boldly say Thou wilt giue eare to me ;
 Then let my words, my crys ascend,
 Which to Thy self my soul will send.

6. Shew Thou, O Lord, Thy wondrous kindness show,
Make us in mervail of Thy mercy know
That Thou by faithfull men wilt stand,
And saue them from rebellious hand.
7. Then keep me as the apple of an eye,
In Thy wings' shade then let me hidden ly
From my destroying wicked foes,
Who for my death still me enclose.
8. Their eyes doe swim, their face doth shine in fatt,
And cruel words their swelling tongues do chatt;
And yet their high hearts look so low,
As how to watch my overthrow;
9. Now like a lion gaping to make prayes,
Now like his whelp in den that lurking stayes:
Up, Lord, prevent their gaping jawes,
And bring to naught their watching pawes.
10. Saue me from them Thou usest as Thy blade,
From men, I say, and from men's worldly trade,
Whose state doth seeme most highly blest,
And count this life their portion best.
11. Whose bellyes so with daintys Thou dost fill,
And soe with hidden treasure grant their will,
That they in riches flourish do,
And children haue to leaue it to.

12. What would they more? And I, would not their
case :

My joy shall be pure, to enjoy Thy face,
When waking of this sleep of mine,
I shall see Thee in likeness Thine.

PSALM XVIII.

Diligam te.

1. Thee will I loue, O Lord, with all my heart's delight,
My strength, my strongest rock, which my defence
hast been ;
My God and helping God, my might and trustfull
might,
My never pierced shield, my ever-saving horn,
My refuge, refuge then when I am most forlorn :
Whom then shall I invoke but Thee, most worthy
praise,
On Whom against my foes my only safty staves ?
2. On me the paines of death already gan to prey,
The floods of wickedness on me did horrors
throw ;
Like in a winding-sheet, wretch, I already lay,
All-ready, ready to my snaring graue to go ;
This my distresse to God with wailfull cryes I
show,
My cryes clim'd vp; and He bent down from sacred
throne
His eyes unto my case, His cares unto my moane.

3. And so the earth did fall to tremble and to quake,
The mountains proudly high, and their founda-
tions, bent
With motion of His rage, did to the bottom shake.
He came, but came with smoake, from out His
nostrills sent,
Flames issued from His mouth, and burning
coales out went :
He bow'd the heav'ns, and from the bow'd heav'ns
did descend
With hugy darknes, which about His feet did
wend.
4. The cherubym's backs, the winds did yeild their
wings
To beare His sacred flight, in secret place then
clos'd ;
About which Hee dimme clouds like a pavilion
brings,
Cloudes even of waters dark and thickest ayre
compos'd :
But streight His shining eyes this misty masse
disclos'd ;
Then hayle, then fire coales, then thundred heavnly
Sire,
Then spake He His lowd voyce, then hailestones,
coales, and fire.

5. Then out His arrowes fly, and streight they scatterd
 been,
 Lightning on lightning He did for their wrack
 augment ;
 The gulfs of water then were through their chanel
 seen,
 The world's foundations then lay bare, because
 He shent
 With blasting breath, O Lord, that in Thy chid-
 ing went.
 Then sent He from aboue, and took me from below,
 Ev'n from the waters' depth my God preservd me so.
6. So did He saue me from my mighty furious foe,
 So did He saue me from their then prevailing
 hate ;
 For they had caught me vp when I was weake in woe,
 But He, staffe of my age, He staid my stumbling
 state :
 This much ; yet more, when I by Him this free-
 dom gate,— =this [was]
 By Him, because I did find in His eyesight grace,—
 He lifted me unto a largely noble place.
7. My justice, my just hands, thus did the Lord reward,
 Because I walk'd His wayes, nor gainst Him
 evely went ;
 Still to His judgments lookt, still for His statutes
 car'd ;

Sound and vpright with Him, to wyckedness not
bent.

Therefore, I say again, this goodnes He me sent,
As He before His eyes did see my justice stand,
According as He saw the pureness of my hand.

8. Meeke to the meek Thou art, the good Thy good-
ness taste ;

Pure to the pure, Thou dealst wth crooked
crookedly.

Vp then Thou listst the poore, and down the proud
will cast ;

Vp Thou dost light my light and cleare my
darkned eye ;

I hosts o'recome by Thee, by Thee ore walls I fly :
Thy way is soundly sure, Thy word is purely tryd ;
To them that trust in Thee Thou dost a sheild abide.

9. For who is God beside this great Iehova ours ?

And so, beside our God, who is indued with might ?
This God then girded me in His almighty powers,
He made my combrous way to me most plainly
right ;

To match with lightfoot staggs He made my foot
so light

That I climb'd highest hills ; He me warr points did
show,

Strengthening mine arms, that I could break an iron
bow.

10. Thou gavest me saving shield, Thy right hand was
 my stay ;
 Me in encreasing still Thy kindness did main-
 taine ;
 Unto my strengthned steps Thou didst enlarge
 the way,
 My heeles and plants Thou didst from stum-
 bling slip sustaine ; =steps
 What foes I did persue, my force did them
 attaine,
 That I ere I return'd destroy'd them utterly
 With such braue wounds, that they under my feet
 did ly.

11. For why? my fighting strength by Thy strength
 strengthned was,
 Not I but Thou throw'st down those who 'gainst
 me do rise ;
 Thou gavest me their necks, on them Thou madest
 me passe ;
 Behold they cry, but who to them his help
 applys ?
 Nay, unto Thee they cryd, but Thou heard'st
 not their cryes :
 I bett these folks as small as dust which wind dos
 rayse, =beat
 I bett them as the clay is bett in beaten wayes.

12. Thus freed from envious men, Thou makest me to
 raign,
 Yea, Thou make me be serv'd by folks I never
 knew ;
My name their eares, their eares, their hearts to me
 enchaine :
 Even feare makes strangers shew much loue,
 though much untrue ;
 But they do faile, and in their mazed corners
 rew.
Then liue Iehova still, my rock still blessed be ;
Let Him be lifted vp that hath preservèd me.
13. He that is my revenge, in Whom I realms subdue,
 Who freed me from my foes, from rebells
 guarded me,
And rid me from the wrongs which cruel witts did
 brew :
 Among the Gentiles then, I, Lord, yeeld thanks
 to Thee ;
 I to Thy name will sing, and this my song shall
 be :
He nobly saues His king, and kindness keeps in
 store
For David His anoynt' and his seed evermore.

PSALM XIX.

Cæli enarrant.

1. The heavnly frame sets forth the fame
Of Him that only thunders ;
The firmament, so strangely bent,
Shewes His hand-working wonders.
2. Day unto day doth it display,
Their course doth it acknowledg,
And night to night succeeding right
In darkness teach cleere knowledg.
3. There is no speech nor language which
Is so of skill bereavèd,
But of the skyes the teaching cryes
They haue heard and conceived.
4. There be no eyn but reade the line
From so fair book proceeding ;
Their words be set in letters great,
For ev'ry body's reading.
5. Is not he blind that doth not find
The tabernacle builded ?
There by His grace, for sun's fair face,
In beames of beauty gilded.
6. Who forth doth come, like a bridegrome,
From out his veiling places ;
As glad is he as giants be
To runn their mighty races.

7. His race is even from ends of heaven,
About that vault he goeth ;
There be no rea'ms hidd from his beames,
His heat to all he throweth.
8. O law of his, how perfect 'tis !
The very soul amending ;
God's witness sure for aye doth dure,
To simplest, wisdom leuding.
9. God's doomes be right, and cheere the sprite,
All His commandments being
So purely wise, as giue the eyes
Both light and force of seing.
10. Of Him the feare doth cleanness beare,
And so endures for ever ;
His judgments be self verity,
They are unrighteous never.
11. Then what man would so soon seek gold,
Or glittering golden mony ?
By them is past, in sweetest taste,
Hony, or comb of hony.
12. By them is made Thy servant's trade
Most circumspectly guarded,
And who doth frame to keep the same
Shall fully be rewarded.
13. Who is the man that ever can
His faults know and acknowledg ?

O Lord, cleanse me from faults that be
Most secret from all knowledg.

14. Thy servant keepe, lest in him creep
Presumptuous sins' offences ;
Let them not haue me for their slaue,
Nor reign vpon my senses.
15. Soe shall my spryte be still vpriht
In thought and conversation ;
Soe shall I bide, well purify'd,
From much abomination.
16. So let words sprung from my weake tongue,
And my heart's meditation,
My Saving Might, Lord, in Thy sight
Receiue good acceptation.

PSALM XX.

Exaudiat te Dominus.

1. Let God the Lord heare thee,
Ev'n in the day when most thy troubles be ;
Let name of Jacob's God,
When thou on it dost cry,
Defend thee still from all thy foes abroad.
2. From sanctuary high
Let Him come down, and help to thee apply ;
From Syon's holy topp
Thence let Him undertake,
With heavnly strength, thy early strength to prop.

3. Let Him notorious make
That in good part He did thy offrings take ;
 Let fyre for triall burne—
 Yea, fire from Himself sent—
Thy offrings, so that they to ashes turn.
4. And soe let Him consent
To grant thy will and perfect thy entent ;
 That in thy saving we
 May ioy, and banners raise
Vp to our God, when thy suites granted be.
5. Now in mee knowledg sayes
That God from fall His own anoynted stayes :
 From heavnly holy land
 I know that He heares mee,
Yea, heares with powers and helps of helpfull hand.
6. Let trust of some men be
In chariots, and some in chivalry ; =riders of horses
 But let all our conceit
 Vpon God's holy name,
Who is our Lord, with due remembrance wayte.
7. Behold their broken shame !
Wee stand vpright while they their fall did frame.
 Assist us, Saviour deare ;
 Let that King deine to heare
When wee doe praie and call vpon His name.

PSALM XXI.

Domine, in virtute tua.

1. New joy, new joy unto our king,
Lord, from Thy strength is growing ;
Lord, what delight to him doth bring
His safety, from Thee flowing !
2. Thou hast given what his heart would haue,
Nay, soon as he but movèd
His lips to craue what he should craue,
He had as him behovèd.
3. Yea, Thou prevent'st ere ask he could,
With many liberall blessing,
Croune of his head with croune of gold
Of purest metal dressing.
4. He did but ask a life of Thee,
Thou him a long life gavest ;
Lo, even unto eternity
The life of him Thou savest.
5. Wee may well call his glory great
That springs from Thy salvation:
Thou, Thou it is that hast him set
In so high estimation.
6. Like storehouse Thou of blessings mad'st
This man of everlasting ;
Unspeakably his heart Thou glad'st,
On him Thy count'nance casting.
7. And why all this? Because our king
In heaven his trust hath layèd ;

He only leanes on highest thing,
Soe from base slip is stayèd.

8. Thy hand Thy foes shall overtake,
That Thee so evill haue hated ; =ill
Thou as in fiery oven shalt make
These mates to be amated. =made foolish
9. The Lord on them with causefull ire
Shall use destroying power :
All flames of never-quenchèd fire
Shall these bad wights devour.
10. Their fruit shalt Thou from earthly face
Send unto desolation ;
And from among the humane race
Root out their generation.
11. For they to overthrow Thy will
Full wilily intended :
But all their bad mischeivous skill
Shall fruitlesly be ended.
12. For like a marke Thou shalt a-row
Set them in pointed places,
And ready make Thy vengefull bow
Against their guilty faces.
13. Lord, in Thy strength, Lord, in Thy might,
Thy honour high be raised ;
And so shall in our song's delight
Thy power still be praised.

PSALM XXII.

Deus, Deus meus.

1. My God, my God, why hast Thou me forsaken ?
Woe me, from me why is Thy presence taken,
So farr from seing myne unhealthfull eyes ;
So farr from hearing to my roaring cryes ?
2. O God, my God, I cry while day appeareth,
But, God, Thy eare my crying never heareth :
O God, the night in moane to Thee I spend,
Yet to my plaint Thou dost no audience lend.
3. But Thou art holy, and dost hold Thy dwelling
Where Israel Thy lawdes are ever telling ;
Our fathers still to Thee their trust did beare, in
They trusted, and by Thee deliver'd were.
4. They were set free when they vpon Thee callèd ;
They hop'd on Thee, and they were not appallèd.
But I a worm, and not of mankind am ;
Nay, shame of men, the people's scorning game.
5. The lookers now at me, poore wretch, be mocking,
With mowes and nodd they stand about me flocking :
Let God help him, say they, whom He did trust ;
Let God saue him in whom was all his lust.
6. And yet even from the womb Thy self did take me :
At mother's breasts Thou didst good hope betake me :
No sooner my child eyes could look abroad
Than I was given to Thee, my Lord, my God.

7. O, be not farr, since pain so nearly presseth,
 Since there is none, O God, who it redresseth:
 I am enclos'd with yong bulls' madded route,
 Nay, Basan-mighty bulls close me about.

8. With gaping mouth these folks on me haue chargèd,
 Like lions fierce, with roaring jawes enlargèd:
 On me all this, who do like water slide,
 Whose loosèd bones quite out of joint be wryde;
[= writhed

9. Whose heart, with these huge flames, like wax ore-
 heated,
 Doth melt away, though it be inmost seated:
 My moystning strength is like a potsherd dride,
 My cleaving tongue close to my roofe doth bide.

10. And now am brought, alas, brought by Thy power
 Vnto the dust of my death's running hower;
 For bawling doggs haue compast me about,
 Yea, worse than doggs, a naughty wicked rout.

11. My humble hands, my fainting feet they peircèd;
 They look, they gaze, my boanes might be rehearsèd.
 Of my poor weedes they do partition make,
 And do cast lots who should my vesture take.

12. But be not farr, O Lord, my strength, my comfort,
 Hasten to help me in this deep discomfort;
 Ah, from the sword yet saue my vital sprite,
 My desolated life from doggèd might.

13. From lions' mouths, O help, and shew to heare me,
By aiding, when fierce vnicorns come neare me :
To brethren then I will declare Thy fame,
And with these words, when they meet, prayse Thy
name.
14. Who feare the Lord, all prayse and glory beare Him,
You Israel's seed, you come of Jacob, fear Him ;
For He hath not abhorr'd nor yet disdain'd
The seely wretch which foule affliction stain'd ;
15. Nor hidd from him His face's faire appearing,
But when he call'd this Lord did giue him hearing.
In congregation great I will prayse Thee ;
Who feare Thee shall my vowes performèd see.
16. The afflicted then shall eat, and be well pleasèd ;
And God shall be by those His seekers prayse'd ;
Indeed, O you, you that be such of mind,
You shall the life that ever liveth find.
17. But what? I say, from earth's remotest border,
Vnto due thoughts, mankind his thoughts shall
order,
And turn to God, and all the nations be
Made worshipers before almighty Thee.
- [=reasonably, i. e. reason it is]
18. And reason, since the croune to God pertaineth,
And that by right vpon all realmes He raigneth,
They that be made even fatt with earth's fatt good
Shall feed, and laud the giver of their food.

19. To Him shall kneel even who to dust be stricken,
Even he whose life no help of man can quicken ;
His service shall from child to child descend,
His doomes one age shall to another send.

PSALM XXIII.

Dominus regit me.

1. The Lord, the Lord my shepherd is,
And so can never I
Tast misery.
He rests me in green pastures His ;
By waters still and sweet
He guides my feet.
2. Hee me revives, leads me the way
Which righteousness doth take,
For His name's sake :
Yea, tho I should thro vallys stray
Of death's dark shade, I will
No whit feare ill.
3. For Thou, deare Lord, Thou me besetst,
Thy rodd and Thy staffe be
To comfort me :
Before me Thou a table setst,
Even when foes' envious ey
Doth it espy.

4. Thou oylst my head, Thou filst my cup ;
 Nay, more, Thou endlesse good,
 Shalt giue me food :
 To Thee, I say, ascended vp,
 Where Thou, the Lord of all,
 Dost hold Thy hall.

PSALM XXIV.

Domini est terra.

1. The earth is God's, and what the globe of earth
 containeth,
 And all that in that globe doth dwell,
 For by His power the land vpon the ocean raigneth,
 Through Him the floods to their beds fell.
2. Who shall climb to the hill which God's own hill is
 namèd ?
 Who shall stand in His holy place ?
 He that hath hurtless hands, whose inward heart is
 framèd
 All pureness ever to embrace ;
3. Who, shunning vanity and works of vaineness
 leaving,
 Vainly doth not puff vp his mind ;
 Who never doth deceiue, and much lesse his de-
 ceaving
 With periury doth falsly bind.

4. A blessing from the Lord, from God of his salvation,
Sweet righteousness shall he receiue ;
Jacob, this is thy seed, God-seeking generation,
Who search of God's face never leaue.
5. Lift vp yor heads, you gates, and you, doores ever
biding,
In comes the King of Glory bright :
Who is this glorious King, in might and power
riding ?
The Lord, whose strength makes battails fight.
6. Lift vp yor heads, you gates, and you, doores ever
biding,
In comes the King of Glory bright :
Who is this glorious King, the Lord of armyes guid-
ing ?
Even He, the King of Glory hight.

PSALM XXV.

Ad te, Domine.

1. To Thee, O Lord most just,
I lift my inward sight ;
My God, in Thee I trust,
Let me not ruin quite :
Let not those foes that me annoy
On my complaint build vp their joy.
2. Sure, Lord, who hope in Thee
Shall never suffer shame ;

Lett them confounded be
That causless wrongs do frame.
Lord, vnto me Thy wayes now show,
Teach me, thus vext, what path to go.

3. Guide me as Thy truth guides ;
Teach me for why Thou art
The God in whom abides
The saving me from smart ;
For never day such changing wrought
That I from trust in Thee was brought.
4. Remember, only King,
Thy mercy's tenderness ;
To Thy remembrance bring
Thy kindnes, lovingnes :
Let those things Thy remembrance graue,
Since they eternal essence haue.
5. But, Lord, remember not
Sins brew'd in youthfull glasse,
Nor my rebellious spot,
Since youth and they do pass ;
But in Thy kindness me record,
Even for Thy mercy's sake, O Lord.
6. Of grace and righteousness
The Lord such plenty hath,
That He deigns to express
To sinnefull men His path :

The meek He doth in judgment lead,
And teach the humble how to tread.

7. And what, think you, may be
The paths of my great God ?
Even spotless verity
And mercy spread abroad,
To such as keep His covenant,
And on His testimonys plant.
8. O Lord, for Thy name's sake,
Let my iniquity
Of Thee some mercy take,
Though it be great in me.
Oh, is there one with His fears fraught ?
He shall be by best teacher taught.
9. Lo, how His blessing buds,
Inward, an inward rest ;
Outward, all outward goods
By His seed eke possess :
For such He makes His secret know,
To such He does His covenant show.
10. Where, then, should my eyes be
But still on this Lord set ?
Who doth and will set free
My feet from tangling net.
O look, O help ; let mercy fall,
For I am poorer and less of all.

11. My woes are still encreast ;
Shield me from these assaults ;
See how I am opprest,
And pardon all my faults :
Behold my foes, what store they be,
Who deadly hatred beare to me.
12. My soul which Thou didst make,
Now made, O Lord, maintain,
And me from these ills take,
Least I rebuke sustain :
Lord, let not mee confusion see,
Because my trust is all in Thee.
13. Let my vprightness gaine
Some safty unto me ;
I say, and say again,
My hope is all in Thee ;
And let Thy Israell still increasse,
From all his troubles live in peace.

PSALM XXVI.

Judica me, Domine.

1. Lord, judg me and my case,
For I haue made my race
Within the bounds of innocence to byde ;
And setting Thee for scope
Of all my trustfull hope,
I held for sure that I should never slyde.

2. Proue me, O Lord most high,
Me with Thy touch-stone try ;
Yea, sound my reines, and in most of my heart ;
For so Thy loving hand
Before my eyes did stand,
That from Thy truth I will not depart.
3. I did not them frequent
Who be to vaineness bent,
Nor kept with base dissemblers company ;
Nay, I did even detest
Of wicked wights the nest,
And from the haunts of such bad folks did fly.
4. In th' innocence of me
My hands shall washèd be,
And with those hands about Thy altar waite ;
That I may still expresse
With voyce of thankfulness
The works perform'd by Thee, most wondrous great.
5. Lord, I haue lovèd well
The house where Thou dost dwell,
Ev'n where Thou makest Thy honour's bidding-
place :
Sweet Lord, write not my soul
Within the sinners' roll,
Nor my life's cause match with blood-sucker's case ;
6. With hands of wicked shifts,
With right hands staind with gifts.

But while I walk in my unspotted ways,
Redeem and shew me grace,
So I in public place,
Set on plain ground, will Thee Jehova prayse.

PSALM XXVII.

Dominus illuminatio.

1. The shining Lord He is my light,
The strong God my salvation is,
Who shall be able me to fright?
This Lord with strength my life doth blisse;
And shall I then
Feare might of men?
2. When wicked folk, even they that be
My foes, to utmost of their pow'r,
With rageing jawes environ me,
My very flesh for to devoure,
They stumble so,
That down they go.
3. Then though against me armys were,
My courage should not be dismaid;
Though battaile's brunt I needs must beare,
While battaile's brunt on me were laid,
In this I would
My trust still hold.

4. One thing in deed I did, and will
For euer craue : that dwell I may
In house of high Jehova still,
On beauty His my eyes to stay,
And look into
His temple too.
5. For when great griefes to me be ment,
In tabernacle His I will
Hide me, ev'n closely in His tent ;
Yea, noble hight of rocky hill
He makes to be
A seat for me.
6. Now, now shall He lift vp my head
On my beseiging enemyes ;
So shall I sacrifices spred,
Offerings of joy in Temple His,
And songes accord,
To prayse the Lord.
7. Heare, Lord, when I my voice display,
Heare to haue mercy eke on me ;
'Seek ye My face,' when Thou didst say,
In truth of heart I answerd Thee :
O Lord, I will
Seek Thy face still.
8. Hide not therfore from me that face,
Since all my ayd in Thee I got ;

In rage Thy servant do not chase,
 Forsake not me, O, leaue me not,
 O God of my
 Saluation high.

9. Though father's care and mother's loue
 Abandond me, yet my decay
 Should be restor'd by Him aboue :
 Teach, Lord, Lord, lead me Thy right way,
 Because of those
 That be my foea.

10. Vnto whose ever hating lust,
 Oh, giue me not, for there are sproong
 Against me witnesses unjust,
 Ev'n such, I say, whose lying tongue
 Fiercly affords
 Most cruel words.

11. What had I been, except I had
 Beleivd God's goodness for to see,
 In land with living creatures clad ?
 Hope, trust in God, bee strong, and He
 Unto thy hart
 Shall joy impart.

PSALM XXVIII.

Ad te, Domine clamabo.

1. To Thee, O Lord, my cry I send ;
 O my strength, stop not Thine ~~care~~,
 Least if answer Thou forbear,

I be like them that descend
To the pitt, where flesh doth end.

2. Therefore while that I may cry,
While I that way hold my hands,
Where Thy sanctuary stands,
To Thy self those words apply,
Which from suing voice do fly.

3. Link not me in self same chain
With the wicked-working folk,
Who their spotted thoughts do cloak,
Neighbors friendly entertain,
When in hearts they malice meane.

4. Spare not them, giue them reward,
As their deeds haue purchas'd it,
As deserues their wicked witt ;
Fare they as their hands haue far'd,
Even so be their guerdon shar'd.

5. To Thy works they giue no ey ;
Let them be thrown down by Thee,
Let them not restored be ;
But let me giue prayses high
To the Lord that heares my cry.

6. That God is my strength, my shield,
All my trust on Him was sett,
And so I did safety gett ;

So shall I with joy be filld,
So my songs His lauds shall yeeld.

7. God on them His strength doth lay
Who His anoynted helpèd haue ;
Lord, then still Thy people saue,
Blesse Thyne heritage, I say,
Feed and lift them vp for aye.

PSALM XXIX.

Afferte Domino.

1. Ascribe unto the Lord of light,
Ye men of power by birth-right,
Ascribe all glory and all might.
2. Ascribe due glory to His name,
And in His ever glorious frame
Of sanctuary, do the same.
3. His voice is on the waters found,
His voyce doth threatning thunders sound,
Yea, through the waters doth resound.
4. The voice of that Lord ruling us
Is strong, though He be gracious,
And ever, ever glorious.
5. By voice of high Jehova we
The highest cedars broken see,
Even cedars which on Liban be.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

1. Nay, like young calves in leapes are born, borne
And Liban's self with nature's skorn,
And Shirion, like young vnicorn.
2. His voice doth flashing flames divide,
His voice haue trembling deserts tryd,
Even deserts where the Arabs byde.
3. His voice makes hinde their calves to cast,
His voice makes bald the forest wast ;
But in His church His fame is plac't.
4. He sits on seas, He endlesse reigns,
His strength His people's strength maintains,
Which blest by Him in peace remains.

PSALM XXX.

Exaltabo te, Domine.

1. O Lord, Thou hast exalted me,
And sav'd me from foes' laughing scorn ;
I owe Thee prayse, I will prayse Thee.
2. For when my heart with woes was torn,
In cryes to Thee I shewd my cause,
And was from evill by Thee vpborn ;
3. Yea, from the graue's most hungry jawes
Thou would'st not set me on their score,
Whom death to his cold bosom drawes.

4. Prayse, prayse this Lord then evermore,
Ye saints of His, remembring still
With thanks His holyness therefore.
5. For quickly ends His wrathfull will,
But His deare favour, where it lyes,
From age to age life joyes doth fill.
6. Well may the evening cloath the eyes
In clouds of teares ; but soon as sun
Doth rise again, new joyes shall rise.
7. For proof, while I my race did run,
Full of successe, fond I did say
That I should never be undone ;
8. For then my hill, good God, did stay ;
But O, He strait His face did hide,
And what was I but wretched clay ?
9. Then thus to Thee I praying cry'd,
What serues, alas, the blood of me,
When I within the pitt do bide ?
10. Shall ever earth giue thanks to Thee ?
Or shall Thy truth on mankind layd
In deadly dust declarèd be ?
11. Lord, heare ; let mercy Thine be stay'd
On me, from me help this annoy.
Thus much I said ; this being said,

12. Lo, I that waild now daunce for joy ;
 Thou didst ungird my dolefull sack, =sackcloth
 And madest me gladsom weeds enjoy.
13. Therefore my tongue shall never lack
 Thy endless prayse : O God, my King,
 I will Thee thanks for ever sing.

PSALM XXXI.

In te, Domine, speravi.

1. All, all my trust, Lord, haue I put in Thee,
 Never, therefore, let me confounded be,
 But saue me, saue me in Thy righteousness :
 Bow down Thy eare to heare how much I need ;
 Deliver me, deliver me in speed ;
 Be my strong rock, be Thou my forteress.
2. In deed Thou art my rock, my forteress ;
 Then since my tongue delights that Name to blesse,
 Direct me how to go, and guide me right ;
 Preserue me from the wyly trapping net
 Which they for me with privy craft haue set,
 For still I say Thou art my only might.
3. Into Thy hands I do commend my sprite,
 For it is Thou that hast restord my light,
 O Lord, that art the God of verity.
 I hated haue those men whose thoughts do cleaue
 To vanities, which most trust most deceaue,
 For all my hope fixt vpon God doth ly.

4. Thy mercy shall fill me with jollity,
For my annoyes haue come before Thyne eye ;
Thou well hast known what plung my soul was in,
And Thou hast not for aye enclosed me
Within the hand of hatefull emnity,
But hast enlargd my feet from mortall ginn.
5. O Lord, of Thee let me still mercy winn,
For troubles of all sides haue me within ;
My eye, my gutts, yea my soul, grief doth wast ;
My life with heavyness, my yeares with moane,
Do pine ; my strength with pain is wholly gon,
And even my bones consume where they be plac't.
6. All my fierce foes on me reproach did cast,
Yea, neighbors ; more, my mates were sore agast,
That in the streets from sight of me they fled :
Now I, now I my self forgotten find,
Ev'n like a dead man dreamèd out of mind,
Or like a broken pott in myer tredd.
7. I understand what rayling great men spred ;
Feare was each where, while they their counsells led
All to this point, how my poore life to take ;
But I did trust in Thee. Lord, I did say,
'Thou art my God, on Thee my time doth stay ;'
Saue me from foes who for my bane do seake.
8. Thy face to shine vpon Thy servant make,
And saue me in and for Thy mercy's sake ;
Let me not tast of shame, O Lord most high;

For I haue call'd on Thee ; let wicked folk
 Confounded be, and pass away like smoake ;
 Let them in bedd of endless silence dy.

9. Let those lips be made dumb which loue to ly,
 Which, full of spight, of pride, and cruelty,
 Do throw their words against the most vpright.
 Oh, of Thy grace what endlesse pleasure flowes
 To whom feare Thee ! what Thou hast done for those
 That trust in Thee, ev'n in most open sight !
10. And when neede were, from prowde in privy plight
 Thou hast hid them, yet leaving them Thy light,
 From strife of tongues, in Thy pavilions plac't.
 Then prayse, then prayse I do the Lord of vs,
 Who was to me more than most gracious,
 Farr, farr more sure then walls most firmly fast.
11. Yet I confess in that tempestuous hast
 I said that I from out Thy sight was cast ;
 But Thou didst heare when I to Thee did cry
 Then loue the Lord, all ye that feel His grace,
 For this our Lord preserues the faithfull race ;
 Be strong in hope, His strength shall you supply.

PSALM XXXII.

Beati, quorum remissa sunt.

1. Blessed is he whose filthy stain
 The Lord with pardon dos make cleane,
 Whose fault well hidden lyeth ;

Blessed indeed to whom the Lord
Imputes not sins to be abhord,
Whose spirit falshood flyeth.

2. Thus I, prest down with weight of pain,
Whether I silent did remain
Or roar'd, my bones still wasted ;
For so both day and night did stand
On wretched me Thy heavy hand,
My life hott torments tasted.
3. Till my self did my faults confess,
And open'd mine own wickedness
Wherto my heart did giue me :
So I my self accus'd to God,
And His sweet grace streight eas'd the rod,
And did due pain forgiue me.
4. Therefore shall evry godly one
In fitt time make to Thee his moane,
When Thou wilt deign to heare him ;
Sure, sure the floods of straying streames,
How ever they putt in their claimes,
Shall never dare come neare him.
5. Thou art my safe and secret place,
Who savest me from troblous case,
To songs and joyfull byding ;
But who so will instructed be,
Come, come, I will the way teach thee,
Guide thee, by my eyes guiding.

6. Oh, be not like a horse or mule,
Wholy devoyd of reason's rule,
Whose mouths thy self dost bridle,
Knowing full well that beasts they be,
And therfore soon would mischeif thee,
If thou remainest idle.
7. Woes, woes shall come to wicked folks,
But who on God his trust invokes
All mercys shall be swarmèd.
Be glad, you good, in God haue joy,
Joy be to you who do enjoy
Yor heartes with clearness armèd.

PSALM XXXIII.

Exultate, justi.

1. Rejoyce in God, O ye
That righteous be;
For cherfull thankfulness,
It is a comely part
In them whose heart
Doth cherish rightfulness.
2. O, prayse with heart the Lord;
O, now accord
Viols with singing voice;

Let ten-stringd instrument,
O, now be bent
To witness you rejoice.

3. A new, sing a new song
To Him most strong,
Sing lowd and merrily :
Because that word of His
Most righteous is,
And His deeds faithfull bee.
4. Hee righteousness approues,
And judgment loues ;
God's goodness fills all lands :
His word made heavnly coast,
And all that host
By breath of His mouth stands.
5. The waters of the seas
In heapes He layes,
And depths in treasure His ;
Let all the earth feare God,
And who abroad
Of world a dweller is.
6. For He spake not more soone
Than it was done ;
He badd, and it did stand.

He doth heath'n counsell breake,
And maketh weak
The might of peoples hand.

7. But ever, ever shall
His counsell all
Throughout all ages last ;
The thinking of that mind
No end shall find
When time's time shall be past.

8. That realm indeed hath blisse
Whose God He is,
Who Him for their Lord take :
Ev'n people that, ev'n those
Whom this Lord chose
His heritage to make.

9. The Lord looks from the sky,
Full well His ey
Beholds our mortall race ;
Ev'n where He dwelleth, Hee
Throughout doth see
Who dwell in dusty place.

10. Since He their hearts doth frame,
He knowes the same,
Their works He understands.
Hosts do y^e king not saue,
Nor strong men haue
Their help from mighty hands.

11. Of quick help is an horse,
And yet his force
Is but a succour vaine ;
Who trusts him sooner shall
Catch harmfull fall
Than true deliverance gain.
12. But lo, Jehova's sight
On them doth light
Who Him do truly feare,
And them who do the scope
Of all their hope
Vpon His mercy beare.
13. His sight is them to saue,
Even from the graue,
And keep from famin's paine.
Then on that Lord most kind
Fix we our mind,
Whose shield shall us maintaine.
14. Our hearts sure shall enjoy
In Him much joy,
Whose hope on His name just :
O, let Thy mercy great
On us be set ;
We haue no plea but trust.

PSALM XXXIV.

Benedicam Domino.

1. I, ev'n I, will always
Give hearty thanks to Him on high,
And in my mouth continually
Inhabit shall His prayse :
My soul shall glory still
In that deare Lord with true delight ;
That, hearing it, the hearts contrite
May learn their joyes to fill.
2. Come, then, and join with me
Some worth to speake of His due praise ;
Strive we, that in some thankfull phrase
His Name may honourd be.
Thus I begin ; I sought
The Lord, and He did heare my cry,
Yea, and from dreadfull misery
He me He only brought.
3. This shall men's fancys frame
To look and run to Him for aid ;
Whose faces on His comfort staid
Shall never blush for shame.
For lo, this wretch did call,
And lo, his call the skyes did clime ;
And God freed him in his worst time
From out his troubles all.

4. His angels, army's round
 About them pitch who Him do feare ;
 And watch and ward for such do beare,
 To keep them safe and sounde.
 I say, but tast and see
 How sweet, how gracious is His grace ;
 Lord, he is in thrice blessed case
 Whose trust is all on Thee.
5. Feare God, ye saints of His,
 For nothing they can ever want
 Who faithfull feares in Hym do plant ;
 They haue, and shall haue, blisse.
 The lions oft lack food,
 Those raveners' whelps oft starvèd be ;
 But who seek God with constancy
 Shall need nought that is good.
6. Come, children, lend yor eare
 To me, and mark what I do say ;
 For I will teach to you the way
 How this our Lord to feare.
 Among you, who is here,
 That life and length of life requires,
 And blessing such, with length desires,
 As length may good appeare.
7. Keep well thy lipps and tongue,
 Least inward evils doe them defile,

=ills

Or that by words enwrap in guile
Another man be strong :
Do good, from faults decline,
Seek peace, and follow after it ;
For God's own eyes on good men sit,
His cares to them encline.

8. So His high heavnly face
Is bent, but bent against those same
That wicked be, their very name
From earth quite to displace.
The just, when harms approach,
Do cry ; their cry of Him is heard ;
And by His care from them is barr'd
All trouble, all reproach.

9. To humble broken minds,
This Lord is ever, ever neare,
And will saue whom His sight cleere
In sprite afflicted finds.
Indeed the very best
Most great and grievous paines doth beare ;
But God shall him to safety reare,
When most he seemes opprest.

10. His bones He keepeth all,
So that not one of them is broke ;
But malice shall the wicked choake,
Who hate the good shall fall.

God doth all soules redeeme
 Who weare His blessed livery :
 None, I say still, shall ruind be
 Who Him their trust esteeme.

PSALM XXXV.

Judica, Domine.

1. Speake Thou for me against wrong-speaking foes,
 Thy force, O Lord, against their force oppose ;
 Take vp Thy shield, and for my succour stand,
 Yea, take Thy lance, and stop the way of those
 That seek my bane ; O, make me understand
 In sprite that I shall haue Thy helping hand.
2. Confound those folke, thrust them in shamefull hole
 That hunt so poore a prey as is my soule ;
 Rebuke and wreck on those wrong doers throw,
 Who for my hurt each way their thoughts doe roll,
 And as vile chaff away the wind doth blow,
 Let angel Thine a-scattring make them go.
3. Let angel Thine persue them as they fly,
 But let their flight be dark and slippery ;
 For causeless they both pitt and net did sett,
 For causeles they did seek to make me dy :
 Let their sly witts unware destruction get,
 Fall in self pitt, be caught in their own nett.
4. Then shall I joy in Thee, then sav'd by Thee,
 I both in mind and bones shall gladdened be ;

Even bones shall say, O God, who is Thy peere,
Who poore and weake from rich and strong dost
free?

Who helpst those whose ruin was so neere,
From him whose force did in their spoiles ap-
peere :

5. Who did me wrong, against me witness beare,
Laying such things as in me never were :
So my good deeds they pay this evill share,
With cruel wordes my very soul to teare.
And whose? ev'n his, who when they sickness
bare
With inward wo, an outward sackcloth weare.
6. I did pull down my self, fasting for such,
I prayd with prayers which my breast did touch ;
In summe I shew'd that I to them was bent
As brothers, or as friendes belovèd much.
Still, still for them I humbly mourning went,
Like one that should his mother's death lament.
7. But lo, soon as they did me staggering see,
Who joy but they when they assembled bee !
Then abjects, when I was unwitting quite,
Against me swarm, ceaseless to raile at me
With scoffers false ; I was their feasts' delight,
Ev'n gnashing teeth to witness more their spight.
8. Lord, wilt Thou se, and wilt Thou suffer it ?
Oh ! on my soul let not these tumults hitt ;

Saue me, distrest, from lion's cruel kind :
 I will thank Thee where congregations sitt,
 Even where I do most store of people find,
 Most to Thy lawes will I my speeches bind.

9. Then, then let not my foes unjustly joy ;
 Let them not fleere who me would causless 'stroy,
 Who never word of peace yet utter would,
 But hunt with craft the quiet man's annoy,
 And said to me, wide mowing, as they could :
 Aha, Sir, now we see you where we should.
10. This Thou hast seen : and wilt Thou silent be ?
 O Lord, do not absent Thy self from me,
 But rise, but wake, that I may judgment gett.
 My Lord, my God, even to my equity,
 Judg, Lord, judg, God, even in Thy justice great,
 Let not their joyes vpon my woes be sett.
11. Let them not, Lord, within their hearts thus say :—
 ' O soule, rejoyce, we made this wretch our prey.'
 But throw them down, put them to endless
 blame,
 Who make a cause to joy of my decay ;
 Let them be cloath'd in most confounding shame
 That lift themselues my ruin for to frame.
12. But make such glad and full of joyfulness
 That yet beare loue unto my righteousness ;

Yea, let them say, Laud be to God alwayes,
 Who loues with good His servants good to blesse.
 As for my tongue, while I haue any dayes,
 Thy justice witness shall, and speake Thy prayse.

PSALM XXXVI.

Dixit iniquus.

1. Me thinks amid my heart I heare
 What guilty wickedness doth say,
 Which wicked folks do hold so deare :
 Ev'n thus it self it doth display,
 No feare of God doth once appeare
 Before his eyes that doth so stray.
2. For those same eyes his flatterers be,
 Till his known evill do hatred get : =ill
 His words deceit, iniquity
 His deeds ; yea, thought all good forgett ;
 A-bed, on mischief museth he ;
 Abroad his stepps be wrongly sett.
3. Lord, how the heavn's Thy mercy fills,
 Thy truth aboue the clouds most high,
 Thy righteousness like hugest hills,
 Thy judgments like the depths do ly ;
 Thy grace with safety man fullfills,
 Yea, beasts made safe Thy goodness try.
4. O Lord, how excellent a thing
 Thy mercy is, which makes mankind

Trust in the shadow of Thy wing !
 Who shall in Thy house fatness find,
 And drink from out Thy pleasures' spring
 Of pleasures, past the reach of mind.

5. For why! the well of life Thou art,
 And in Thy light shall we see light.
 O, then extend Thy loving heart
 To them that know Thee and Thy might ;
 O, then Thy righteousness impart
 To them that be in soules vpright.

6. Let not proud feet make me their thrall,
 Let not evill hands discomfit me ;
 Lo, there I now foresee their fall
 Who do evill works ; lo, there I see
 They are cast down, and never shall
 Haue power again rayseed to be.

-iii

PSALM XXXVII.

Noli æmulari.

1. Frete not thy self if thou do see
 That wicked men do seeme to flourish ;
 Nor envy in thy bosome nourish,
 Though ill deeds well-succeeding be.
2. They soone shall be cutt down like grasse,
 And wither like green herb or flower ;
 Do well, and trust on heavnly power,
 Thou shalt haue both good food and place.

But God shall scorn their moody meaning,
For their short time is in His sight.

10. The ev'll bent bowes and swords they drew,
To haue their hate on good soules wroken ;
But lo, their bowes they shall be broken,
Their swords shall their own hearts embrew.
11. Small good in good men better is
Then of bad folks the wealthy wonder ;
For wycked arms shall breake asunder,
But God vpholds the just in blisse.
12. God keeps account of good men's dayes,
Their heritage shall last for ever ;
In perill they shall perish never,
Nor want in dearth their want to ease.
13. Badd folks shall fall, and fall for aye ;
Who to make warr with God presumed,
Like fatt of lambs shall be consumed,
Even with the smoake shall wast away.
14. The naughty borrowes, paying not,
The good is kind and freely giveth :
Whom God doth blesse, he blessed liveth ;
Whom He doth curse, to naught shall rott.
15. The man whom God directs doth stand
Firm in his way, his way God loveth ;
Though he do fall, no wreck he proveth,
He is vpheld by heavnly hand.

16. I haue been young, now old I am,
Yet I the man that was betaken
To justice, never saw forsaken,
Nor that his seed to begging came.
17. He lends, he giues ; more he dos spend,
The more his seed in blessing flourish ;
Then fly all evill, and goodness nourish,
And thy good state shall never end.
18. God, loving right, doth not forsake
His holy ones, they are preservèd
From time to time ; but who be swervèd
To evill, both they and theirs shall wrack.
19. I say, I say the righteous minds
Shall haue the land in their possessing,
Shall dwell therin, and this their blessing
No time within his limites binds.
20. The good mouth will in wisdom bide,
His tongue of heavnly judgments telleth,
For God's high law in his heart dwelleth :
What comes thereof? he shall not slide.
21. The wicked watch the righteous much,
And seek of life for to bereaue him ;
But in their hand God will not leaue him,
Nor let him be condemn'd by such.
22. Wait, then, on God, and keep His way,
He will exalt thee unto honour,

And of the earth make thee an owner ;
Yea, thou shalt see the evil decay.

23. I have the wicked seen full sound,
Like laurell fresh him self out spreading ;
Lo, he was gon ; print of his treading,
Though I did seek, I never found.

24. Mark the vpright, the just attend,
His end shall be in peace enjoyèd ;
But strayers vile shall be destroyèd,
And quite cutt off with helpless end.

25. Still, still the godly shall be stay'd
By God's most sure and sweet salvation ;
In time of greatest tribulation
He shall be their true strength and aid.

26. He shall be their true strength and aid,
He shall save them from all the fetches
Against them usd by wicked wretches,
Because on Him their trust is laid.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Domine, ne in furore.

1. Lord, while that Thy wrath doth bide,
Do not chide,
Nor in anger chastise me ;
For Thy shafts have pierc't me sore,
And yet more
Still Thy hands vpon me be.

2. No sound part causd by Thy wrath
My flesh hath,
Nor my sins let my bones rest ;
For my faults are highly spred
On my head,
Whose foule weights haue me opprest.
 3. My wounds putrify and stink,
In the sinck
Of my filthy folly laid :
Earthly I do bow and crooke,
With a look
Still in mourning cheare arayd.
 4. In my reines hot torment raignes,
There remains
Nothing in my body sound ;
I am weake and broken sore,
Yea, I roare,
In my heart such grief is found.
 5. Lord, before Thee I do lay
What I pray,
My sighs are not hid from Thee ;
My heart pants, gon is my might,
Even the light
Of mine eyes abandons me.
 6. From my plague, kinn, neighbour, friend,
Farr of wend ;
But who for my life do waite,
-

They lay snares, they nimble be
Who hunt me,
Speaking evill, thinking deceit.

7. But I, like a man become
Deaf and dumb,
Little hearing, speaking lesse,—
I, ev'n as such kind of wight,
Senseles quite,
Word with word do not repressa.
8. For on Thee, Lord, without end,
I attend;
My God, Thou wilt heare my voice,
For I sayd, heare, least they be
Glad on me,
Whom my fall doth make rejoyce.
9. Sure I do but halting go,
And my woe
Still my orethwart neighbor is.
Lo, I now to mourn begin
For my sin,
Telling mine iniquities.
10. But the while they live and grow
In great show,
Many mighty wrongfull foes,

= opposite.

Who do evill for good, to me
 Enemys be ;
 Why ! because I virtue chose.

11. Do not, Lord, then me forsake,
 Do not take
 Thy deare presence farr from me :
 Hast, O Lord, that I be stayd
 By Thy aid ;
 My salvation is in Thee.

PSALM XXXIX.

Diri, custodiam.

1. Thus did I think, I well will mark my way,
 Least by my tongue I hap to stray ;
 I muzzle will my mouth while in the sight
 I do abide of wicked wight.
 And so I nothing said, I muet stood,
 I silence kept, ev'n in the good.
2. But still the more that I did hold my peace,
 The more my sorrow did encrease ;
 The more me thought my heart was hott in me,
 And as I mus'd such world to see,
 The fire took fire, and forcibly out breake ;
 My tongue would needs, and thus I spake :
3. Lord, unto me my times just measure giue,
 Shew me how long I haue to liue.

Lo, Thou a span's length madest my living line ;
 A span ! nay, nothing in Thyne eyne.
 What do we seeke ! the greatest that I see,
 At best, is merely vanity.

4. They are but shades, not true things where we liue ;
 Vain shades and vain, in vain to grieve.
 Look but on this ; man still doth riches heape,
 And knowes not who the fruits shall reap.
 This being thus, for what, O Lord, wait I ?
 I wait on Thee with hopefull ey.

5. O, help me, help me, this farr yet I craue,
 From my transgressions me to saue ;
 Let me not be thrown down to so base shame,
 That fooles of me may make their game.
 But I do hush, why do I say thus much ?
 Since it is Thou that makeest me such.

6. Ah ! yet from me let Thy plagues be displac't,
 For with Thy handy stroakes I wast.
 I know that man's foule sin doth cause Thy wrath,
 For when his sin Thy scourging hath,
 Thou mak'st his beauty moth-like fading be ;
 So what is man but vanity !

7. Heare, Lord, my suits and cryes : stop not Thyn
 cares
 At these my words all cloath'd in teares,
 For I with Thee on earth a stranger am,
 But baiting, as my fathers came.

Stay then Thy wrath, that I may strength receive,
Ere I my earthly being leave.

PSALM XL.

Expectans expectavi.

1. While long I did, with patient constancy,
The pleasure of my God attend,
He did Himself to me-ward bend,
And harkned how and why that I did cry.
And me from pite bemoir'd,
From dungeon He retir'd,
Where I in horrors lay;
Setting my feet vpon
A steadfast rocky stone,
And my weake step did stay.
2. So in my mouth He did a song afford,
New song unto our God of prayse,
Which many seeing hearts shall raise
To feare with trust, and trust with feare the Lord.
Oh, He indeed is blessed
Whose trust is so addressed;
Who bends not wand'ring eyes
To great men's peacock pride,
Nor ever turns aside
To follow after lyes.
3. My God, Thy wondrous works how manifold!
What man Thy thoughts can count to Thee?

I fain of them would speaking be,
 But they are more then can by me be told.
 Thou sacrifice nor offering,
 Burnt offering nor sin offering,
 Didst like, much lesse didst craue :
 But Thou didst peirce my eare,
 Which should Thy lessons beare,
 And witness me Thy slaue.

4. Thus bound, I said, lo, Lord, I am at hand,
 For in Thy book's roll I am writt,
 And sought with deeds Thy will to hitt ;
 Yea, Lord, Thy law within my heart doth stand.
 I to great congregation,
 Thou know'st, made declaration
 Of Thy sweet righteousness ;
 My lipps shall still reveale,
 My heart shall not conceale
 Thy truth, health, gratiuousness.
5. Then, Lord, from me draw not Thy tender grace,
 Me still in truth and mercy saue ;
 For endless woes me compast haue,
 So prest with sins I cannot see my case.
 But tryall well doth teach me,
 Foul faults, sore pains, do reach me,
 More than my head hath haires ;
 So that my surest part,
 My life-maintaining heart,
 Failes me with ugly feares.

6. Vouchsafe me help, O Lord, and help with hast :
 Let them haue shame, yea, blush with shame,
 Who jointly sought my bale to frame ;
 Let them be cast away that would me wast.
 Let them with shame be cloyed,
 Yea, let them be destroyed,
 For guerdon of their shame,
 Who so unpittecous be,
 As now to say to me,
 Aha ! this is good game.
7. But fill their hearts with joy who bend their wayes
 To seek Thy beauty past conceit ;
 Let them that loue Thy saving seat,
 Still gladly say, vnto our God bee prayse !
 Tho I in want be shrinking,
 Yet God on me is thinking :
 Thou art my help for aye,
 Thou, only Thou, art Hee
 That dost deliver me ;
 My God, O make no stay.

PSALM XLI.

Beatus qui intelligit.

1. He blessed is who with wise temper can
 Judg of th' afflicted man,
 For God shall him deliver in the time
 When most his troubles clime.

The Lord will keep his life yet safe and sound
With blessings of the ground ;
And will not him unto the will expose
Of them that be his foes.

2. When bedd, from rest, becomes his seat of woe,
In God his strength shall grow,
And turn his couch, where sick he couchèd late,
To well recoverd state ;
Therefore I said, in most infirmity,
Haue mercy, Lord, on me ;
O, heale my soule ; let there Thy care begin
Where 'gainst Thee lay my sin.
3. My foes' evill words their hate of me display,
While thus, alas, they say,—
When, when will death o'rtake this wretched
wight,
And his name perish quite?
Their courteous visitings are courting lyes,
They inward evils disguise,
Even heapes of wicked thoughts, which streight
they show,
As soon as out they go.
4. For then their hatefull heads close whispring be,
With hurtfull thoughts to me :
Now is he wrackt, they say ; lo, there he lyes
Who never more must rise.

My soul thirsts indeed in mee
After ever living Thee ;
Ah, when comes my blessed being,
Of Thy face to haue a seing.

2. Daye and night my teares out flowing
Haue been my ill-feeding food,
With their dayly questions throwing,
Where is now thy God so good ?
My heart melts remembring so,
How in troops I wont to go : = [was] wont
Leading them, His prayeses singing,
Holy daunce to God's house bringing.

3. Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,
And in me so much dismaid ?
Wait on God, for yet His glory
In my song shall be display'd.
When but with one look of His
He shall me restore to blisse :
Ah, my soul it self appaleth,
In such longing thoughts it falleth.

4. For my mind on my God bideth,
Ev'n from Hermon's dwelling led,
From the grounds where Jordan slideth,
And from Mizzar's hilly head.
One deep with noyse of his fall
Other deeps of woe doth call :

While my God, with wasting wonders,
On me, wretch, His tempest thunders.

5. All Thy floods on me abounded,
Over me all Thy waues went :
Yet thus still my hope is groundd
That, Thy anger being spent,
I by day Thy loue shall tast,
I by night shall singing last,
Praying, prayers still bequeathing,
To my God that gaue me breathing.
6. I will say, O Lord, my tower,
Why am I forgott by Thee?
Why should grief my heart devower,
While the foe oppresseth me?
Those vile scoffes of naughty ones
Wound and rent me to the bones,
When foes ask, with foule deriding,
Where hath now yor God His bidding?
7. Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,
And in me so much dismaid?
Wait on God, for yet His glory
In my song shall be displayd.
Vnto Him a songe of praise
Still my thankfull heart shall raise;
He who helpes my case distressed,
Even my God for ever blessed.

PSALM XLIII.

Judica me, Deus.

1. Judg of all, judg me,
And protector bee
Of my cause, oppressed
Of most cruel sprites ;
Saue me from bad wights
In false colours dressed.
2. For, my God, Thy sight
Giveth me my might ;
Why then hast Thou left me ?
Why walk I in woes,
While prevayling foes
Haue of joyes bereft me ?
3. Send Thy truth and light,
Let them guide me right
From the paths of folly ;
Bringing me to Thy
Tabernacles high,
In Thy hill most holy.
4. To God's altars tho
I will boldly go,
Shaking off all sadness ;
To that God that is
God of all my blisse,
God of all my gladness.

= then

5. Then lo, then I will,
With sweet musick's skill,
Gratefull meaning show Thee :
Then, God, yea, my God,
I will sing abroad
What great thanks I ow Thee.

6. Why art thou, my soul,
Cast down in such dole ?
What ayles thy discomfort ?
Wait on God, for still
Thank my God I will,
My onely aide and comfort.





NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ps. i. st. i. l. 3, '*sinners*' for '*sinning*:' l. 5, '*whole*' for '*hartes*' in Davies ms. Trinity College as our text. St. iv. l. 4, '*their*' for '*the*.' Trinity College, *ibid*.

Ps. ii. l. 11, for '*And after speake*' Woodford has this side-note, '*'twas brauely, but y^t is blotted out.*' So in ll. 18 and 20, in margin '*y^t blotted out*' and '*another word bl.*' In l. 19 Trinity College reads '*birth-right*' for '*child's-right*' (the hyphen ours). The meaning is the same in either word—the latter probably a subsequent variant. In l. 15 I accept '*his*' for '*this*' from Trin. Col.

Ps. iii. st. i. l. 6, in Trin. Col. spelled as in our text, '*numbrous*.' Davies ms. has '*numerous*.' In st. iii. l. 5, margin-note '*For,*' bl.: *i.e.* for '*While:*' l. 6, '*again He,*' bl. *i.e.* for '*from sleep.*' In st. v. l. 2, I adopt '*jaw-bone*' for '*jaw-bones*' from Trin. Col. In l. 5, Trin. Col. reads '*And*' for '*Thou.*' In st. vi. l. 3, I adopt '*For He alone*' from Trin. Col. for '*He is He that*' of our text, and '*He it is that*' of Davies ms.

Ps. iv. st. ii. l. 5, '*hunt*' is also in Trin. Col. Davies ms. has '*haunt*.' '*Hunt*' seems preferable in relation to the '*pleasure in vanity*' referred to. In st. iv. l. 3, I accept '*heart*' of Trin. Col. for '*hearts*.' In Trin. Col. st. v. reads, ll. 1 and 3:

* *Sacrificers, Sacrifice*

Trust in that Lord that hateth lies.*

In st. vii. l. 5, I adopt '*Safetie's*' for '*safest*' of our text and Davies ms.

Ps. v. st. i. l. 8, margin-note '*wayling*, bl. '*otted*,' *i.e.* for '*waiting*.' In st. iv. l. 2, I adopt '*being*' from Trin. Col. for '*lyning*' of our text and Davies ms. In margin-note '*Their soules foule sinns*, but altered as here.' In st. v. l. 1, margin-note, '*in*, bl. '*otted*.' In l. 6, I accept '*theire*' for '*the*' from Trin. Col. In st. vi. l. 5, I adopt '*Thou bleseest*' from Trin.

Col. for 'they blessed' of our text and 'thou blessedst' of Davies ms.

Ps. vi. st. ii. l. 3. Trin. Col. has 'Lord help me for my . . . '=for as to me: no improvement. Trin. Col. in st. iii. l. 2 reads 'my God, how long'—perhaps more rhythmical. In st. vii. l. 1, the Davies ms. has 'ill,' which reminds us that 'evil,' as 'devil,' was pronounced as a monosyllable. See note in our SOUTHWELL, *s.v.*

Ps. vii. st. vii. l. 2, Trin. Col. and Davies ms. 'throne:' l. 3, Trin. Col. 'workes' for 'acts.' In st. ix. l. 2, I for the third time adopt 'theire' for 'the' from Trin. Col., but this time our text reads 'the' as in Davies ms. In st. xii. l. 1, a second amendment is 'Then dost Thou' for 'For hym Thou' of Davies ms.

Ps. viii. st. ii. l. 2. I adopt 'infants' from Trin. Col. for 'babies' of our text and Davies ms. In st. iii. l. 4, a margin-note against the line 'Qu. if not Light.' The Trin. Col. ms. reads for 'life' twice over 'light,' which I adopt, albeit, looking to the philosophy which gave an angelic 'Intelligence' to each heavenly body, the reading 'life, no life,' may be defended.

Ps. ix. st. iii. l. 3. I accept 'long' from Trin. Col. for 'like' of our text and Davies ms.: neither in the Hebrew. In st. viii. l. 2, Davies ms. has 'stray;' our text and Trin. Col. 'stay.' So in st. ix. l. 2, 'sound' for 'sing.' In st. xii. l. 2, I follow here Trin. Col. in preference to our text 'from out of heav'nly.'

Ps. x. st. ii. l. 2. I adopt Trin. Col. 'raise' for 'ease' of our text and Davies ms.: neither is good, but 'raise' agrees better with 'extolling' and context. Opposite st. ii. at end is a margin-note: 'hee is [*i.e.* l. 5 for 'is his'] but blotted out and put as in the text, being a fault of the scribe.' On this see note to these Psalms, *ante*. In st. iii. l. 8, Trin. Col. reads 'ne're depart' for 'never part' of our text and Davies ms., and I adopt it. So in st. vi. l. 5 I adopt 'Then' for 'Thus.' In st. vii. l. 4, 'syly,' which embraces poor, weakly, innocent. See our note in SOUTHWELL, *s.v.* In l. 5 Trin. Col. reads 'much' for second 'evill'=ill. In st. ix. l. 1 I adopt 'that' for 'the,' and l. 3, 'him' for 'them' from Trin. Col.

Ps. xi. st. ii. l. 1, margin-note, 'Perhaps, bl. [otted] *i.e.* for Behold.' In st. v. l. 4, I accept 'This' for 'That' from Trin. Col.

Ps. xii. st. vii. l. 2. I accept 'Yea' for 'Pure' from Trin. Col.

Ps. xiii. st. iii. l. 3, Trin. Col. 'O' for 'Nay.' In st. v. l. 3, I accept 'mercies' for 'graces' of our text and Davies ms.

Ps. xiv. Note, 'This Psalm has a crosse (mark of expunction) set over against its title. Quære.'

Ps. xv. l. 3. Trin. Col. reads 'of life an' for 'a life of:' adopted. So in l. 7, 'high' for 'vile:' adopted.

Ps. xvi. st. iv. l. 6. I adopt Trin. Col. 'a' for 'and.' So in st. v. l. 5, for 'So in joy my' of our text and Davies ms. In st. vii. l. 5, Trin. Col. reads 'working' for 'making.' Woodford adds here: 'The last sta'ss of this Psalm is put by the Author, and as I judge under his own hand as in y^e text, instead of the following w^{ch} is expung'd, and where in the margin leanes room for this sta'ss, viz. y^t in y^e text sett:

“Thou the path wilt make me tread
 Whilste life, true life doth lead.
 Where who may contemplate Thee
 Shall feel in Thy face's light
 All the fulnes of delight :
 And whose bodys placed be
 On Thy blessed-making hand
 Shall in endless pleasures stand.”

Expung'd: possibly it was because two verses [=lines] longer than the rest.'

Ps. xvii, st. i. l. 1-2. Trin. Col. reads

' My just Lord thereto give eare
 pitty heare.'

In st. iii. l. 1, I adopt 'When' for 'Where' from Trin. Col. In st. iii. l. 2, Trin. Col. has the odd misreading of 'inside.' See *Astrophel and Stella*, note, vol. i. p. 109. In st. iv. l. 4, Trin. Col. has 'that' for 'yet': the latter is deeper and more pathetic. In st. v. l. 3, I adopt 'Then' for 'And' from Trin. Col. So in st. vi. l. 1, 'Thou' for 'me' of our text and 'then' of Davies ms. With reference to 'me' of our text, cf. 'us' of next line. In st. viii. l. 4, I adopt 'my' for 'our' from Trin. Col. Cf. previous stanza. In st. ix. l. 1, I adopt 'for his' from Trin. Col. for 'to make.' In one sense a lion does not gape 'to make' a prey. Line 3, I adopt 'their' for 'those,' and have made 'those' of next line the same. In st. x. l. 3, I accept from Trin. Col. 'state' for 'life' and 'highly' for 'greatly' of our text and Davies ms.

Ps. xviii. st. iv. l. 3, margin-note, 'high, exp.[unged] and error,' i.e. for 'hee.' Trin. Col. in l. 5 has 'his' for 'this : inferior. In st. ix. l. 6. 'hills' for 'hill,' and l. 7, 'I' for 'they'

from Trin. Col. : also in st. xii. l. 1, 'envious' for 'mutinous' of our text and 'troublous' of Davies ms.

Ps. xix. st. ix. l. 3, margin-note, '*it gives*, exp.[unged].' In st. xvi. l. 3, 'My saving might,' as an apostrophe to, and title of, our Lord, answering to 'O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.' Hence I have printed with capitals.

Ps. xx. st. vi. l. 2. I prefer Trin. Col. text to 'in chariots arm'd, others' of Davies ms. and our text : 'arm'd' is not in the Hebrew. So in st. vii. I prefer Trin. Col. to 'When as to Him our prayers do appeare' of our text and Davies ms. It will be observed that as l. 4 of the other stanzas rhymed with the first of the next, a thing which cannot be here, it was made to rhyme with the preceding. Hence Sidney would have the license of making this rhyme either with 3 and 4 or with 1 and 3.

Ps. xxi. st. ii. l. 3. I accept Trin. Col. 'should' for 'would.' st. vi. l. 2, 'for' instead of 'of.' In st. viii. l. 2, 'evill' is as usual monosyllabic. St. ii. l. 3, in British Museum ms. 12,048 rightly 'craue:' 12,047 'haue,' wrongly.

Ps. xxii. st. ii. ll. 3-4, from Trin. Col. in preference to our text and Davies ms. as follows :

' is privy to my plaint
. . . . hast not lent.'

So too st. iv. l. 3, for 'not I.' In st. vi. Trin. Col. marks 'then' of Davies ms. as='Than' of our text, by reading 'But.' I accept in l. 4 Trin. Col. 'my Lord' for 'Thou wert.' also in st. vii. l. 2, for 'And since there is not one who it redresseth.' In st. xi. l. 2, Trin. Col. reads 'look't' and 'gaz'd.' and in st. xii. 'farr of' for 'farr O.' In st. xiii. l. 4, a long *s* in the Trin. Col. ms., but not crossed=sowle, *i.e.* soule. On st. vi. l. 2, 'betake' suggests a reference to 'beteard.' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* : =didst betake good hope to me, or me to good hope ['Thou gavest me hope,' Hebr.]; an example of the *be-* form as intensive. St. xix. omitted in Trin. Col. In our text Woodford has the following important margin-note : 'Instead of the four last verses [=lines] it stood thus :

"To him shall kneel who to the dust be stricken,
Even he whose life no help of man can quicken,
As they, so theirs, Him shall their offspring scue,
And God shall them in his own count rescue.
They shall to childrens children make notorious
His righteousness, and this his doing glorious."

But these six verses [=lines] are scratched out as being two

supernumerary, and in the margin is written, as I conceive under S^r Philip's own hand, *Leaue space for this stasse*, viz. y^e stasse w^{ch} I haue set in y^e text.' Woodford writes as if above were 'staff,' and so elsewhere.

Ps. xxiii. st. i. l. 3. Trin. Col. reads 'Taste want or miserie,' and l. 6, 'He onely:' in st. ii. l. 3, 'Ev'n for his owne name's sake,' and l. 6, 'any ill.' In st. iii. l. 3, 'allwaie to comfort me:' l. 5, 'When foes most,' and l. 6, 'With grieve doth.' Then closes, as does our text, in margin-note thus:

'With Olle thou do'st annoint my head
and so my Cupp do'st fill
that it (or'eflowd) doth spill.
Thus thus shall all my daies be fedd,
thy mercie is so sure
it euer shall indure.
And longe, (yea longe) abide I shall
there where the Lord of all
doth buyld his heavenly hall.'

Our text in l. 3 omits 'oreflow'd:' l. 6, 'euer:' l. 9, 'heavenly.' Woodford notes: 'the last staff [as *supra*] before the Author's correction stood thus. . . . But these nine verses [=lines] are expung'd, and in y^e margin under the Author's hand, '*Leaue space for six lines*, viz. these in y^e text.'

Ps. xxiv. l. 2. I prefer Trin. Col. to 'who . . . do.' In st. iv. l. 4, margin-note, 'safely exp.[unged].' Trin. Col. in st. v. l. 1 and st. vi. l. 1, reads 'yo' for 'you,' and in st. vi. l. 4, 'bright' for 'hight.'

Ps. xxv. st. ii. l. 1. I prefer Trin. Col. to 'Sure, sure,' and l. 5 to 'Yea, Lord, to . . . do:' also st. vi. l. 4 to 'sinning.' In st. x. Trin. Col. reads, l. 4, 'snaring.' I adopt Trin. Col. in st. xi. l. 6, for 'Who hate, yea hate me cruelly:' in st. xii. ll. 5-6, for

'For Thou the Lord, Thou only art
Of whom the trust lives in my hart.'

In st. xiii. ll. 5-6, for

'In fine, delluer Israel,
O Lord, from all his troubles fell.'

Trin. Col. erroneously puts (') between (still . . . troubles) =and live in peace from all his troubles.

Ps. xxvi. st. ii. l. 4, Trin. Col. reads 'heavie.' Again Woodford has here an important note, as follows: 'The last staff [as before=stanza] ere altered by the Author ran thus:

"Whose hands do handle nought,
But led by wicked thought

That hand whose strength should help of bribes be full,
 But in integrity
 My stepps guided be,
 Then me redeem Lord, then be mercifull.
 Even truth thus for me sayes
 My foot on justice stayes,
 And tongue is prest to publish out thy prayse."

but these verses [=lines] are expung'd, and in y^e margin under his hand, *Leaue space* (viz.) for it as it is putt.' Trin. Col. in l. 3 reads 'hands:' l. 5, 'shall guided,' and after l. 6 adds,

'Now firme my foote doth stand,
 Supported by Thy hand,
 in course of iustice, truth and righteousnes:
 My tongue shall daie by daie
 thy wondrous workes dislaie,
 Where congregations meete with thankfulness.'

Ps. xxvii. st. v. Trin. Col. reads,

'For when greate griefes are meant to mee
 In tabernacle his, he will
 In Tent of his presence mee free
 On height of rocky safest hill,
 In secret place
 Kept by his grace.'

In st. vi. ll. 3-4, Davies ms. reads,

'So I in temple his shall spread
 Offerings of joy and sacrifice.'

In l. 5 I accept Trin. Col. 'songs' for 'song,' and st. vii. l. 2, 'on' for 'of.' In st. x. l. 2, Trin. Col. reads 'O leave:' but 'give' agrees with Hebrew.

Ps. xxviii. st. iii. l. 5. Trin. Col. reads 'faine'—a better rhyme, but inferior otherwise.

Ps. xxix. st. i. l. 2, with Trin. Col. I delete 'even.' Woodford has this note here: 'The 10 v. before correction stood thus:

"His justice seat the world sustains,
 Of furious floods he holds the reines,
 And this his rule for aye remains.
 God to his people strength shall giue,
 That they in peace shall blessed liue."

But s'wing two supernumerary verses [=lines] is expunged and y^e other putt in its place.' So also Trin. Col. ms.

Ps. xxxi. st. i. l. 1. Trin. Col. reads 'All, all my whole trust depends alone in thee:' scansion wrong by not deleting one 'all:' l. 3, 'save, O save,' and l. 5, 'O Lord, and that with speed.' The Davies ms. in l. 3 is 'But gentlie save.' In st. ii. l. 1, with Trin. Col. I delete 'and' before 'my,' and read *far trisyl-*

labic. Davies ms. in st. iv. l. 3 reads 'plague:' Trin. Col. 'plague,' as in our text. In st. iv. l. 2, I adopt Trin. Col. 'sore' for 'so:' and in l. 4 'therefore' for 'now I' (repeated). In st. vii. l. 6, I adopt Davies for 'seek my bane to take.' See l. 3, 'take.' In st. ix. l. 1, I adopt Trin. Col. and Davies ms. 'dumb' for 'drunck' of our text, but not 'vse' for 'loue.' In st. x. I accept Trin. Col. 'prowde' for 'pride.' Trin. Col. in l. 4 reads 'for aye my soule . . . who thus.' In st. xi. l. 5, I adopt Davies and Trin. Col. for 'Who pares the proud preserues.' Woodford has again a note here, as follows: 'The three last verses [=lines] of the Psalm (before correction under the Author's hand) stood thus:

"did moane
Then loue him ye all ye that f. h. g.
For this Our Lord pr. t. f. r.
And to the proud in deeds pays home their own.
Be strong, I say, his strength confirm in you,
You that do trust in him who still is true,
And he shall your establishment renew.' "

Trin. Col. thus ends:

'All you therefore, that in the lord alone
your trust repose doe, and in others none,
Confirm with strength this confidence in you:
And this our God, on whome you so depend
Shall you in all your waies still so defend
that he your hearts establish shall renewe.'

Ps. xxxii. st. i. l. 1, in margin '*Blessed is the man, exp. [unged].*' Trin. Col. in st. ii. ll. 4-5, reads

'On wretched me, thy heauie hand
Both daie and night did sorelie stand.'

Our text miswrites 'my' for 'me.'

Ps. xxxiii. st. iii. l. 1. Trin. Col. reads 'Sing (a newe).' In st. vi. l. 4, Trin. Col. erroneously reads 'Heauen:' in st. viii. l. 4, 'Such people euen are.' In st. ix. l. 6, 'duakie' in Davies ms. In st. xiv. l. 6, Trin. Col. reads 'its wee in thee doe trust.' So Hebrew, but our text and Davies is tenderer.

Ps. xxxiv. st. ii. I adopt Trin. Col. in l. 2, for 'Some what,' and l. 3 for 'worthy:' l. 6, 'The' for 'This.' At st. v. Woodford notes, 'In the originall Copy the 11th and 12th verses [=lines] were set before the 9th and 10th, so y^t against the staffe [=stanza] is written as I judge by S^r Philip Sydney himselfe, *These verses must be transplac'd* (as here I have put them) according to y^r Ciphars (viz. 9 and 10 where they stand before 11 and 12), namely the former following.' He here calls

those verses, which are in text printed (wrongly) as half-verses or half-stanzas. He says the eight lines beginning 'Come, children,' were, by error of scribe, put before the eight, 'Fear God.' In st. vi. l. 8, I adopt Trin. Col. 'length' for 'life.' In l. 4, Davies and Trin. Col. read corruptly 'hateth God,' which is not in Hebrew.

Ps. xxxv. st. i. l. 5. Trin. Col. has 'wrack' for 'bane.' In st. ii. l. 4, I accept Trin. Col. 'doe' for 'did:' and st. v. l. 4, 'wordes' for 'mindes.' In st. viii. l. 4, Trin. Col. reads 'give thanks.' In st. x. l. 4, nothing of this in Hebrew.

Ps. xxxvi. st. iii. l. 4, 'depth:' so Trin. Col.: Davies 'deepes' = the deep, the abyssus in mediæval philosophy, concerning which see Batman on Bartholomew.

Ps. xxxvii. st. iv. l. 3. I accept Trin. Col. for 'judgment,' and st. vi. l. 2, for 'thy self.' In st. ix. l. 3, Trin. Col. reads 'wicked' for 'moody:' in st. x. l. 2, Davies, very badly, 'heat' for 'hate' of our text and Trin. Col. In st. xii. l. 4, Trin. Col. reads 'raise.'

Ps. xxxviii. st. i. l. 1. I adopt Trin. Col. 'write' for 'rage.'

Ps. xxxix. st. ii. l. 4. I adopt Trin. Col. 'such' for 'this.' In st. v. l. 5, Trin. Col. reads 'But I am silent (saie I):' st. vi. l. 5, 'makst his beautie moath-like' for 'Thou moth-like makst his bewty:' accepted. In st. iii. l. 5, 'state' in Davies and Trin. Col. for 'that' of our text. Hebrew is 'every man in his best estate,' and so allows of both; but perhaps 'state' agrees better with 'seek.'

Ps. xl. st. iv. l. 7. I adopt Trin. Col. 'Thy' for 'this.'

Ps. xli. st. vi. ll. 7-8, reads in Trin. Col.

'his blessings flow
So Lord, oh be it so.'

This so entirely departs from the Hebrew that I am at a loss to understand the alteration.

Ps. xlii. st. i. l. 1. I read 'chased,' though it be 'chafed' in our text, Trin. Col. and Davies. The end of this Psalm I adopt from Trin. Col. in preference to our text and Davies:

'To him my thanks shall be said
Who is still my present aid,
And in fine my soul be raised,
God is my God, by me praised.'

Ps. xliii. st. vi. l. 6. I adopt Trin. Col. for 'Sure aid, present.'

G.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

THE references point to more or less full explanations, in the places, of nearly all the words in this Index. A few are simply recorded herein as being used by Sidney. Sometimes nouns and verbs, &c. are placed under one form. G.

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